THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this magazine, place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors.

NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.

A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General

AUGUST 16, 1919

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES E. ABBE

Beginning

HUNKINS – By Samuel G. Blythe

Royal

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The Royal Tailors

Chicago · New York

Morris Lehon
President

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Architects: Fay, Spofford and Thorndyke, Boston, Mass.
Roofer: John C. Finegan Co., Boston.

The above photograph shows one of the buildings of the mammoth Boston Army Supply Base in process of construction.

When the buildings in this enormous group were completed, we handed the United States Government a Surety Bond *guaranteeing these roofs to be free from maintenance costs of any kind for at least 20 years!*

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A 20-year Surety Bond is offered on all Barrett Specification Roofs of fifty squares and over in all towns of 25,000 population and more, and *in smaller places where our inspection service is available.*

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HUNKINS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

DAD," I said, "I am going into politics."

Dad sat up in his chair with a jerk and bored into me with those eyes of his. Dad's eyes are devastating. He turns them on you, and you can feel them searing through you and searching your soul.

"With what?" The two words exploded like firecrackers.

That was dad. I had a half hope that I might lead him into a discussion over my plan, but I saw immediately that he was not rising to any feeble lure of mine that morning. He wasn't in a mood to tolerate debate and insisted on knowing at once the object of the meeting. I was barely inside the door when he impaled me on the main point.

"With what?"

I wasn't prepared to answer. In fine, I didn't know the answer. The only commodity I had for going into politics was a high resolve. I felt the urge of it, and had ever since I left the Army. I knew that many things were wrong, and I had a sort of conviction that I might take steps to right some of the wrong things. No details were ready. I had no plan beyond the vague one that as our local politics was rotten it was the obvious thing to do to rectify that condition. All I could offer was the germ of an idea, and germs of ideas get nowhere with dad. He wants—demands—complete specifications.

I had to say something. Nothing annoys dad like hesitation. If you ask him a question he has it answered before you are finished. If he asks you a question he expects the same acceleration. I inventoried my mind hurriedly. There was nothing suitable in stock. So I struck a sort of attitude, made myself look as a potential young crusader ought to look, as I envisaged one, and hit the highest spot I could by declaiming earnestly: "With all my heart!"

"It's All a Part of the Game, the Greatest Game in the World—Politics"

"Equipment's not sufficient," said dad. He turned back to his desk.

"But, dad," I protested, "give me a chance to talk it over with you before you decide against me. I—I ——"

Dad swung round in his chair and pulled his right eyebrow. That is a bad sign. Whenever dad pulls his right eyebrow the rapids are just below the person he pulls it at.

"All right. Let's discuss this fool proposal. Now start all over again. What did you say?"

"I said I am going into politics."

"Not with my money."

Dad pulled at that eyebrow so furiously I thought he would tear it out by the roots. I hoped he wouldn't. Dad would look odd with only one big shaggy eyebrow. It would spoil the effect of his rugged face and leave him at a frightful loss whenever he desires and intends to jump on the quivering form of one of his business adversaries or associates. That was only a fleeting impression and I dismissed it. Other and more important matters pressed on me. It was essential to continue that conversation. I must show dad that he could not floor me in the first round. Indignation was my cue.

"I haven't asked you for any money!" I said, attempting to voice a clear and ringing protest.

"No, but you will. So it's just as well to get that part of it settled in advance. Go ahead."

The difficulties piled upon me. I had come hoping to interest dad in an unselfish, patriotic, municipal reform; and dad had put it all on a crass financial basis before I finished the preliminary announcement. It was disheartening. But dad always does lack imagination, except in business. He is a pioneer, some say a buccaneer in that, but in other affairs he is conventional as a china egg. Nothing exists for him but business. He lives it, sleeps it and eats it. You lay a proposition before dad and he has it separated into dollars and cents before you have estimated the preliminary cost. He is a wizard that way. And cold as a wedge.

"Go ahead," said dad again, still pulling at that eyebrow.

"Well, it's this way: You know how rotten this city administration is and has been for a good many years. I've heard about it since I was a boy. You know that there have been a good many attempts to clean it up, and that these attempts have failed—or only partially succeeded—because there was little or no organization behind them, and that the reformers usually got tired after a year or two and the old gang slid back into power. You know that there are enough votes available to wipe out that City Hall crowd. All that is needed is intelligent organization and application. The raw material is here. It is only necessary to manufacture that raw material into a cohesive political body to do the trick."

I rather fancied that raw-material touch. That's dad's business—making raw material into things.

"Quite right," said dad, giving no sign that he had observed my figurative speech. "Excellently stated. All it needs is intelligent organization; and if I understand you correctly you claim to have that organizing intelligence."

"Now, dad ——" I protested.

"Wait a minute! You come in here with the announcement that you are going into politics. Then you state the political case as it exists here. You say that conditions may be bettered by organization. Hence I must deduce that you intend to do the organizing. Let's go to the bottom of this. Where did you get this idea?"

"In France."

"Pish!" said dad. "Merely because you were promoted from second lieutenant to captain you mustn't think you can come back here and reform a condition that has existed for thirty years. Those two bars on your shoulders don't make a political leader out of you. Deflate yourself, and after you have had a rest get back into the business."

That really made me angry. Dad was still pulling at his eyebrow, but I walked over to his desk and pounded on it a little. Not too violently; I knew better than that. Just a few bangs with my fist to show earnestness. Then I cut loose.

"It isn't that at all. I am not setting myself up as a political leader, but I know a few things just the same. I was in the Army for a year and a half, and for eight months of that time I was in France. My regiment was in the front line for five months, and we saw a lot of fighting. I don't have to tell you whether we had a good regiment or a poor one. You know our record."

"What's that got to do with the situation here?"

"Everything. The reason we were a good regiment was because we were a close, cohesive organization, every man in every company working under skillful direction to the same end—to kill Germans. Our fellows were not soldiers in the professional sense. They were volunteers and national-guard men, except for a few of the officers. But they made good because the men who handled them knew how to organize them."

"Come to the point," ordered dad.

"I am coming to it. The point is that I learned that the way to get big things done is to do them as a mass play, not putter round individually. Other men of my sort learned the same thing."

"The war is over." Dad was irritating.

"I know the war is over, but what we learned in the Army, both here and in France, isn't forgotten and won't be. Dad, don't you realize the opportunity there is in this city and everywhere else in the United States for those men who went into the service and came out alive?"

"Not yet."

"Well, you should. It's simple enough. Here are more than four million men, counting the navy men, most of them of voting age, who have been taught the value of organization; and it will not be long before the bulk of them are back in civil life. It makes no difference whether they went to France or remained on this side. They are all soldiers and sailors. They are more than that. They are comrades. They are the greatest potential political machine this country ever knew, because they are already bound together by the ties of comradeship and they can be held together by intelligent direction. They deserve a lot from this country and from the communities in which they live. They have that great initial advantage. All there is to it is to get them together by pointing out to them what they can do if they utilize their strength in the mass, and the rest is easy."

"Huh!" was dad's comment on this oration.

"Don't think either," I continued at top speed, "that they do not know what they can do. Don't think they haven't talked it over, discussed it. Don't think that they do not know that in their continued union there is power to be obtained, and office—all the perquisites of politics. And don't think that they are not beginning to understand what sort of political government has been handed to their folks in the past."

"Granting all that," said dad, "where do you come in on it?"

"Right here. In this city. As soon as our boys get home we shall have ten thousand to work on. Every one of them will be asked to join."

"Join what?"

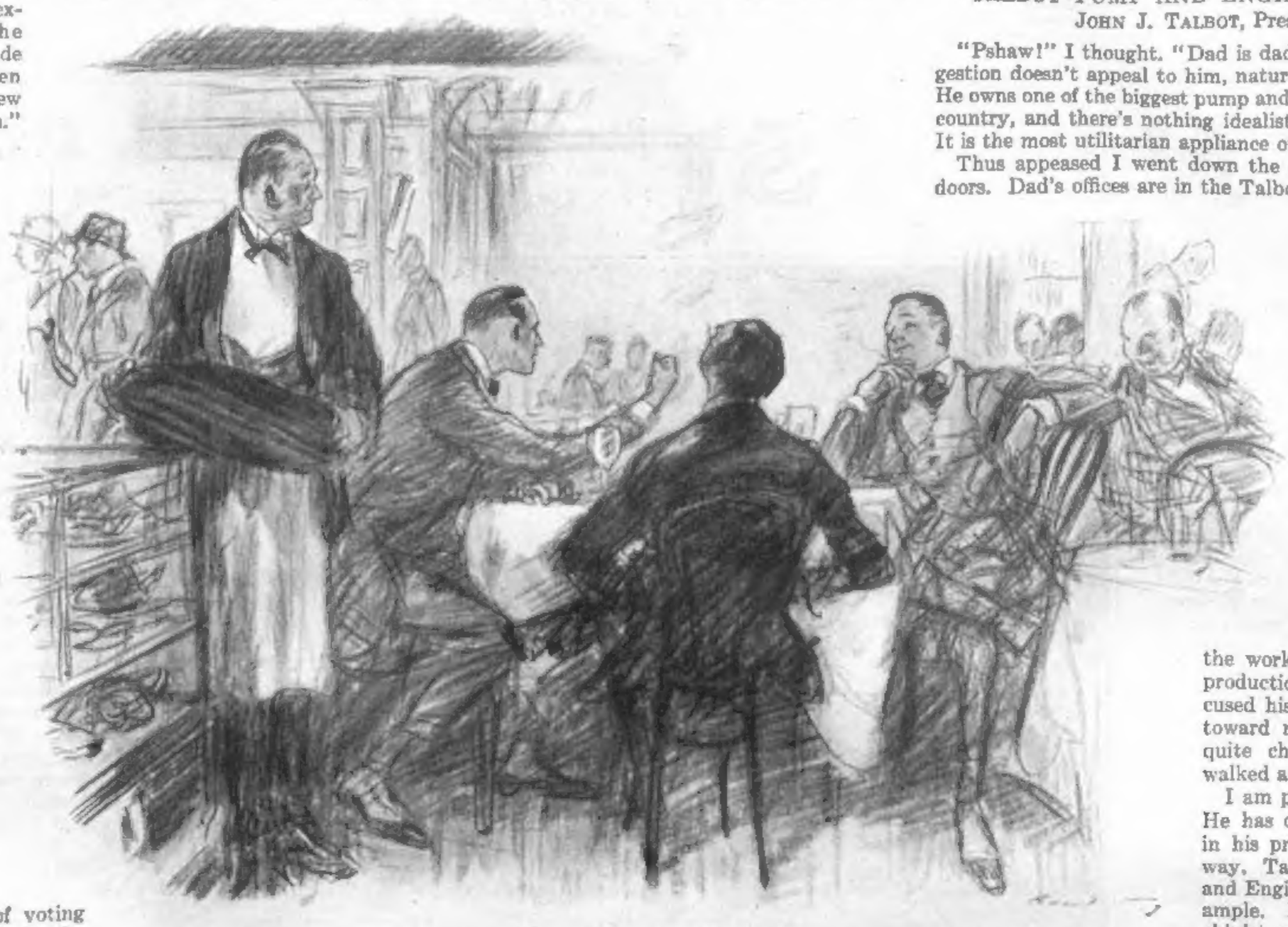
"A political organization to help clean up this town; and incidentally to help the soldiers and sailors themselves."

"Son," said dad, "sit down and be calm. You are talking at random. What do you know about politics? Nothing. How can you hope to organize a lot of soldiers and such sailors as there are when the men who make a business of politics will be after them, are after them now? Didn't you get dirt and trouble enough in the trenches without coming back here and voluntarily jumping into the filth of local politics? You do not have to do it. There is nothing in politics. Not a thing. Forget it!"

"Dad," I replied with all the earnestness I could summon, "there is something in it. There is a great chance for service to the people of this city. I'm going in."

"Not with my money!" He bore down on that again in a most exasperating manner. Of course I knew that politics takes money and I also knew that I have only a few thousands of my own, and that away back in my head was the hope that dad would help financially if my idea worked out; but it made me see red when dad probed into me and dragged out that phase of it so brutally. He has no vision. All business—money grubbing. I exploded.

"Who asked you for money?" I shouted. "Besides, it isn't a question of money. It's a question of the highest community interest, of moral regeneration, of better civic government, of the preservation and application of the ideals for which we fought, of the uplifting of our home conditions, of—of ——" I floundered a bit.



"What I Want to Know Is This: Are Those Three Service Stripes and the Little Rank We Got the Only Things the Army Did for Us?"

"Dough," dad concluded for me.

I picked up my hat. Dad sat looking at me with one of his quizzical smiles. "Anyhow," I thought, "I've put on a good show for him," and the smile encouraged me a little. There was a ray of hope.

"Think it over, won't you?" I asked, stopping at the door.

"Don't have to. It's a fool proposition. After you have jammed yourself up against Bill Hunkins, and Pete Crowley, and Tony Milano, and Tom Pendergrast and a few more of the sweet-scented gang who run this city you will find that whipping the Germans wasn't a marker to regenerating the politics here and applying to our local government the ideals that were inculcated in you in France. But when you are at this high endeavor don't fail to remember that this institution does not finance any ideals whatsoever. We deal in actualities in this establishment."

I heard dad laughing as I went down the hall. Then I heard his buzzer, and before the elevator came up a boy ran to me and said:

"Mr. Talbot would like you to come back to his office a moment."

"He's relented," I thought. "Good old dad! Pretty cold outside, but he has a warm heart in him."

He was standing by a window looking out over the city, and turned as I entered. "George," he said, "I'm not going to try to stop you if you are determined to get yourself into this mess, and I am not going help you either. However, as a business man there is one word of advice I would like to give you before you begin."

"Thank you, dad."

"You say you have in mind an organization of the soldiers and sailors for two purposes. The first is to help clean up our politics. Am I right?"

"Yes, sir."

"The second, as I gather it, is to help the soldiers themselves. Do I quote you correctly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, son, my advice is this: Cut the idealistic part of your program to the minimum, and play up the-helping-the-soldiers-themselves end of it. Then you may get somewhere. Good morning."

II

I WAS angry after I got into the hall after dad's second dismissal of me—angry at dad, angry at myself for having exposed my plan to him before I had it worked out; but especially angry at dad. He has no sympathy. He is too practical. I stood uncertain where to go or what to do, when the familiar lettering on his office door pulled me back to approximately normal:

TALBOT PUMP AND ENGINE COMPANY
JOHN J. TALBOT, President

"Pshaw!" I thought. "Dad is dad. An idealistic suggestion doesn't appeal to him, naturally. How could it? He owns one of the biggest pump and engine works in this country, and there's nothing idealistic about an engine. It is the most utilitarian appliance on this earth."

Thus appeased I went down the elevator and out of doors. Dad's offices are in the Talbot Building on Main Street. The works are out on the edge of the city. He has two thousand men on his pay roll, and manufactures every sort of pump needed for mining, engineering projects, irrigation and other similar purposes; and various kinds of engines, but principally hoisting engines. He turned the shops over for war work and made an enormous number of big shells, and is busy getting the works back to a peace-production basis. That excused his impatient attitude toward me, too, and I was quite cheerful after I had walked a block.

I am proud of dad, really. He has done a lot of things in his practical nonidealistic way. Take the Talbot Pump and Engine Company, for example. Dad began as a machinist, and now he is one of the richest men in the city and one of the largest employers of labor. He installs pumps and engines all over the world. Almost any mine you may mention has his machinery in it. The only amusement he gets out of life is in building greater and better pumps than any other pump maker. He'll build a pump some day big enough to empty Lake Huron. But no imagination! Positively not! So practical he makes your head ache. His assertion that it would be wise to put my political enterprise on the basis of self-interest proved that.

I met Fred Daskin and Jimmy Chambers at the corner of Third Street. Fred was captain of B Company in my regiment and Jimmy was a flyer. He has two or three decorations—an ace.

"Where are you going?" Fred asked me.

"Nowhere."

"Well, come along to lunch with Jimmy and me. We're going to Short's to get a steak just to impress on ourselves our joy over our freedom from army chow—a real Sam Lazarus steak, you know, with marrow bones and corn fritters and pickled walnuts and all the other fancy upholstery. A bit heavy for the middle of the day, but we hanker for it after eighteen months of army beef. Are you game?"

"Sure!" I said, and I joined them.

Fred and Peter, who has been waiter at Short's for twenty years, had a long consultation over the steak and inspected all the cuts in the ice box before deciding on which one to broil. Then Peter personally superintended the broiling of it at the great range at the end of the room. Peter split the other steak, in which the Sam Lazarus is broiled, placed one thin piece on top and one on the bottom, stood round until those outer steaks were burned off and their juices had penetrated our inner delectable, fried the fritters and the rest of the things that Mr. Lazarus in his great steak wisdom decreed should come with it, and finally served it—tender, luscious; real steak.

The talk was mostly about army experiences while we were eating. I proposed after we had eliminated the steak that we should close the proceedings with apple pie.

"'Ray!" exclaimed Jimmy. "Then we'll never have to eat again. Bring on the pie!"

Short's pie maker is an artist. He constructs regular apple pies, with the top crust a golden brown, the bottom flaky and not raw dough, and plenty of apples, butter, sugar, nutmeg, cinnamon in them; and the juice runs out round the edges and is all brown and shiny and sweet. Those pies are poems, lyrics; not the vers-libre things that come from the ordinary pie foundry—anæmic, pale gray and clammy. Peter recommended seconds on the pie, but we couldn't. We compromised on coffee. Peter likes to see his friends eat.

"Now," said Jimmy, "we should have some intellectual diversion. Any suggestions?"

I had been thinking about Fred and Jimmy during the meal. They both had leisure and money. They might fall in with my plan, and I'd never have a more propitious opportunity for sounding them.

"Let's sit here for a while," I urged. "I want to talk to you about something."

"But, my dear George, Jimmy specified intellectual diversion," observed Fred.

"I may not divert your intellects, but I hope to jar them—provided there is anything to jar," I retorted.

These amenities concluded, we lighted fresh cigarettes and I asked: "Do you chaps know anything about politics?"

"Rotten game," said Jimmy.

"All of that," indorsed Fred.

"Certainly; and that's just what I have in mind. Politics is rotten, but it needn't be."

"Needn't be?" asked Jimmy, astonished. "How are you going to stop it? Why, I know Bill Hunkins and Tom Pendergrast, and they run the politics of this town. Don't try to tell me that anything those babies have to do with isn't putrid or needn't be. It's just got to be; that's all!"

"Correct," said Fred.

"But," I protested, "simply because Bill Hunkins and Tom Pendergrast make politics rotten doesn't prove that politics necessarily must be that way. If Tom Smith and Sam Jones were running the politics of this town, and Tom Smith and Sam Jones were honest, decent men, don't you think that their politics would be honest and decent too?"

"Not on your life!" answered Jimmy. "It isn't the men that make politics what it is, it's politics that makes the men what they are. Works the other way round. Before Bill Hunkins and Tom Pendergrast got control here Andrew Bruce and Charley Thompson ran things, and they were just the same. You can pick out any Tom Smith and Sam Jones you want to and put them into politics; and in a few years, no matter how honest and decent they were when they started, they will be pulling things that Tom Pendergrast never thought about. It's a rotten game, I tell you."

"But it needn't be," I asserted again. "If we ——"

"Oh, Lord," interrupted Fred, "we're not interested in politics! Let's go out and have a round of golf."

"That's just it," I said. "You are not interested. Jimmy is not interested. Nobody is interested but Hunkins and Pendergrast and the rest of that gang, and they go on getting away with all this stuff year after year. The preachers preach about it, and the editors write about it, and the long-hairs hold meetings to protest against it; but folks like us, who ought to be interested, are not interested, and year after year they set up a board of aldermen on us that steals us blind, and elect a mayor who does exactly what Hunkins tells him to—or Pendergrast, depending on whose turn it is to have the mayor; and we sit round and say it's all rotten; and let it go with that feeble denunciation."

Fred and Jimmy were astonished at this outburst. It was the first time they had heard me talk that way, except for some casual grousing in the trenches when supplies were not coming up very well or some other military mishap had occurred. It was about the first time I had ever heard myself talk that way.

"What's biting you, George?" Jimmy asked.

"I'll tell you what's biting me. It won't take me two minutes. I don't know what you fellows got out of this war and your service in it, but what I got out of it is this: I saw four million men taken from civil life and made over into the best soldiers there ever were in this world; and all in a year and a half. I commanded some of those soldiers, and so did you, Fred. I know the stuff that is in them, and I know that the lessons they learned in the way of organization and discipline need not be wasted after they get back at their prewar jobs, provided they have the same sort of suggestive direction they had when they were being made into soldiers. In round numbers there are ten thousand of those soldiers right here in this city—or will be when they all get home—and they are all voters. Put on top of that the ten thousand women voters they can influence or who come within their influence, and right there you have a political body that can chase Bill Hunkins and Tom Pendergrast so far out in the high grass they never will get back."

"What's the idea?" asked Fred. "Where do we come in? Who's going to organize the soldiers?"

"I am!" I replied with such dramatic effect as I could command.

Fred looked across at Jimmy and tapped his forehead. Jimmy nodded understandingly, and began whistling the chorus of Madelon. Neither said anything. I felt that I had made no impression and I raised my voice. Ever notice how you shout when you are trying to make another person understand—trying to get a Frenchman to comprehend your French, for example?

"Say something!" I demanded. "Don't sit there like a couple of duds."

Jimmy concluded the chorus of Madelon with an elaborate flourish. Fred took a cigarette from his case, lighted it, and tried to make a smoke ring. I could feel my temperature rising.

Finally Jimmy asked solicitously: "Haven't caught the flu or anything like that, have you?"

"No!" I replied, and I was vicious about it.

"Poor boy," said Fred. "He has delusions of grandeur."

Peter, the waiter, was near by. I beckoned to him.

"Peter," I said, "I am about to give vent to some loud language. I feel it coming over me. Don't be fussy and send for the police or anything. I shan't assault them—here."

"All right, Mr. George, so long as you don't break any of the dishes." Peter moved discreetly away.

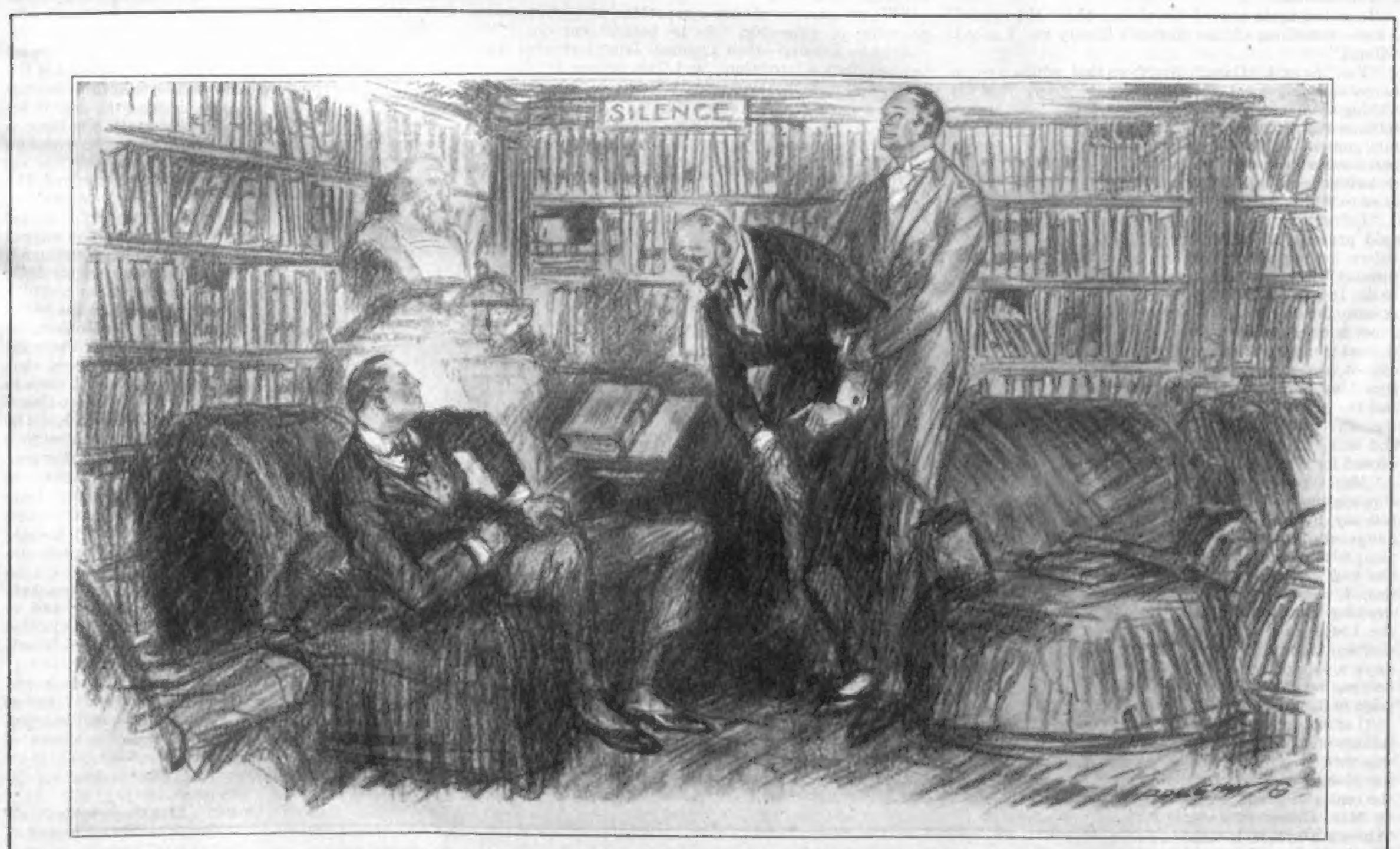
"Now, look here and listen to me, you, Fred Daskin, and you, Jimmy Chambers, while I tell you a few things about yourselves: I've known you all your lives. We grew up together, lived on the same street, went to the same college and have been in all sorts of places and scrapes together. We went into the Army at the beginning of the war and we have all three of us been in France and in the thick of it. That's where we stand now.

"You, Fred Daskin, except for the work you did in the Army, have never done anything in your life but have a good time. You don't have to, for your father is rich, and softer-hearted than mine. You, Jimmy Chambers, are playing at being a lawyer, and you are not at your office twice a month, but spend all your time at golf and polo and fooling round with a lot of canary-witted girls. And I'm not much better."

"*Oh, là, là, là,*" said Fred. "Don't be so modest."

"I'm not much better. It happens that my father is harder-bitted than either of yours, and he grabbed me when I got through college and stuck me in the business. He tried to make me work. I kept office hours, but didn't

(Continued on Page 88)



"I Can Beat Them!" I Shouted, Struggling to Get Free. "I Can! I Can!"

GAM

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

FULLER had just spoken of a certain man—no matter what his crimes—in a tone feebly defensive, and Richmond broke out hotly: "He's a plain yellow dog! No more, no less!"

There were four of us about the table—Fuller and Richmond, and Doctor Carey and I. We were accustomed to foregather once or twice a week for an evening of bridge. The cards still littered the table, but we had finished the last rubber. Doctor Carey, as host, had brought fresh cigars and beer and crackers and cheese. The talk, idly drifting, touched on the man in question, and Fuller's remark provoked Richmond's outburst. Richmond had his own reasons for disliking the fellow, and to some extent we sympathized with him. Nevertheless, his blunt words left a little silence hanging in the air. None of us spoke. Fuller lifted his glass. Richmond crunched a cracker savagely. And I, through the smoke of my cigar, noticed that Doctor Carey was looking with a curiously whimsical smile at a picture which hung, as though in a place of honor, above the mantel.

I knew this picture. It was an old, somewhat blurred enlargement of an ancient snapshot. The snapshot had shown a little girl in a white pinafore, and a dog. The dog—this much was obvious, even in the picture—was a nondescript; the girl, I knew, was Doctor Carey's daughter, Janet. Two or three years old at the time the picture was taken, I should say; eighteen now, and delightful. I think Richmond—he was the only one of us four who had not married—loved her; but if he did, nothing ever came of it, for she married a boy of her own age a year or two afterward.

Richmond broke the silence. He said, as though defending his previous words: "The man's utterly worthless! A simple cur! And an absolute, black coward!"

I was watching the doctor and I saw him smile. So I asked: "What are you thinking, Carey?"

"I was thinking of the bravest deed I ever saw," he said, and Richmond exclaimed:

"Why should you think of brave deeds in connection with this hound?"

"Because," Doctor Carey explained gently, "the bravest deed I ever saw was done by a plain yellow dog—a simple cur. And I think there was hound blood in him, too, Richmond."

He looked again toward the picture above the mantel. I knew something of that picture's history and I asked: "Gam?"

"Yes," he said, "Gam." And from that, with a word or two of encouragement, he drifted into the story. This was a thing that happened not infrequently after our evening games. Doctor Carey had lived a fairly full life, and with open eyes. He had tales to tell.

"I first saw Gam," he said presently, "a little before he saw me. I remember the evening very well. It was in late May or early June and it was—Janet is eighteen now and she was then only two years old—it was sixteen years ago. May, or perhaps June, and the sun just down and the air very warm and quiet and still, so that sounds carried for a long way.

"Mrs. Carey and I were clipping the hedge. That is to say, I was clipping the hedge while she moved along with me as I worked. She had just put Janet to bed, I remember. I was smoking. And we discussed the hedge and its potentialities. It was in those days a fledgling among hedges, but we took some pride in it even then.

"I stood up presently to rest my cricked back, and it was then I saw Gam coming along the street from the center of town. I said to Mrs. Carey at once: 'There's a miserable dog.' She looked, and agreed with me. Gam, even at a distance, looked unhappy. There was something furtively wretched in his bearing. He was trotting straight toward us along the street, as though he knew where he was going and was in a hurry to get there. But at every alarming sound on either side he shied like a nervous horse. And every sound was alarming to Gam that night. So his course was a steady and eccentric zigzag. I was amused at his awkwardness and his uneasiness, but Mrs. Carey felt sorry for him. 'Poor dog,' she said.

"I don't know whether any of you remember Mercersburg, who used to live two or three doors from us." The doctor looked round inquiringly, and Fuller and I nodded. "Well," Doctor Carey continued, "Mercersburg owned an Airedale dog. I respect the breed, but this man's dog disgraced it. A surly, mean brute, if one ever lived. Not a barking dog, but doubly dangerous. I remember one evening we dropped in on them and the dog came and laid his muzzle on my knee. I dropped my hand lightly on his head and he caught it in his teeth with a quick movement and sank his teeth till they bruised the skin, and growled at me. He was not playing. His eyes were like the eyes of a tamed beast which would like to strike and dares not. Mercersburg made him let go and expelled him from the room. Naturally enough after that I distrusted the brute.

"This dog lay on Mercersburg's veranda as Gam came shuffling along the street, and at sight of Gam the Airedale leaped the veranda rail and was on Gam like a silent thunderbolt. The yellow dog yelped and fled blindly. He paid no manner of heed to his path, and he blundered through—not over, but through—my stripling of a hedge. The hedge was dear to me and I yelled at him rebukingly, but he must have taken my cry for invitation, for he dodged the Airedale, wheeled, and took shelter between Mrs. Carey and me.

"I held off the Airedale at the point of my clippers till Mercersburg came over and called him in. When the other dog was gone Mrs. Carey and I looked at Gam, and he eyed us cautiously for a moment, then opened his mouth and laughed—dog fashion—and wagged his tail as though to say: 'Well, we licked that big bruiser, didn't we?'

"He was so pleased with the situation that we could not help liking him.

"We are persons of easy sympathies, and—Gam wore no collar of ownership. So he became our dog. We called him a tramp—then a gamin. Janet corrupted that last appellation into 'Gam,' and Gam became his dishonorable and disreputable name."

Doctor Carey lighted a fresh cigar, looking at us in faint apology. "I'm long-winded when I get on the subject of Gam," he said. "Bear with me."

We reassured him. He touched a second match to his cigar to make sure it was burning properly. Then:

"Gam had all the faults of his breed—or lack of breed," he went on. "And he had a singular and persistent ability to get into trouble. There was always a contrary streak in him. He would do nothing right or at the right time. For example, I undertook one day to lead him on a leash. As long as I continued the attempt he remained just the length of his leash and his impossibly elastic neck behind me. But when I gave up and released him he attached himself so closely to my heels that I kicked his nose every time I lifted my feet at the end of a step. When we went abroad thereafter he knew no leash, but his natural timidity kept him within snuffing distance of my ankles all the time. He was a singularly cowardly dog.

"The Airedale, of course, was his perpetual fear. If Gam were turned out of the house the other dog was sure to find him out and drive him to scattering and ignominious flight. Gam never tried to fight; and indeed he would have had no chance against the larger dog. He fled, found sanctuary where he could, and hugged our company and protection when we were abroad.

"He had a single redeeming trait. He was unfailingly good-humored. Janet could do what she wished with him and he would grin his dog grin through it all; and he never lost this cheerful composure through the most rigorous moments of his uneasy life.

"For Gam's existence was uneasy and disturbed. Outside the house he faced a thousand perils; inside he encountered innumerable prohibitions. He strove to please. So long as he was with us, he did passably well; but when he was alone the bitterness of life rose up and overwhelmed him and he was not responsible for his acts.

"I remember that first night I put him down cellar. Some excelsior in a packing box made what seemed to me a perfectly comfortable bed for him. I installed him in this bed, with a pan of water and a bone; and he wagged himself down into the excelsior and grinned at me and seemed quite willing to consider himself settled for the night. As a matter of fact, I have no doubt he would have remained in that box without complaint if I had stayed down cellar to keep him company.

"But when I said 'There, old man! See you in the morning,' and started for the stairs, Gam uncoiled himself and looked after me; and when I reached the head of the stairs he was at my heels. I did not like to hurt his feelings by shutting the door in his face, so I took him back to his box, reasoned with him and tried again.

"But we reached the head of the stairs together. I tried argument; he sat on the top step and wagged his tail. I tried command; and he sank on his belly and looked up at me with disconsolate, backward-rolling eyes. Thinking he had surrendered, I stepped into the kitchen and shut the door quickly. That is to say, I tried to; but Gam's nose got in the crack and he whined. It was a curious sight to see that yellow nose whining in the crack of the door. I put my foot through the crack and pushed him, gently enough, back from the door. He must have slipped on the stairs, for he fell down them to the cellar floor, and he was so thin that he rattled on the steps like a bundle of sticks.

"I shut the door and Mrs. Carey and I looked at each other and laughed. Then, from the silence of the cellar, Gam howled—a long, heartbroken dog lament.

"Mrs. Carey said: 'He'll keep that up all night.' I thought, despairingly, that she was probably right. But after that first howl

Gam Set His Jaw in the Other Dog's Foreleg and He Did Not Let Go

Gam said no more. We stole into the living room and a little later we stole up to bed.

"I heard Gam once or twice during the night. Once he howled, and again we heard him clattering about the cellar. But he made surprisingly little noise, considering the damage he did while we slept. When I inspected the cellar in the morning it was hard to believe that one dog had done it all.

"Gam, you see, had refused to accept the locked door at the head of the stairs as any barrier to his desire to be with us. So he had set to work to eat his way through the door. His efforts were unscientific or they would surely have succeeded. He had ripped and gnawed at the panels over their whole area, and the stairs were littered with their splinters. Incidentally the bulkhead door was similarly treated. Gam must have raced back and forth between them all night long, trying one and then the other, undiscouraged. In a better cause the work would have been creditable.

"When I went down cellar Gam seemed to feel that the cause had justified the deed, for he looked from the ruined doors to me with pride in his eye; and his tail, as he sat on his haunches, swept back and forth in a quarter circle across the dusty floor. I said as sternly as I could manage: 'You're a bad dog.' He came and put his paws on me and waggled his whole body, as though urging me to forget the matter. But when he saw that I was unmoved he melted into a jelly of dog on the floor, with paws upraised. I smiled. I could not help it. Instantly he scrambled to his feet and yelped with delight at what he took for my forgiveness. I picked up a sliver of wood and he jellied on the floor again.

"The dog, you see, had a definite sagacity. Sometimes his wit betrayed him, but there were times when it served him well. I remember, for instance, the first night we put him out of doors. He had been with us two or three days and I had had time to construct a passable kennel. When it was ready we housed him in it, convinced him we meant that he should stay there, and went to bed.

"I suppose he remembered the Airedale and felt himself defenseless before this enemy. As a matter of fact, the other dog was always kept indoors at night; but Gam could not know that. At any rate, when I had drifted off to sleep his fears overcame him and he began to howl.

"Now I know nothing more acutely embarrassing than to possess a howling dog in a closely settled residential district. When Gam began his disturbance I lay in my blushes, and it seemed to me I could almost hear my neighbors curse me. Mrs. Carey said: 'You'll have to stop him.' I told her Gam would get tired and stop of his own accord. But in the end I perceived that Gam was tireless, so I got up and went down to the back door.

"His kennel was just beside the door and he came to fawn on me and wiped his feet on a bathrobe of which I was—in those days—rather proud. I told him he was unreasonable and he admitted it. I told him he ought not to howl and he said, as plainly as anyone could have said it, that he was sorry. I told him to go to bed and he crawled into his kennel and settled with a thump. I went back upstairs.

"Mrs. Carey asked what was the matter. I told her Gam had been lonesome. Half an hour later she woke me. 'Gam's still lonesome,' she said. 'If you don't go down some of the neighbors will come over to keep him company.' I went downstairs. I was still reasonably patient and Gam and I had another little talk, and he went gayly into his kennel as though to say: 'All right, sir. No more noise tonight.' And for the second time I was reassured, and returned to bed.

"You will perceive that thus far I had been reasonably good-natured; and Gam had met me each time at the door. When his howls awoke me again I was in sterner mood and I stopped in the front hall for his leash, intending to apply physical instead of moral suasion.

"But this time Gam did not meet me at the door. Also, his howls had ceased. There was a bright moon but I could see nothing of Gam. I had worked myself to the chastising point and I was disappointed. I felt that Gam was cheating me. And with my bathrobe gathered a little more closely round my chilly shins I circled the house, looking for him, and I called the dog in low, enticing tones.

"On the back porch again, within three feet of his kennel, I stood and wheedled the creature, begging him to come back and be forgiven. But I must have gone indoors with the mystery still a mystery if I had not heard a long, weary dog sigh almost beneath my feet. Gam was in his kennel—he must have been there all the time.

"I believe—you may not agree with me—that Gam had guessed from the very sound of my footsteps, on my third descent, that I was angry. I believe he had hidden in that knowledge. Certainly, I was so impressed by the scamp's craft that I let him suppose he had fooled me. I went back to bed without looking into the kennel where he hid. And—Gam howled no more that night or ever after."

Doctor Carey paused, looked studiously at the end of his cigar, continued:

"Gam was an utterly shameless dog. He had, so far as I could discover, no single scruple. He was, for example, an incorrigible thief. This trait developed within a day or two after he came to us, when he brought home a woman's shoe, hardly worn. It was too large for Mrs. Carey, but we never discovered the owner. Thereafter Gam stole other things, always delivering them faithfully to us. Other shoes, a man's hat, a tennis racket, a hoe, a golf club—it was a very good mid-iron and I used it for years—a toy train. We no longer found it necessary to buy toys for Janet. Gam stole more than she could use. And his thefts were always committed at a distance, so that it was only in rare cases we were able to discover the owners.

"Punishment in these matters did no good. I remember, for example, the day Gam brought home a hen. It was a white hen, and Gam plucked it all over the front yard, so that the feathers blazoned our shame. I tied the hen to his neck, and Gam looked like the Ancient Mariner with his albatross. So long as we kept our eye on him, he remained abjectly shamed; but when we tied him in his kennel with the hen fast to his collar he proceeded to strip the poor old thing of its remaining feathers, and displayed the naked result with obvious pride when I discovered him.

"Take it by and large, life was no bed of roses for Gam. The Airedale in the offing was enough to keep his nerves on edge, and more than once he was badly nipped when he ventured beyond our protection. At home Janet considered him fair game, and she dressed him in dolls' clothes, rode him like a horse or used him for a pillow, as the spirit moved her. All of which Gam bore with resignation.

"His worst trial, while he lived with us, came from one whom he had considered—I have no doubt—his best and staunchest friend. This was our handmaiden—a young colored girl who washed dishes, did some cooking, and tended Janet when Mrs. Carey wished to leave the house. Her mother had been a servant in my mother's household and had recommended the girl to us. 'Birdie's jes' a chile,' she said. 'But she kin wuk. She kin do mo' wuk than a whole passel o' white gals.' We were tempted, and Birdie came to us.

"Her baptismal name, her mother said, was Eva. 'I seed thet Uncle Tom's Cabin a week befo' she was bawn,' the old woman explained. 'But Lawdy, Eva's too high-tone' a name fer a cullud gal. So when I seed her I jes' relaxes mah mistake an' calls her Birdie. Da's good enough fer her.'

"Birdie was fifteen years old, her mother 'rackoned,' and she was immensely fat—the fattest child I ever saw. The day she came to us this bulkiness was accentuated by the tight white suit she wore. In the kitchen her bulk hampered her. She could not, for example, pass between the table and the stove, but must go round the table each time. But I never guessed that Birdie was distressed at her own condition till one evening at dinner, when I called to her to come in and get a slice of our roast while it was hot. Birdie replied sulkily from the kitchen: 'Naw, suh, I don' rackon I'll tek any, thankee.' I was surprised, because Birdie's appetite had been a thing we could count on. But Mrs. Carey caught my eye and said 'Sh-h-h' with soundless lips, and after dinner she explained. Birdie had decided to grow thin. To that end she had sent for a bottle of a compound, which was widely advertised in that day, called 'Madame Brierkoff's Painless Reducer.' And she had paid three dollars for the stuff.

"Mrs. Carey told me this, and she added: 'I gave her back the three dollars and told her not to take the medicine. It would probably make her deathly sick. I told her the way to get thin was to eat less.'

"This apparently was what Birdie was attempting. But a day or two later her appetite seemed to return. Mrs. Carey told me the provisions were disappearing at the usual healthy rate. We laughed a little over the matter, I remember.

"A little later I went into the kitchen to feed Gam. He was lying behind the stove and he sniffed at the dog biscuit I offered him and turned wearily away. I was surprised and I said to Birdie: 'Why, he isn't hungry!'

"She glared at the dog. 'Ain't he?' she echoed sullenly. 'Maybe he hain't!'

"I bent over Gam and made sure he was not sick and thereafter forgot the matter. More than once in the week or two following Mrs. Carey and I noticed that he seemed continually surfeited with food. He had a swollen look. It may have been in the third week that I came into the kitchen one evening—that is to say, I came as far as the door—and discovered Birdie plying Gam with good things. She had not heard me, and I watched in some little curiosity while she fed him meat scraps and dry bread and even cold boiled potatoes, till Gam lost interest in the proceedings and dropped down to sleep where he sat.

"Birdie looked at the sleeping dog as she might have watched a bug under a microscope, and after a little she exclaimed under her breath: 'You dawg, ain' you ever gwine git fat at all?'

"I said from the doorway: 'He's fat enough, Birdie. He's pretty fat—for his kind of a dog.'

"She whirled and saw me, but she forgot to be surprised at discovering me there. 'Y'all think he's fat?' she asked eagerly, and I said 'Yes.'

"She looked back at Gam, studying him intently, forgetful of me; and I went back into the living room and told Mrs. Carey about it, and we wondered what was in the child's mind.

"We found out next morning. It was a Sunday morning, I remember. A sunny day, and still—a hot, quiet, bright morning. Mrs. Carey was upstairs; I was reading my papers. People were passing on their way to church.

(Continued on Page 161)

I Tied the Hen to His Neck, and Gam Looked Like the Ancient Mariner With His Albatross

SOME LITERARY FRIENDSHIPS

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

MANY who dwell outside the precincts of the writing domain have an idea that because a man happens to earn his living with his pen he is moody and irresponsible and therefore an undesirable acquaintance. This impression has grown partly out of the mass of misinformation printed about the so-called artistic temperament. With operatic stars this temperamental defect—for such it is—develops into a distinct asset because it inspires publicity and provokes salary increases. In the case of an author it is purely an affectation and is soon discounted.

Walter H. Page used to say that writers make the best friends in the world. Unlike the lawyer and the doctor they work alone. This seclusion begets a certain discrimination with regard to human beings. An author with ideals and character—they always show in his work—has the rare genius which finds expression in capacity for real comradeship.

One of the advantages attached to apprenticeship on a newspaper in a comparatively small city is that you get experience in every branch of journalism. I ranged, for example, from police-court news to reviews of books. No earlier work of mine gave me a larger opportunity to meet people of consequence than the literary editorship of the Louisville Times. It was incidental, of course, to my labors as assistant city editor, and all my writing and reading had to be done at night. Through it I met some of the men who shaped my life.

In the early nineties some exquisitely conceived and executed stories of Kentucky life had appeared in the Century and Harper's. They bore the signature of James Lane Allen. I not only read them with deep admiration but Mr. Allen developed into a literary shrine at which I worshiped. I longed to meet him.

One morning in 1895 I read a five-line item in the Courier-Journal stating that Mr. Allen had arrived in Louisville to obtain some material for a history of Kentucky that he had on the stocks. I realized at once that my chance had come. I felt sure that he could give me an illuminating interview on contemporary fiction, so I called on him. As it happened he was the guest of an old friend of mine, Colonel J. Stoddard Johnston, one of the rarest figures in Kentucky journalism and a colleague of Henry Watterson.

When you have read much about a man or by him, you fashion a mental portrait of him. Sadly enough this picture is too often thrown out of focus by actual contact. Mr. Allen, however, not only realized every expectation that I had had of him but exceeded it. In his presence I had something of the same feeling that I had afterward when I first met John Hay. Both of these men had the simple gracious dignity that bespeaks real greatness.

Some Visits to Silent Gethsemane

MR. ALLEN represented a distinguished quality in our letters, and his personality expressed it. He had the air and manner of another and departed generation. Aristocracy of thought and breeding stood out the moment you met him. He looked and acted the gentleman in American literature.

Mr. Allen was then engaged in arranging A Summer in Arcady, which had appeared as Butterflies in serial form, for publication. He liked the interview I wrote with him, and invited me to visit him in Cincinnati, where he was then living. Out of that meeting developed one of my literary friendships.

As an indirect result of my interest in James Lane Allen's work was one of the most unique experiences of my early newspaper days. As many people know, the story that gave Mr. Allen his first reputation was The White Cowl. It is a tale of the Trappist monastery in Nelson County, Kentucky, and is in many respects the finest short story in American fiction. I had read it again and again. It filled me with a great desire to visit the monastery. How to get there was the problem, because, being a non-Catholic, it was necessary to have some excellent reason.

In 1897 my opportunity developed unexpectedly. The old abbot who had figured in the Allen story died, and his successor, Father Edmond Obrecht, was sent out from France. His consecration was made an event of national importance in Catholicism. The cloistered seclusion of that century-old monastery, hemmed in by noble elms, was invaded by princes of the Church and a few laymen. I was among the latter, for I was assigned to write the story of the event for the Times.

It was late in October and the fields of Nelson County were aflame with autumn color. A blue haze hung over

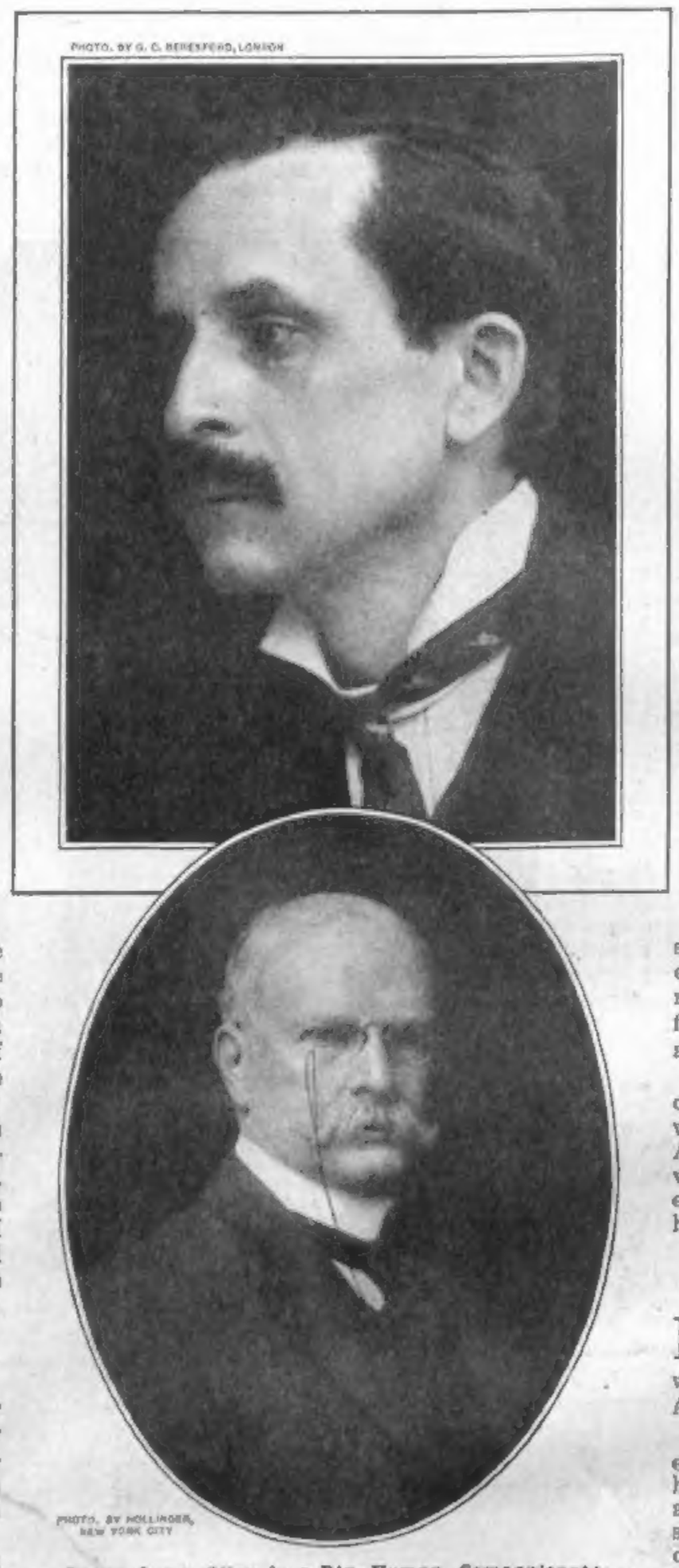


PHOTO. BY G. C. BERESFORD, LONDON

PHOTO. BY HOLLINGER, NEW YORK CITY

James Lane Allen is a Big, Human, Companionable Man With a Delicious Sense of Humor. Above—To No Adventure Do I Owe a Deeper Debt of Gratitude Than to the One That Led Me to Sir James M. Barrie

the distant hills. Nowhere in America is there such a visualization of the Old World as is presented by this stone quadrangle with its vineyards and fountains that broods on the outskirts of the blue-grass region of Kentucky. It is the abode of peace and meditation.

I had never before seen a cowled monk, and I was much moved by the ceremony. Each member of the isolated brotherhood that filed past the new abbot in homage and reverence seemed to me to be a living chapter of romance or tragedy. When men become Trappist monks they forget the world and are by the world forgot.

A few days later I was surprised and delighted to receive a letter from the abbot thanking me for what I had written about his consecration and inviting me to visit him at Gethsemane, as the institution is known. I spent the next week-end with him. Father Obrecht was a remarkable man in many ways. He had been the Trappist representative at Rome; had traveled everywhere, and though he was a member of the most ascetic of all religious orders he was a man of the world as well. I became a sort of link between him and the things that were happening outside.

Every month I journeyed down to see him. With the exception of the prior he was the only person in that community of more than three hundred souls who spoke. In the evening, when the brethren had wrapped themselves in their cowls and slept in their dim hard cells, Father Obrecht and I would stroll in the monastery gardens and discuss the events that seemed so far away. Once I carried him a copy of Flute and Violin and Other Kentucky Stories, which contains The White Cowl. It is, I believe, the only book of fiction in the monastery library to-day.

Of all well-known American novelists Mr. Allen is the least known personally. Abnormally shy and sensitive, he has hidden a beautiful nature behind the bulwarks of reserve. Less has been written concerning his personal side than about any of his contemporaries. Yet he has lived a romance, so far as his literary career is affected, that is not without the elements that entered into the tragedies of Grub Street.

One night some years ago I went to the play with Mr. Allen in New York. His greatest success, The Choir Invisible, was at the height of its vogue. Editions almost tumbled upon one another as they rushed from the presses both here and in England. Everybody was reading and discussing it.

As we walked down Fifth Avenue I spoke of the tremendous earning power of the present-day novelist and added: "It is impossible for a writing man to starve to death these best-selling days."

"You are much mistaken," replied Mr. Allen. "I was as near want in New York as I ever care to be."

He took me down to a side street. Pointing to an old-fashioned four-story brownstone residence he said: "I lived in a hall bedroom in that house when I first came to New York."

Mr. Allen's whole early life was a continuous struggle. Born on a Kentucky farm, he was a school-teacher until he was well into the thirties. He came to New York determined to make his literary fortune unaided. This means that he refused to accept letters of introduction or to use his friends. His proud and sensitive nature had many bitter rebuffs. Instead of hardening him against his fellows they only intensified his innate kindness and nobility. Remembering his own hard fight he has aided more than one struggling writer to get a foothold.

With the exception of John Gray—which was the nucleus of The Choir Invisible—and A Summer in Arcady, which were written in Cincinnati, practically all of Mr. Allen's work has been produced in New York hotels. This will surprise many of his readers who, charmed by the exquisite quality of his Nature descriptions, have long had an idea that he labored amid a sylvan setting.

The Persistence of Childhood Memory

IN WRITING of his boyhood experiences he has explained this near-paradox in a delightful bit of autobiography which was used as an introduction to a special edition of A Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath. In it he said:

In so far as literature is concerned these same experiences taught me, and have always compelled me, to see human life as set in Nature: finding its explanation in soil and sky and season: merely one of the wild growths that spring up on the surface of the earth amid ten thousand others. I hold this to be the only true way in which to write of Man in fiction, as it is in science. I further hold it to be true that if a writer is ever to have that knowledge of a country which reappears in his work as local colour, he must have gotten it in his childhood; that no one ever knows Nature anywhere unless he has known Nature somewhere in his youth; and that he who has thus known her in one place can, at any time, easily know her in any other. There may be new terms, phrases, groupings and arrangements; but it is the same Mother-Speech learned at the knee.

Behind all that I have written lie the landscapes of a single neighbourhood. They are in The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky, in Flute and Violin; still more in A Summer in Arcady, in A Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath; and in The Reign of Law. The question is often asked, how can a man in a city write of a country far away that he has not seen for years. But that country is never far away and the man looks over into it unceasingly. He has but to lift his eyes to see it—as clearly as he sees the people in the street.

James Lane Allen annexed Kentucky to the statehood of letters. Before he began to write the blue-grass commonwealth had no literature. Her gifted sons were orators and their ideals were of statesmanship. While they lived they moved people with the impassioned fervor of their eloquence. But it was perishable stuff. One man alone of her silver-tongued group had his speeches printed, and that man was Henry Clay. Besides, the bench and the bar beckoned to all the youth of the South for the reason

that the law was an honored profession with many generations of social prestige.

To the average newspaper reader Kentucky existed as a land of feud and fighting. Mr. Allen revealed it as a domain of beauty and charm, peopled with men and women of character and understanding. Under the magic of his illuminating art the blue-grass region became a fixed locale in our fiction, as definite and permanent as the New England of Mary Wilkins, the Middle West of Hamlin Garland, and the Virginia of Thomas Nelson Page.

In this sectionalism Mr. Allen beheld a real national literature. He once expressed his idea during a long walk that we took in Bronx Park, New York. He had just outlined the story of The Doctor's Christmas Eve. I remarked that its theme was more universal than local, whereupon he said, as I recall it:

"Yes, that is true. The serial of the nation must be told in terms of its states. Each one of these states is a little entity all its own. Together the story of their lives and individualities comprises the larger narrative of the country."

Mr. Allen did more than confer statehood upon what had been a raw literary territory. Prior to the appearance of his stories there were only two measures of the American short story. One was made possible by the fantastic fancy of Edgar Allan Poe; the other by the more finished imagination of Nathaniel Hawthorne. To both of these standards Mr. Allen brought a fresh grace, atmosphere and distinction.

Being a precise person Mr. Allen works with great care. He writes only during the forenoon and at a desk which must have a sloping top. All his later books have been written at a desk scarcely three feet wide. His first drafts are written with a stub pen. He has always been particularly fussy about his writing materials. I have known a scratchy pen point to throw his whole mental focus temporarily out of gear. After he has made three or four handwritten drafts of a chapter he dictates it to a stenographer. The typed version is then revised again and again. The results have always justified his painstaking methods. His books are models of style.

Poet as Well as Novelist

I DOUBT if any successful novelist has held to his artistic purpose more steadfastly than James Lane Allen. Between 1903 and 1909 no written word, with the exception of two magazine articles that he wrote for me, came from him. During that time he worked on half a dozen different books. None pleased him, however. His art and fame were at their fullest. Magazine editors clamored for serials. A book by him would have had a large sale.

During this period I repeatedly said to him: "You ought to come out with a book. The world is fickle and will forget you." His invariable answer was: "There will be no book until it is ready." He preferred to remain silent rather than submit what he considered an inadequate performance.

The real James Lane Allen is not the dignified, even austere creator of the Georgiana of A Kentucky Cardinal or the Jessica of The Choir Invisible. He is a big, human, companionable man with a delicious sense of humor, who likes to prowl among the highways and byways of New York watching the life about him unfold as a fascinating panorama. His two principal recreations for years have been walking and music. His fine, erect, commanding figure is familiar to the Wednesday-nighters at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

No Living Writer in English Has Displayed Such Astounding Versatility and Productivity as Wells

Few know that James Lane Allen is almost as distinguished a poet as he is a novelist. The fragments of verse that occasionally appear in his books are all his own. One of the most striking of his poems is entitled Song of the Hemp. It was originally written for The Reign of Law, in which his remarkable essay on hemp appears. For some reason it was not included in the book. High-mindedness has always been the preëminent Allen characteristic. In a letter to a young friend who had just begun to make his way in New York he said: "Work hard, be humble to your art and nothing else, and only the years themselves will let you understand what you will attain."

On the flyleaf of a copy of The Reign of Law that he sent me in July, 1900, he wrote this inscription: "Nature does nothing for man except what she enables him to do for himself." In this sentence you have the enunciation of the whole Allen creed. Alone he made his way to the heights; alone he has solved his problems of life and work.

James Lane Allen represents what might be called the old and serene school of literature. It is a more or less placid reflection of the emotions with a vivid background of Nature. Frank Norris was just the reverse. He incarnated the

David Graham Phillips Found Life Frank, Realistic, Unafraid and He Pictured It With Courage

realistic expression of timely, red-blooded, throbbing life. One of the most individual of the younger American novelists, he flashed like a meteor across the literary skies. For a brief day he dazzled and then the long darkness enveloped him.

My relationship with Norris was like a chapter out of a story. The beginning was unique. On Thanksgiving Day, 1899, I received for review an unpretentious book entitled Moran of the Lady Letty, by Frank Norris. I had never heard of him and I assumed that he was one of the many unknown strugglers. My book reviewing had to be done at odd times. Every week I read not less than forty or fifty new publications.

The Norris book came at a time when I was almost overwhelmed with work. I had made up my mind to dismiss it with a paragraph under Books Received, but by some chance I opened the volume. One of the sentences almost flew up and struck me in the face. It was vital, original, and had a tang. I started the story and read it through at a sitting. It was a breathless yarn of adventure on the high seas that held you spellbound to the very end.

I said to myself: "Here is a new man who will bear watching."

I not only wrote a long and appreciative review of Moran of the Lady Letty but asked the publishers to send me a portrait of the author and some personal information about him. A week later I received a letter from Norris. It is such a simple and frank revelation of the man and his ambition that I reproduce it in full. Here it is:

Frank Norris Was a Wonder-Child Who Never Grew Up

My dear Mr. Marcosson: Thank you very much indeed for your encouraging review of Moran of the Lady Letty. It is very flattering for an absolutely new and unknown story-writer to be treated so generously. However, I hope to be less new and more known before many years. I do not think though that I shall ever write another story of adventure. When I wrote Moran I was, as one might say, flying kites, trying to see how high I could go without breaking the string. However, I have taken myself and my work much more seriously since then and in my next novel—I think it will go out in the spring—have tried to do something really worth while. It is in the Doubleday and McClure presses now and I shall see that a copy is forwarded you at the earliest opportunity.

I have received a note from Mr. Doubleday to the effect that you had asked for some personal information and also a picture. I would be glad to send you a picture but as it is have none with me at present. In the matter of personal information I find it difficult to write about myself. I was "bawn 'n raise'" in California, was graduated from Harvard with the class of '95, and almost immediately afterward was sent down to the Transvaal in South Africa for the S. F. Chronicle. Got mixed up in the Uitlander insurrection and with three other journalists was ejected from the country by the Boer Gov't, after the failure of Jamieson's raid. I went back to San Francisco in '96 and until last February was the associate editor for the S. F. Wave, an illustrated weekly. I wrote Moran as a serial for this paper and after its completion submitted it to the McClure Company. It seemed to be what they wanted and Mr. McClure asked me to come on and join their staff. In April of this year the magazine—McClure's—sent me to Cuba with the Shafter Expedition as special correspondent.

I have great faith in the possibilities of San Francisco and the Pacific Coast as offering a field for fiction. Not the fiction of Bret Harte, however, for the country has long since outgrown the "red shirt" period. The novel of California must be now a novel of city life, and it is that novel I hope some day to write successfully.

Thanking you again for your interest and encouragement, I am

Very truly,

FRANK NORRIS.

Precursors of Norris' Arrival

WHEN you read this letter in the light of the later Norris achievement you realize that it is charged with quiet but dauntless determination.

It was the first step in our friendship. We began to exchange views on many subjects. Norris was full of his work and he wrote about it in striking and picturesque fashion.

Strange as it may seem, I had an instinct from the start that Frank Norris would arrive. I rarely keep letters, yet for some reason I saved nearly every communication that I got from Norris.

Each was an impulsive chapter in an intimate serial of self-revelation. They are like the author himself—virile, vital and buoyant.

Meanwhile Norris worked unceasingly. The first evidence of his astonishing versatility came in 1899 with McTeague. This sordid but unforgetable piece of realism alone would have assured his reputation. It was merely a hint of his larger powers.

(Continued on Page 104)

McGREGOR DECIDES IT

By Leonora Speyer

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

LADY JULIET CARSLAKE had had slight twinges of conscience all summer. She had not intended to stay away from England so long. Lady Juliet considered it positively wrong for any patriot, man or woman, to absent him or herself from his or her own country—"especially if that country were England"—for more than a few months at a time, unless of course it was a question of one's health. And when—after a fortnight of a vague and becoming illness which she had never christened but referred to airily as "something nervy" from the depths of lacy cushions and a pink-and-silver gown—she had decided upon a self-obtained dispensation from the gray damps of a London winter and a "complete change of thought" in Rome, she had not meant to be away more than three months at the most.

Of course she intended to return for the season. And the cottage in Kent flaunted its chintz frills gayly, the tulips and azaleas blazed in multi-colored anticipation of the little house parties over lazy, happy Sundays.

And then came the Van Sinderen yacht with its masterful and delightful ways, and with the yacht came Courtlandt van Sinderen with his! Courty was a "lamb," and that's all there was to it. And Lady Juliet was a widow and still conscious of the fact, which put a sparkle into all she said and did—and was. A widow with plenty of money, too, and plenty of youth; and the virtuous memory of a "dear old thing" faithfully nursed through his last illness. But this is not a sad story.

So the cottage in Kent was let for the summer, together with the opera box and the touring car and Watkins, the chauffeur; and the green-velvet tennis courts suffered the alien and heavy feet of a city magnate—a "multi-M," as Lady Juliet called him—and his friends and family; the rose garden triumphed and fell in flushed showers, unnoticed; and the "Pekey-Pekes" moped about the gardener's cottage, where they had been ordered to be kept, the multi-M not liking strange dogs.

"Callous brute," remarked Lady Juliet, when written to of the matter by Mrs. Stokes, her faithful cook-housekeeper, who had likewise been let with the house to cook for the multi-M. "And I hope she poisons him," Lady Juliet added; and went away with Courty to inspect some Greek ruins, leaving old Mrs. van Sinderen writing letters and Jillesby diagnosing a particularly effective tulle hat that had been left on deck overnight.

Jillesby was a tall, lemon-colored woman, with dejected hair and bosom, no chin, and long, deft fingers. She was Scotch, an excellent traveler and packer, and it was an open secret that she yearned ardently to pack Lady Juliet's nine boxes for the return to England. She had been found weeping over an old number of the Times, and Lady Juliet—who adored her—had been much depressed by the discovery.

"It's perfectly tragic about poor Jillesby," she said to Mrs. van Sinderen. "Her heart isn't in anything! I asked her this morning if she had heard that lamb of a nightingale last night and she answered yes, but that she was used to them now—they didn't bother her any more! I ought to be going back to England, I suppose. I'm so fit again, really! I never meant to stay away so long. Jillesby quoted something about the chimney pots in serried ranks against the cold gray London skies the other day while she was shampooing me. Her voice was very wistful! Oh, dear, how tiresome it all is!"

"Nonsense, my dear," said Mrs. van Sinderen. "Give her a raise, or a dress or hat or something."

"I can't afford a raise, and she looks awful in my hats!" said Lady Juliet plaintively.

"Excuse me, m'lady, but could I speak to you about a little matter?" asked Jillesby one morning in Naples. "I would like to send some money to England. It's a little matter of forty pounds." Jillesby tried not to sound vulgarly prosperous. "I don't care to travel about with that much on me, and I don't like sending it by post from these parts."

Lady Juliet thought she detected a slight bitterness in the last words and hastily interjected a soothing "Of course not. Quite right, Jillesby."

"So I thought your ladyship would advise me what I had better do," continued Jillesby from the floor, where she was lacing a neat white shoe.

"Why don't you let me have it?" asked Lady Juliet. "I'll get Rothschild's to attend to it; send it over to their London bank or something."

Jillesby's face clouded ever so little.

"Yes, m'lady," she answered dubiously, "I might do that. It's—it's very kind of your ladyship to take so much trouble. I don't as a rule care much about banks, but of course I might do that. You think it would be perfectly safe, don't you, m'lady?"

"Safe? Rothschild's safe? I do indeed! As safe as the Church of England! Probably safer, these radical days! You bring your forty pound along to me. The pink hat, please, and the new lace veil."

During the following week Lady Juliet refused Courty for the second time. She was very firm about it, too, but Courty looked the radiant accepted as he said good night to her.

"I'm not a bit discouraged, you darling," he whispered. "Sleep well, Lady Julie."

"You're a lamb, Courty," she answered sweetly and wearily. "Don't let's do any sight-seeing to-morrow. Let's find somebody's lovely old garden and ask if we may sit in it all day. Good night, Courty."

Then Jillesby began again, delicately.

"About my savings, m'lady; I've been thinking of what your ladyship said about Rothschild's. Of course, I'm sure that anything your ladyship suggests is perfectly safe and all that, but it seems a pity to put you to all that trouble, m'lady. I was wondering if a registered letter to my uncle in Gallashiels wouldn't be the simplest, after all? I thought ——"

"A registered letter!" Lady Juliet dropped a diamond ring. "Jillesby, are you mad? Send cash in a letter—from Italy!. In God's name, where did you get that valuable idea?"

"I just wondered, m'lady," replied Jillesby with a certain meek dignity. "Of course I won't do it if you don't approve. But my uncle lost some money once in a foreign bank, and ——"

"May I ask if it was Rothschild's?" asked Lady Juliet with a fine irony entirely lost on Jillesby.

"I don't think so," she replied. "It's of no consequence, of course. I shall do exactly as your ladyship advises. Only I remembered that my uncle warned me against foreign banks at the time, and ——"

Jillesby made a shimmering sea of green brocade on the floor, with a hole in the middle into which Lady Juliet stepped; the sea then rose rustling and cool, as over the whitest of beaches, up to the curve of shoulder and bosom and became the new dinner gown just arrived from Paris. There was a solemn tension in the atmosphere. Both women felt it as they stood by the mirror.

"It's good," pronounced Lady Juliet finally in a hushed voice. "It's good, isn't it, Jillesby?"

"It's too good for here, m'lady, if you'll pardon my saying so. It ought to be going to Buckingham Palace to-night." And Jillesby put some perfume on a little lace handkerchief gloomily.

"That's all you know about it, you blessed old snob!" remarked Lady Juliet affectionately as she shimmered through the door.

And that night Courty proposed again.

The next morning Lord Algernon Grimston suddenly stood by her side in the little antiquity shop where she was tactfully negotiating for a piece of old lace.

She turned a furious, splendid pink.

"I thought you were in London," she said.

"I was, but you asked me to come for my dinner sometime in June, didn't you? Shall it be to-night?"

"Of course, you dear, dear Algy!" Lady Juliet was all sparkle again. "I'm yachting with friends. The most delightful Americans. They know the Brownlows and heaps of people. His—Mrs. van Sinderen's daughter married a kind of relative of poor old Dick's. Mrs. van Sinderen's a dear, and Courty's like one of us. In fact much nicer than some of us, Algy. You'll like them both. I'll get them to ask you on the yacht. What fun we'll have!"

"Oh, shall we?" replied Lord Algy. "I haven't seen you for a long time, Julie. Can't we dine alone to-night?"

"Why, Algy!" Lady Juliet was frankly shocked. "I'm their guest. Of course we can't dine alone! But perhaps we can take a little walk in the morning, dear old boy." And she beamed on him.

"Down, Fido! Good dog!" murmured Lord Algy submissively. "You're the same Julie, aren't you?"

But Lady Juliet was being firm with the owner of the lace.

"I'll give you just three hundred and twelve lire and not a centesimo more," she was saying in very correct Italian, verbs well to the fore, nouns of the right gender, pronunciation almost aggressively lingering on the important syllable.

"How's everybody?" she asked as they drove furiously down the steep cobblestoned street, the pink-wrapped parcel of lace tucked triumphantly between them.

"I'll tell you on the little walk in the morning," said Lord Algy. "I'll tell you a lot on the little walk in the morning, Julie." And he took her hand in his. Lady Juliet let him.

Dinner was not a great success, though everybody "played up," as Courty would have said.

Lady Juliet was "up against it" again Courty's cryptic language, which, by the way, Lady Juliet was beginning to speak very prettily—and she knew she was up against it.

Lord Algy had come for his answer, Courty wasn't a bit discouraged, and Lady Juliet loved them both. She honestly did.

And That Night Courty Proposed Again

"The only thing to do is to marry them both—or neither," was her last thought as she snuggled into the arms of sleep. "I won't decide to-night. I should worry, as darling Courty would say," she added dreamily.

"Isn't it nice to see his lordship again?" remarked Jillesby, respectfully genial; and she sprinkled a fragrant handful of water softener into Lady Juliet's bath. "It seems like old times, doesn't it? And his way of talking and all."

Jillesby's voice took on a plaintive note. Lady Juliet was reminded of the serried ranks of chimney pots.

"Cheer up, Jillesby," she said as she stepped, white and lithe, into the much too hot water. "I'm thinking of going to Cook's to-day. And even if I don't get the time to go to-day, you dear old thing, you know I will some day very soon now. We both love England and are dreadfully homesick, aren't we, Jillesby?"

A gentle splashing diplomatically covered the eloquence of Jillesby's distinctly audible sniff at this remark.

"I wanted to tell your ladyship that it's all right about the forty pounds," she announced a little later as she put in the last hairpin with great skill. "I've sent it to London."

Lady Juliet looked up from her beautifully shining nails

"Oh, have you?" she asked, interested. "How did you send it?"

Jillesby turned a dusky, agitated red.

"I—I hope your ladyship won't be annoyed," she said nervously. "I met such a nice gentleman on Sunday at the English church. He sat beside me during evening service and handed me a hymn book from the next pew. He walked a bit of the way back to the hotel with me afterward. He was a most respectable man, m'lady, or I wouldn't have countenanced it. He was a Scotchman and knew Gallashiels well. Knew my uncle and ——"

Lady Juliet rose from the gold-topped bottles and brushes and powder puffs. She spoke in a voice that dread rendered breathless:

"Jillesby! Don't tell me you gave a perfect stranger your money! Don't tell me you even took his advice as to what to do with it! Oh, Jillesby!"

Jillesby cleared her throat genteelly before she spoke:

"I'm sure it will be all right, m'lady. Mr. McGregor is a business man. He gave me his card. I'm sure it will be all right. He's taking the money straight to my savings bank in Edinburgh himself. It seems like Providence, so to speak, that he was going there—lives there! He's—he's a gentleman if ever I saw one, m'lady! He knows Gallashiels well; he knows my uncle ——"

Lady Juliet sat down suddenly. She looked at Jillesby with eyes of green ice.

"You're a damn fool," she said deliberately. "You'll never see your money again—and I hope you won't! It serves you right for being such an ass! You wouldn't trust me! You wouldn't trust Rothschild's! You're a —— Dress me now, please! I've nothing more to say and I'm going to be late. I mustn't keep Mrs. van Sinderen waiting. And if you cry I'll throw a brush at you!"

The cool little embroidered frock was a dream. Lady Juliet melted as she looked at her slim crispness in the mirror and saw behind her the dejected face of Jillesby. She was more lemon colored than ever, but her fingers were still the efficient, faithful slaves; hooking, pinning, tying, understanding every line, glorifying every curve.

"Jillesby," said Lady Juliet, collecting a bead bag, a cigarette case and two books of verse—Courty read poetry so beautifully—"if you hear from your friend, Mr. McGregor, I'll apologize to you. And if you ever see your forty pound I'll—I'll double it!"

Jillesby sprayed Lady Juliet with something delicious-smelling out of a little flask like a Roman tear bottle.

"And if you don't," continued Lady Juliet benignly, "I suppose I must make it good, you dear old lobster."

"Thank you very much, m'lady," said Jillesby, her expression unaltered. "It's very kind indeed of your ladyship. But I'm quite sure it will be all right. I've no reason at all for doubting Mr. McGregor." And she handed Lady Juliet a pink-lined sunshade.

"I bet you McGregor's all right," declared Courty. "What'll you bet me, Lord Algy?"

It was after luncheon, and all were feeling very gay and a little reckless under the orange trees high up on the hills of the old Convento di Capucini.

"It wouldn't be fair," drawled Lord Algy, flat on his back on a little rose-covered wall. "In the first place, is there a Mr. McGregor?"

"Jillesby says so," said Lady Juliet. "Her faith is beautiful. I almost hope she will prove us all fools!"

"Of Course You'll Lose, Courty. I—I'll Marry You, Dear Boy, if Jillesby Ever Sees Her Forty Pound Again! I Will, Courty, Honest Indian, as You Say!"

"What'll you bet me, Lady Julie?" continued Courty joyously. "Be a sport! What'll you bet old McGregor turns up?"

"Be a sport!" repeated Lady Juliet indignantly. "Haven't I promised to double Jillesby's forty pound if McGregor turns up? And to make good her loss if he doesn't?"

"Forty pound! Forty pound! Why do you English always say 'forty pound,' anyway? You wouldn't say 'forty thief,' or 'forty wink,' or forty anything else."

"That's perfectly true," said Lady Juliet lazily. "Why do we say 'forty pound,' Algy?"

"Some of us don't, I believe. We always have, haven't we, Julie?" And Lord Algy lit a cigarette, striking his match on the sole of Lady Juliet's crossed foot, which he kissed gratefully afterward.

"It sounds like the children's governess to say 'forty pounds'! I couldn't do it, not even to please you, dear Courty!" continued Lady Juliet. "But I'll bet with you about McGregor. I'll—I'll bet you. Let me see—what shall I bet you? Algy's quite right, it doesn't seem fair. Of course you'll lose, Courty. I—I'll marry you, dear boy, if Jillesby ever sees her forty pound again! I will, Courty, honest Indian, as you say!"

"I don't. I say 'honest Injun.' And I don't believe you'll pay, Lady Julie, if you lose."

Lord Algy gazed calmly toward Paestum.

"May I hold the stakes?" he asked.

Lady Juliet giggled delightedly.

"Do behave, Algy. Courty isn't used to our rotten ways!"

"He'll have to be if McGregor turns up," replied Lord Algy, which made Courty look at him thoughtfully.

"I'll take your bet, Lady Julie," he announced finally.

And then something happened—was bound to happen. Did I mention the yacht's name, Nemesis?

One magic moonlit night Courty stumbled upon Lord Algy kissing Lady Juliet. It was very late, everybody had retired hours before, but both Courty and Lord Algy were sleeping badly and Lady Juliet had suddenly bethought a book she had left on deck; and maddeningly clothed in sheaths of soft things that neither man had ever seen her wear, she had slipped out of her cabin in quest of it.

There, apparently overcome by the beauty of the hour, she had lingered. There she had been found, first by Lord Algy and soon after by Courty, looking like a ghost as he stared at them.

She was lovely beyond words as she stood there, and all three knew it. The wonder of the moon-drunk night was all about them, and the Nemesis lay slumbering like a great white bird, at anchor. Convention, the ordinary accepted forms of everyday life seemed suddenly foolish, far-away, unreal things to Courty, belonging to foolish, far-away and unreal people. Lord Algy seemed to realize it, too, as he and Courty looked at each other and at her.

Courty spoke first. "I'm s-s-sorry," he stammered. "I'm awfully sorry, Lady Juliet. Are you going to marry Lord Algy?"

Lady Juliet drew away from both of them. There was moonlight in her face and in her voice as she answered.

"I—I don't know, Courty," she said. "I've known Algy for a long time. We're dear friends. You oughtn't to ask. It's—none of your business." And without the least warning Lady Juliet began to cry. Both men moved toward her, but she waved them back indignantly.

"Please don't! I'm angry with you both! And we were all so happy together! Oh, why couldn't it go on?"

Courty looked steadily at Lady Juliet.

"Were we so happy, Julie? Were we, my dear?" asked Lord Algy a little hoarsely.

"Don't cry, Lady Julie," said Courty.

Lady Juliet stopped weeping as suddenly as she had begun.

"I'm not crying!" she said indignantly, "and I don't want to marry either of you. What's more" in a gust of real temper—"you've certainly succeeded in spoiling this heavenly night! Standing there haggling over who's going to marry me! It's disgusting! Besides, I—don't know, Courty! I don't really!"

"Then why do you kiss him?" pursued Courty remorselessly.

"I say, Courty ——" began Lord Algy, but Lady Juliet broke in.

"Shut up, Algy! That's a monstrous question, Courty! You ought to be ashamed to ask it. Besides," with a fine dignity, "I didn't kiss Algy. Since you were abandoned enough to see us, you'll perhaps remember that Algy kissed me. There's a great difference."

"I see," said Courty.

She laughed a reckless little laugh.

"Turn me off the yacht, Courty! I'm not a nice woman, really! I know it. And I can't help it! Please turn me off the yacht!"

"I love you," said Courty.

Lady Juliet turned swiftly away, but Lord Algy caught her by a floating piece of blue chiffon.

"For God's sake, Julie, be serious for once! You can't go on fooling like this forever! Courty is quite right. I want to know too! Are you going to marry me? Oh, Julie, Julie, which of us is going to say good-by to you to-night? And get out! Which of us? Which of us?"

"Don't pull that poor little sleeve, Algy! It doesn't like it!" She turned toward Courty. "I'm miserable about this, really I am! I—I wish you hadn't seen Algy kiss me just now!"

"I don't mind," said Courty. "Are you going to marry him, Lady Julie?"

"I've known him a long time. It was almost like being engaged! I did say I'd decide this summer." She spoke

(Concluded on Page 77)

THE LIGHT BOMBASTIC TOE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

THE wide tree-lined street was deserted. The clear warmish rays of a midafternoon October sun cast a golden-gossamer radiance over the shingle roofs of the unpretentious one-story houses which sentineled the thoroughfare. A mile due north the dozen ambitious office buildings which mark Birmingham's civic center jutted starkly into the smoke-laden air. Then from that direction appeared a slowly moving object—a hopelessly dilapidated cart drawn by a ramshackle and languorous mule. It came into view from a side street and shambled out of sight. A trolley rounded the corner at Magnolia Point, rattled lazily northward and jangled from view.

Then Quintus Weefalls happened!

He happened suddenly. A moment before the street had been deserted; it was now populated. It would have been hard to say where he came from or how he got there, but there he was, hoofing it northward in a manner which betokened equal parts of unplumbable dignity and haunting haste. He did not glance round to see if he was observed, but his manner plainly indicated that he wanted to and dared not.

It was beneath the dignity of Quintus Weefalls to look behind. Quintus' dignity was a quality superb. He had raised it from a sproutling to magnificent maturity and it was not lightly to be set aside, even when its possessor was apprehensive—and Quintus was all of that.

He pedaled over the paving of Twenty-third Street with an absolute maximum of commensurate speed. Yet he did not move so swiftly as to disturb a single perfect detail of his sartorial elegance. A velours hat of deep slate gray perched on the side of his head at the precisely correct angle, setting off the rich milk chocolate of his complexion to best advantage. His three-piece suit was of a quiet gray that matched the hat. His silk shirt, too, was gray and he sported a soft collar of the same shade. The flaring scarf that served as resting place for what almost looked like a blood ruby was also of gray. Quintus looked not unlike a rising storm. He was aggressively debonair. Only the fact that he kept a tight grip upon his silver-handled cane instead of twirling it with airy insouciance gave evidence that he was mentally perturbed.

This was Quintus' third trip of the day in this direction. But it was the first that had given rise to perturbation. First time out he had gone to the corner grocery for fifteen cents' worth of bananas for strictly personal consumption. His second journey had carried him on a business matter to the Maizquint Dancing Palace, which was operated jointly by Mr. Quintus Weefalls and—so Darktown had been given to understand—Miss Maizy Battel.

On neither of those trips—both of which had carried him over the very ground he was now traversing—had he experienced any qualms as to the possibilities of discovery.

But now it was different. Quintus Weefalls was about to visit a woman; he was about to pay an informal call upon Miss Maizy Battel, his business partner.

There was adequate reason for secrecy, for the colored population of Birmingham did not know that Miss Maizy Battel was in reality Mrs. Quintus Weefalls. Quintus and Maizy had been married for more than two years. For business reasons, reasons which appeared to them as good and sufficient, they had kept the fact of their matrimony secret since arriving in Birmingham.

Wherefore Quintus' visits to his wife were strictly sub-rosa affairs. A shadow fell suddenly across his starboard bow and he ducked instinctively, then sighed as he spotted its owner—an overgrown and very dark youngster whose ball had traveled through a hole in the fence toward the other side of the street. Only a kid; but Quintus slackened pace perceptibly until he was quite sure that the lad had returned to the oblivion of his pleasures.

Quintus progressed another half block. He paused before a pretty little bungalow, unblushingly glanced round to make quite sure that he was not observed, and ——

Quintus Weefalls ceased to be. He ceased to be on the street. As suddenly as he had appeared, just so suddenly did he vanish. He didn't turn into the yard and go thence into the house. He simply vanished.

Maizy Battel was alone. That too was as he had planned. He perched his velours hat carefully upon the silver head of his gray cane, propped the combination in a corner, mopped his perspiring forehead with a slate-colored silk handkerchief and heaved a profound sigh.

"Wigglin' dill pickles!" he ejaculated. "Ise bettin' somebody done saw me."

Maizy rose and languidly shook out the caressing folds of an expensive pink crêpe-de-Chine negligée. She was unusually good to look upon; a very light-brown study in the ultimate perfections of the Southern Afro-American. She crossed the room, placed plump dimpled arms about the neck of the slender and immaculate Quintus and kissed him possessively upon the lips.

Only the Fact That He Kept a Tight Grip Upon His Silver-Handled Cane Gave Evidence That He Was Mentally Perturbed

"Hon," said she, "I mos' thought you wa'n't ever comin'."

He returned her kiss fervently.

"Well, Ise heah."

"Glo'y be! An' you looks wo'ied."

"Huh! You suttinly spoke a mouthful that time, sweetness. When you reemahks wo'ied bouten me you ain't on'y began to talk."

"What you is wo'ied 'bout?"

"Ast me sumthin' easy. Ast me what I ain't wo'ied 'bout?"

"Our dancin' 'cademy?"

"That comes second, sweetness. Fust off an' mos' fo'mos' is that I is done sick an' ti'ed of pretendin' that I an' you ain't ma'ied."

"We is ma'ied," returned Maizy practically.

"Is ma'ied don' do us no good if'n we is got to live in sep'rate houses an' be perlite to each other like'n to if we was on'y jes' frien's."

"It was yo' idea, Quintus."

"Shuah it was my idea. It was my idea to come down to Bummin'ham in the fust place. But them ideas was both rotten an' neither one ain't he'pin' me none now. Lis'en, hon! How 'bout I an' you tellin' these Bummin'ham folks we is ma'ied an' is been ma'ied fo' mo'n two yeahs?"

She shook her head in slow negation.

"No-o! That'd never do. They ain't none of them would understan' why we is been foolin' them by sayin' we ain't ma'ied when we is."

"Mebbe so. But it jes' posituvely ain't decent fo' a ma'ied man to have to go sneakin' roun' like a crimernal to see his ve'y own wife. Like you says—but," his brow creased with thought, "hol' on! I feel's if I was gwine have a idea."

"Yeh?" She brightened.

"I got it!"

"Tell which?"

"We c'n go git us a license an' git ma'ied again!"

"No-o, Quintus, we cain't do that!"

"How come not?"

"It'd be bigamy!"

A large portion of silence ensued.

"Jes' like all my other schemes," he grunted miserably. "Lis'ens good ontil you heah how it soun's."

"Besides," she consoled, "'ceptin' on'y that it's incumvenient an' hasn't worked, the idea bouten you an' me pretendin' that we ain't ma'ied is a good one—a ve'y good one. You is a han'some man, an' 'trac's all the gals to the Maizquint Dancin' Palace, an' I gits the young men to come, 'countin' they likes my class."

"The Maizquint! Huh! The Maizquint, hon, is jes' about ain't to be. Somebody done slipped a ton of nitric glyc'rin under it an' blew that an' all my swell ideas higher'n Haman."

"But that don' prove the scheme ain't good," she defended stoutly.

"Oh! You is been 'tractin' the men all right, Maizy, an' they is been comin' to dancin' school right reg'lar—sometimes. I ain't got no kick comin' on that. An' I admits that if'n they knowed you was a ma'ied woman they woul'n't come so frequint. It's me which is fell down on the job. I guess I is los' my knack with the gals sence I went and got ma'ied, cause'n they ain't hahdly one of 'em which comes to the Maizquint no mo'. An' when gals don't come there they ain't no men comin' neither."

Maizy sidled close to her husband and he slipped his hand about her waist.

"Ev'ything's gwine tu'n out all right, sweetness boy. Somebody was tellin' me to-day that Sunshine Elliott said she was comin' back to dancin' school soon, an' you know well as me that if'n she does the whole Rosebud Beautifyin' Sassiety is comin' with her an' them's the pretties' an' 'tractivees' cullud gals in town, an' ——"

"Sunshine Elliott ain't never comin' to no mo' dancin' classes," he postulated lugubriously.

"But if'n she did?"

"If'n she did ain't is gwine. We is saw the las' of Sunshine Elliott in the Maizquint."

"Sumthin' wrong?"

"Ev'ything."

"Name which?"

"Her pa."

"He ain't want her to dance?"

"Wuss'n that—heaps wuss. He is always wanted she shoul'n't dance ever sence we opened up heah th'ee months ago. She wan'ed to dance, an' so her an' him kept a-fightin' over it until he fin'ly decided that the bes' way he could settle the problum was to git rid of I an' you an' the Maizquint in one gran' bust-up."

Her eyes narrowed and lips pressed to a straight red line. "He's done bit off a pow'ful large bite, Quintus. An' why he is gone an' got so wicious all of a suddin?"

"S'mo' of my swell schemin', Maizy. He thinks I an' his gal is in love with each other an' he is 'fraid she is gwine ma'y me. He wants she should ma'y Cass Driggers."

"So-o-o! But jes' thinkin' that an' bein' sore at you don' give him no power to run us out of town."

"Yeh, it do."

"Splain which."

"He's pow'ful rich an' inflamential an' he's on'y jes' recent been 'lected Gran' Magnificent High Potentate of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise."

"You don' say!"

"Yeh! I does say. An' they ain't hahdly cullud man or woman in Bummin'ham which ain't belong to that lodge. No matter which else they belongs to, they belongs to The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise."

"Ain't it the truth?"

"Well, the lodge went an' had a meetin' las' night!"

"Yeh?"

"An'"—Quintus leaned forward tensely in his chair, long slender fingers interlocked tightly, eyes holding hers

fixedly—"that li'l', ol', no-'count pa of Sunshine's went an' 'traduced a motion which says that The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise is ag'in dancin' an' all members is prehibited theyfrom!"

"No!" she cried in incredulous horror.

"Yeh! An' wuss'n that they passed the fust two readin's at las' night's meetin' an' it comes up fo' a final readin' nex' Monday night."

"Mebbe so it won't pass."

"Huh! Mebbe so we is gwine have snow on the Fo'th of July. With that ol' muskeeter buzzin' behin' that motion they ain't nary chance it won't pass. An' they's mo' additional reasons than that too."

"Which?"

"The hall which we is rentin' fo' the Maizquint Dancin' Palace is a ol' skatin' rink which wa'n't hardly wuth the lumber which was in it ontil we come along. It was about the deadest piece of propitty which they is in Bummin'ham. An' ol' Semore Mashby owns it.

"Well, I is been inquirin' a few questions right recent an' I is foun' out that the cullud folks heah don' love Semore Mashby no mo'n they loves the devil in a red suit, and they ain't nothin' which makes 'em happier'n to see Semore git stung. An' contrariwise, they ain't nothin' which makes 'em mo' mis'able than to see Semore makin' mo' money to add to the too much what he is a'ready got. An' by rentin' the ol' skatin' rink from Semore we is jes' nachelly puttin' money in his pockets, and if'n the Maizquint goes bust he gits stang an' ev'body'd have good cause to laugh at him. So even if'n they wa'n't no special feelin' against us I think the lodge'd vote against the Maizquint jes' 'countin' it'd hurt Semore Mashby."

"Looks as if we is gittin' the dirty end of the deal all round, Quintus."

"'Looks as if' is right. Me—I wisht I was back to Je'sey City again. 'Tain't nothin' on beauty, but cullud folks is diff'ent. They is broader an' not so narrow. An', Maizy, is you stopped an' paused to think where I an' you is gwine be at when The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise goes on reco'd as bein' against dancin'? Is you? I asts you that!"

She passed a weary hand across her forehead.

"I ain't hahdly had a chance to git sta'ted thinkin' yet, Quintus."

"Now's a good time to begin, 'countin' we ain't got much longer heah in Bummin'ham. Me an' you, Maizy, is up against it 'bout as hahd as two cullud folks ever does git. Mebbe so we is tried bein' too swollen up. Anyways, we is sank all our money in this heah thing an' now we is went flooie. Dan'el in the li'ns' den was a happy man compared by me."

"But he di'n't git et up."

"That's where I an' Dan'el is diff'ent. I an' you is gwine git et up so prompt that what the whale done to Jonah ain't gwine look like nothin' on'y a salid co'se. Ev'y swell cullud pusson in town belongs to The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, an' they ain't many of 'em comin' to the Maizquint now. When them which is comin' don' come no mo' they ain't nothin' lef' fo' us to do 'cept pawn some of the stuff which we has, buy two railroad tickets an' travel ontil the conductor makes us git off."

Maizy cogitated intensively. The immediate future was shot through with dark brown gloom. She crossed one knee over the other and displayed a liberal expanse of sheer silken hosiery, royal purple in hue. Finally she looked critically upon her fashion-plate husband.

"You is a pow'ful han'some man, Quintus."

"'Tain't buyin' me no di'min' rings"

"But it might."

"I ain't trus' good looks no mo'."

"Sunshine Elliott likes you a heap."

"Yeh, an' that's wha's got her pa—ol' Belshazzer Elliott—scratchin' gravel so hahd. He's done got it in his haid that she likes me too much."

"Whyn't you make her?"

"Me? A ma'ied man?"

"They ain't no distrus' betwix' I an' you, honey boy. Even if his ol' lodge does go against us, if'n we c'n git her to patronizin' us an' bringin' the Rosebud Beautifyin' Sassiety with her, which she is president of, things woul'n't be so dahk."

He shook his head.

"They ain't nary chance. Nothin' fo' the Maizquint to do 'cept order a cemiterry lot an' a nice white tombstone an' write on it: 'Died hahd but died complete.'"

"They ain't no reason why you cain't be mighty sweet to Sunshine."

"'Tain't that, Maizy. Bein' nice to Sunshine ain't the difficultes' thing which they is in the world. She's pretty an' she's young. P'int is, it ain't gwine git us nowhere."

"Jes' the same, Quintus, you promise me you is gwine do as I asts."

"All right, cumsider I is done promised. We is still facin' the question which says, how is we gwine eat after the Maizquint closes up on us?"

"Yeh, we sho' is got to eat"

"Co'se we is got a li'l money lef'——"

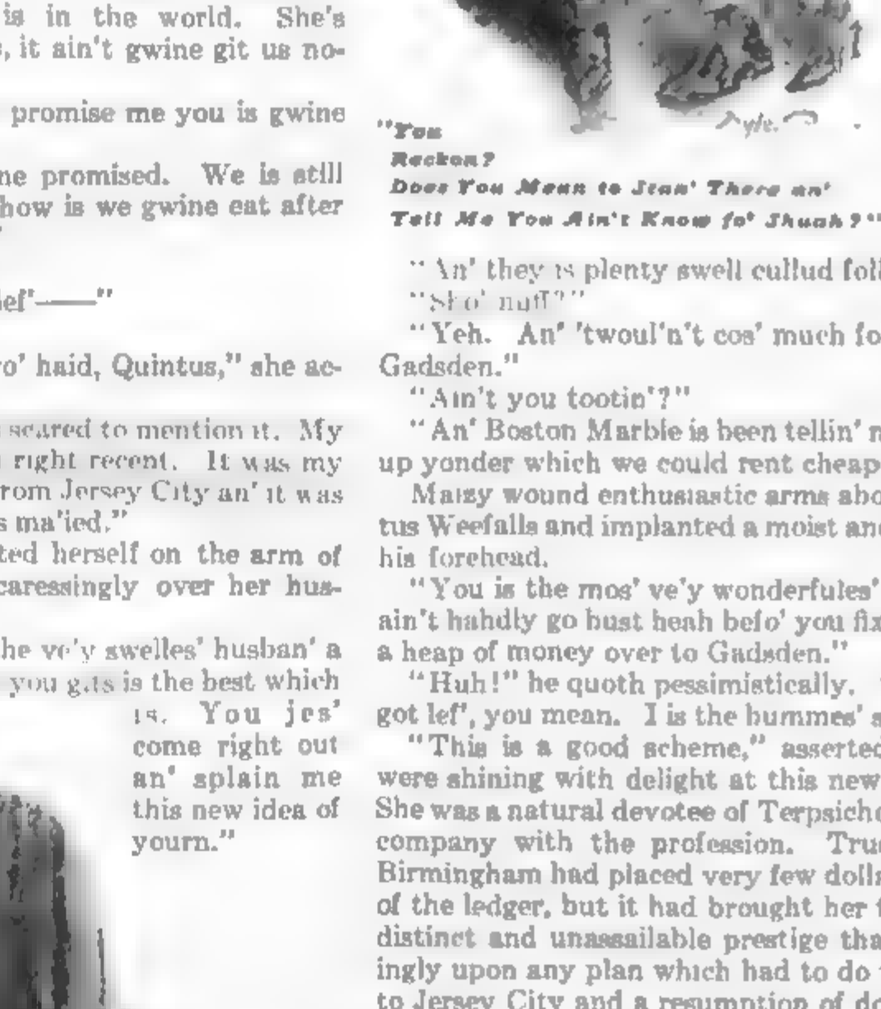
She looked up sharply.

"You is done got an idea in yo' haid, Quintus," she accused.

"Tha's the truth, hon, but I is scared to mention it. My ideas is been workin' out foolish right recent. It was my idea which brung us down heah from Jersey City an' it was my idea not to let on that we was ma'ied."

Maizy crossed the room, seated herself on the arm of his chair and ran her fingers caressingly over her husband's cheek.

"There now, big boy, you is the ve'y swelles' husban' a gal ever had, an' the ideas which you gits is the best which is. You jes' come right out an' splain me this new idea of yourn."



"You Reckon? Does You Mean to Stan' There an' Tell Me You Ain't Know fo' Shuah?"

"No!"

"Yes!"

"I don't want to, Maizy, cause'n you is gwine say it's a good idea, whether you think 'tis or 'tain't. An' it's gwine flivver jes' sho's hell's covered over with red-hot gol' dollars."

"You lemme heah what 'tis."

"An' you ain't gwine say it's a good idea less'n you hones'-t'-Gawd think so?"

"Cross my heart."

Quintus took a fresh grip on his waning courage. He cleared his throat and looked everywhere in the room save at his ravishing young wife.

"Ever heah of Gadsden?"

She gazed at him reproachfully.

"I is you fo'got that I was raised in Montgomery same as you was? Co'se I know 'bout Gadsden. It's somewhea betwix heah an' Chattanoogy on the Queen and Crescint."

"That's right, Maizy. You is the knowines' gal. Anyway, Gadsden is a pow'ful fine town."

"I is heard tell such."

"An' they is plenty swell cullud folks there."

"Sho' nuff?"

"Yeh. An' 'twoul'n't cos' much fo' us to git located in Gadsden."

"Ain't you tootin'?"

"An' Boston Marble is been tellin' me they is a good hall up yonder which we could rent cheap."

Maizy wound enthusiastic arms about the neck of Quintus Weefalls and implanted a moist and admiring kiss upon his forehead.

"You is the mos' ve'y wonderfules' man, Quintus. We ain't hahdly go bust heah befo' you fixes up fo' us to make a heap of money over to Gadsden."

"Huh!" he quoth pessimistically. "Lose all what we is got lef', you mean. I is the hummes' schemer which is."

"This is a good scheme," asserted Maizy. Her eyes were shining with delight at this new vista of prosperity. She was a natural devotee of Terpsichore and loath to part company with the profession. True, their attempt in Birmingham had placed very few dollars on the credit side of the ledger, but it had brought her to a position of such distinct and unassailable prestige that she looked frowningly upon any plan which had to do with an early return to Jersey City and a resumption of domestic duties in the household of another and whiter family.

"Soun's fine, Quintus."

"Soun's fine ain't is fine. An' I is preclaimin' one thing right heah an' now, Maizy: When us goes to Gadsden we goes as the man an' wife which we is. We has had bad luck ever sence we hit Bummin'ham 'countin' we tol' folks we wa'n't nothin' to each other on'y dancin' partners."

She kissed him again.

"I ain't never made no 'jections to bein' knew as yo' wife, is I?"

He was silent for a time, busy with reflections.

"Boston Marble was sayin' that if'n I wan's this here hall up to Gadsden I'd better ac' quick. An' with ol' man Belshazzer Elliott puttin' the skids under us nex' Monday night by havin' The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise write it down in they reco'ds that they is ag'in dancin', well ——" He shrugged expressively.

"You is goin' up to Gadsden to-morrow, Quintus!" said his wife positively.

"But "

"They ain't no buts bouten it T'-morrow you is goin' an' tha's all what they is to it."

He shook his head.

"Huh! Maizy, I reckon if'n you is got yo' min' made up they ain't no use argifyin'."

They discussed the proposition from every angle and saw in it a forlorn chance of saving something from the wreckage.

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"All Right, Cumsider I is Done Promised. We is Still Facin' the Question Which Says, How is We Gwine Eat After the Maizquint Closes Up on Us?"

The Freedom of the Air Lanes

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

DECORATION BY CHARLES HARGENS, JR.

THROUGH the blackness of the night an aëroplane wings its way high above the English Channel and over the rolling Surrey country. The night is very dark indeed and mist fills the upper air lanes, so the pilot drives by wireless tension, and drives with remarkable precision, until he discovers two small points of light well below him and waving in unison; then he slackens his engine and begins to volplane. The lights continue to wave—rhythmically and purposefully. The plane continues to descend. It is a two-position French avion of but a mere hundred-mile-an-hour speed—before the days of the great war an affair calculated to make men open their eyes, but in the days following it to be accepted as a rather ordinary and old-fashioned machine. The plane is now but a few hundred feet above the waving lights. The observer leans forward.

"Here goes!" he shouts, and drops overboard a small packet, a packet to which is attached a slow fuse, which burns with a dull red glow against the blackness of the night.

The lights cease waving. Together they go in a tangent across the surface of the unseen earth below and stop. For a minute, two minutes, three minutes—they are all but motionless. Then they begin to wave again, frantically this time. Above, the big plane is slowly circling, but so close to the earth all the while that the watchdogs in the farmhouses near by become sensitive of its approach and begin to bark—long and loud. The lights wave frantically.

"They got it," shouts the observer to the pilot, and adds, with an assumption of humor, "Home, Jeems!"

When Aërial Smuggling Is Controlled

THE big plane slowly rises. Its engine beats with a renewed vigor. The pilot studies his compass, gets the tension of the direct wireless again—then shoots in a long direct line to the south and feels the fog come up about them as they sweep across the restless Channel and off into the mazes of Normandy, and obscurity.

Back in the night station of His Majesty's Air Forces at Little Wimbledon, Barney Bruce, the head constable, is talking with three of his associates in the police squadron.

"Yes, sir," he is saying, "four nights a-running now. To-night it's Hastings, and to-morrow night it's Salisbury, and the next it's like as not to be here at Little Wimbledon itself. Always the same tricks, mind you. Lights a-wavin' in a field, one of 'em foreign machines a-dropping close to land, and then the package—always the package."

"The package?" puts in the youngest and newest member of the force. "I'm not understanding about that."

"The package," picks up Barney—"always the same sort, that. Stones. Precious stones, mind you. Diamonds."

"They're ——" interrupts the new man. His chief cuts him off.

"Smugglers. It's a rare game now. A stiff duty into Blighty an' a package weighing not one-tenth what a good brace o' bombs would have weighed back there in seventeen and eighteen. It's a game that's worth the price to them fellows over there."

The new air policeman comes to his feet.

"Ain't it our job, sir, to keep them out?"

Barney Bruce smiles, with the invariable sagacity of the old policeman.

"Bye," he says, "ye warn't old enough to be plintin' a plane back in those big days over across that Channel. Or to be hearin' w'at folks war a-sayin' them days. Why couldn't we keep the boche planes back out of France? What was ole England a-doin' lettin' them get over Paris an' all them other French towns and droppin' bombs all night on them pretty churches an' museums an' everything? Bye, when you gets a little older and more halterbroke ye'll understand. A battle front's a hundred mile long, isn't it? Takes some trenches and some line to hold that hundred miles, don't it?

"Now take that same battle front; we're a-speaking of air-policin' now, me bye. For four miles up in the air over any part of that hundred-mile battlefield the boche might creep in if we'd let him. Now take that board-school larnin' of which you're so cocky, me bye; multiply your hundred miles by the four up in the air an' you get four hundred miles, every part of which had to be policed so that no Hun could come a-cricketin' in, in the middle of a night suchst as this 'ere one. Bye, it couldn't be done, an' it warn't."

The head constable refills his pipe.

"An' what is four hundred miles compared with the front o' Blighty?" he asks. "We've three hundred miles o' coast along this 'ere channel, if you takes it in a straight line. Multiply that, board-school master with all your larnin', an' see if you don't have twelve hundred miles; and only one little coast of these 'ere British Isles a-come into the reckonin'. No, me lad, there's no God's amount of policin' can keep all the planes out o' this island if once they want to come. They ain't ships; you can trust the Navy to be a-lookin' out for 'em. But planes an' four miles high, we've a different way of takin' care o' 'em."

"An' what might that way be?" asks the green constable.

"Parliament—Parliament an' the convention."

"W'at's the convention?"

"It's the agreement that those blokes over in Paris made when they signed the peace back there in 1919. It's the rules o' the game. Smugglin', lad, it's against the rules. It's almost akin to breakin' the very fust o' em. An' that's why I'm after tellin' you, me bye, that we do be gettin' this outfit—an' I'm expectin' this telephone to be telling me of the arrests any hour now—they will be well done up in the courts, so will they; like as not, twenty years an' hard labor too. Ye understand, bye?"

"I understand, sir." And he goes to do as he is bid.

For centuries admiralty law—the jurisprudence of the seas and of the craft that travel upon them—has been an integral part of the comity existing between the great nations of the world. And none was more skilled in the making and interpretation of this law than England herself; England who long ago permitted herself to be called "the mistress of the seas." And to-day—as I shall try presently to show you—England seeks to be mistress not alone of the seas but of the air lanes as well. The commercial skill, the finesse, the maneuvering that brought her so long ago to a marine supremacy and held that supremacy for so long a time she to-day is exerting for an aërial supremacy. The need to her for air control is hardly less even than that vital need for a master hand in sea control, so that the little island of her homeland may be fed and her heart literally kept abeat. For air control means emergency communication, if nothing more; and emergency communication—as we also shall see soon—means a touch between London and the far-flung colonies that is all but vital to the very existence of the British Empire.

Necessity of Protecting Air Rights

WHAT concerns England concerns us—at almost every corner of commercial life and industry at least. Nowhere is this more true than in transportation, which is the very lifeblood of industry, and much more; it is also almost the sole tie that binds nations together, and therefore of necessity assumed a much higher rôle in the peace conference at Paris than was generally realized. Even our own commission to that historic event apparently underestimated the importance of that rôle; for whereas England on her commission and from the very first had the ablest and most practical of her transportation experts—maritime, rail and air—the United States, with the exception of the first of these phases, was at the outset practically without representation. We may fairly concede that England through long decades of experience has attained an expertness in the operation of ships that we have not yet reached. But on the other hand, and even admitting the innate sinfulness of some of our large figures in our railroad world, is it not equally fair to say that for genius in railroad operation the rest of the world looks admiringly toward us? Out of necessity we have given birth to the most scientific land transport system of the universe.

Land transport is important. And because she realized its fundamental importance Great Britain appointed not less than fourteen of her practical railwaymen to positions on her peace commission—positions of greater or less importance. She realized the position that rail transportation would take in the solution of many of the closely allied problems of the peace of the world, particularly of the peace of Europe. And the United States to her peace commission appointed how many of her skilled railroaders? Let me answer quickly: Not one.

The same position was taken at the outset in regard to the future of our international air fleet, to our very rights in the manifold air lanes that hang suspended above us. It was not until a very earnest and very practical and very patriotic American business man, who found himself in Paris in January last and in full touch with an astounding situation, had written personally to President Wilson and had apprised him of the situation that the peace commission moved toward the appointment of an aviation committee as part of its elaborate mechanism.

(Continued on Page 125)

The Peace and President Wilson

By William Allen White

IT WILL take time—perhaps years, more likely decades—to estimate justly what happened at Paris during the Peace Conference of 1919. But one thing may be set down now for all time: Whatever part America played in the diplomacy of the Peace Conference President Wilson played that part of his own motion, largely upon his own counsel, chiefly in his own person—and so played a lone hand. He carried with him to the conference a shipload of experts. "Show me what is right," quoth he to them on shipboard going over to Europe in December, 1918, "and I will fight for it."

But after all the experts furnished him only with facts. He interpreted the facts. He took no counsel of them and often disagreed with their judgments. Indeed no one was so unhappy about the treaty of peace as it came from the conference to the Germans in May as was a group of his most dependable experts. Several of them were so deeply grieved at the treaty in early May that they held a meeting and seriously threatened a public statement of their fundamental disagreement with the President.

Closer to him physically than the experts came certain heads of important commissions and committees in the Allied organizations; but these men also many times found their wisdom unheeded by the President. Still closer to him were his fellow peace commissioners. But even they were not always in his confidence, and each of them has pointed out to his friends important features in the treaty which are there because the President acted in disagreement with the judgment of even his fellow commissioners.

One may go further in pointing out the isolation of the President and recall how his very decision to leave America and participate in the conference came as a shock to the American people. He did not have even their approval in his decision to go to Europe. He started on the enterprise alone in a crowded ship; he went alone among the clamoring multitudes of Europe. Alone amid the confusion and bickering and greed and grab of the conference he worked out his own purposes, made his own mistakes, thought out his own compromises; and alone he is entitled to credit for whatever success he has gained. Now the reader must not mistake the figure here. President Wilson was not a Jack the Giant-killer in Europe—far from it. He was a most human person—anything but a hero—who, working along the lines of his own temperament, and alas greatly handicapped by it, really has achieved about a seventy per cent success in the realization of his ideals, high as they were. And the purpose of this article will be to set down rather simply the story of his adventure with the American idea in Europe.

If Ever an American Statesman Had a Hard Time in a Valiant Struggle for the Ideals of His People it was Woodrow Wilson at Paris in the Spring of 1919

An Appeal to the Masses

FIRST let us consider the background into which he took the American idea. The thing we Americans commonly know as Europe is a geographical location. Europe is vastly more than a place on the map. It is a plane of thought, a spiritual attitude, a civilization profoundly different from our civilization and in many ways utterly at variance with it. Thousands of years of tradition are woven into the consciousness of the European mind. The European begins his mental process with almost a different premise from our premise. Long bitter experience has taught Europe distrust. Europe looks for motives, suspects all things, fears all things, covets all things, takes all things not nailed down or red-hot! To Europe America was—and still is—the dollar worshiper.

It was not clear to Europe why Americans came into this war; but Europe knew well when we came that there was an ulterior motive. Perhaps it was to grab colonies. No? Well, then, to protect our credits. No? Well, surely to sit in the seats of the mighty. No? But we must not pretend that we came over as a fairy prince to help the oppressed. Europe long since has known about fairy princes: "Put not your trust in princes." And anyway Europe does not believe in fairies. So Europe greeted President Wilson with a leering and suspicious eye when he crossed the sea to sit in the Peace Conference. At least the ruling classes of Europe, those in the actual governments of Europe, mistrusted him. Of the negligible masses we must speak later.

For just here it is necessary to define the American idea which President Wilson brought with him. For after all our President is not important as a man but as a representative of an ideal in connection with the story of the Peace Conference. As a man he was always remote, sometimes vague and never very interesting in Paris. But the ideal he brought there was dynamic, and he cherished it and impersonated it well. It was the ideal of faith: faith in humanity, faith in the moral government of the universe, faith in the power of the spiritual forces of life to triumph over the material powers of life.

And in presenting that ideal to Europe with its age-long habit of doubt, doubt grounded in cynicism, it was as though grown men should suddenly turn up in a solemn conclave telling fairy tales! Europe could hardly keep its face straight. M. Clémenceau chortled in his glee. "God," said Clémenceau, "gave us his Ten Commandments and we broke them. Wilson gave us his Fourteen Points—we shall see." And again: "My friend President Wilson is a man of *noble candeur*"—*noble candeur* meaning stupid simplicity!

The Italians gave the signal for a demonstration to the President almost bacchanalian in its fervor! And winking a merry eye at him pointed to Fiume! But President Wilson ignored these covert affronts if he saw them, and went about telling his gorgeous fairy story about the goodness of men and the powers of God.

"And the common people heard him gladly." So he appealed to the common people of Europe over their actual governments. During December and early January he went about Europe through England, France and Italy speaking most directly and most simply, but withal not quite candidly, about the things which America hoped for as the outcome of the war. His uncandor lay in the fact that he did not tell the people what dangerous ideals he was preaching, how revolutionary was his plain language of high aspiration, and how utterly it was at variance with the ideals of Europe, with the plans of the governments of Europe. Perhaps he did not really know what heresy he was spreading; probably not. For though he talked like a revolutionary in December, often circumstances made him act like an orthodox Presbyterian elder in the spring, when he had to compromise himself like a gentleman to win his great point. But he did sow the seeds of spiritual revolution in the hearts of the common people of Europe and there is reason to feel that it fell on good ground.

It was terrific, this creed of the peace from good will as opposed to the peace by force. And that was the essential fairy story that America brought to Europe: that was the American idea. Obviously it is not peculiarly President Wilson's creed. In America, at the core of our hearts, we all believe in this hope. For we have no traditions back of us to make us doubt: we have only youth with its great faith. We are the new world.

The Presidential Disguise

THERE, then, is the background, and there the figure upon it. We may ask reasonably, Why did he come there? And in answering that question we have the motive of the play. It is only decent to a fellow man to assume that his motives are reasonably honest. Personally President Wilson had much more to lose than to gain by coming, and presumably he knew it. If ambition had governed him he would have stayed at home. If vanity to be part of a gorgeous spectacle, to participate in a great event had moved him he would have acted quite differently when he came. An honest judgment of his motives compels one to give him credit for a deep impulse to serve mankind in coming to Paris. He might well have served himself—and possibly his country—better by staying away. For personally he lost more than he has gained by his trip; and if a policy of isolation and national individualism—a devil-take-the-hindermost policy—so far as the rest of the world goes would have left America stronger than we are left to-day with our fortunes bound up in a sort of potluck with humanity, then indeed considering the situation from purely selfish motives it is evident that President Wilson would have done well to send a strong commission of national individualists from Washington to Paris with instruction to get all possible security from Europe for our loans, and come home with the flag draped about them amid a sense of duty well done.

But he knew what was threatened at the Peace Conference. He knew of the secret treaties with Italy and Japan. He knew something of the spirit that was moving the governments of Europe. And he knew of the tremendous stakes on the board, with one-eighth of the land of the globe in pawn and the future peace of civilization at stake. So he went forth to save the world.

Possibly it was a Quixotic adventure. Certainly it did look amusing to the powers that be. Here was a mild-spoken academic gentleman in glasses, with the odor of the cloister in his conventional black coat with suitable trousers, sallying forth with a few well-chosen remarks on the good of the order to remake the fortunes of mankind. He had something else in his kit and accouterment; something which gave him great power. That was the Yankee of it; we are dreamers but we do not talk in our sleep. We are tremendously practical. The President with his amiable speeches and his noble aspirations had in his portfolio the promissory note of the Allies for eight or ten billion dollars. Also he had the surplus food needed to feed a starving world. All of which made the spectacle more curious and interesting of this elderly professor with his gentle inevitable grin roaming through the forums of Europe, disguised as a philosopher but in effect half greengrocer and half banker! Surely Uncle Sam never before cut so wide a swath!

And he never removed his disguise. Always he desired to appear as a philosopher. When he had finished his trip, when he had roused the base desire for higher things in the breasts of the European masses, inspiring a pathetic Messianic hope which—sorry the day!—never could be realized this side of Jordan, he sat down at the peace-conference table as a philosopher.

And here is what he faced: Four other major Powers instinctively arrayed against him, with only Great Britain's

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BEEF, IRON AND WINE

Edward Styles, One Time Texas Ranger, Opened Out Over His Head the Loop of Cousin Willie's Lariat and Dropped It Neatly Over That Infernal Black Round Nose Scarcely Thirty Feet Away

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

OWING to the state of her mother's nerves, Jen Higgins was forced to come home during her father's absence in European waters and give up college for one year. She and her mother, Pearl, went to live in Pearl's mother's old home, which happened to lack a tenant at the time; their former home—together with the wharf property on which it stood—having been demolished at the launching of the Minnie Williams.

Elmer Higgins usually referred to his daughter Jen as a solid girl or a strapping great girl, as the case might be; but in fact Jen did not weigh an ounce more than one hundred and thirty and this was reasonably well distributed into the bargain. Though her mother vowed and declared that she hadn't a particle of color in her cheeks and was on the edge of a nervous breakdown herself, to the casual observer Jen looked like a good risk.

"She's a total wreck," Pearl told Mr. Yates, the secret-service man, who had begun to haunt the premises contemporaneously with Jen's return. "She's been on the go a good deal the past winter, don't you know. It's been go, go, go—one racket after another; and now it's come to a point where she's just living on her nerve. She's a bundle of nerves as it is."

"She seemed to me to have plenty of hop-along," said Mr. Yates, surprised.

"That's the deceiving part of it," said Pearl anxiously. "To look at her you would think she was the picture of health, but she isn't. She's real kind of miserable."

"She ought to take sulphur and molasses," was Mr. Yates' next contribution.

"I've got her on beef, iron and wine now," answered Pearl. "Still, I know some people do swear by sulphur and molasses. I know my mother used to give it to us regularly when we were little bits of children."

"I suppose the lady isn't up yet?" ventured the secret-service man.

"That girl? Mr. Yates, you didn't really expect to find her down at this time of morning, did you? She hasn't stirred. I never saw that girl's equal for lying in bed mornings. I tell her father I don't see how she contrives to do it."

"I was just going to ask her if she didn't want to take a little spin in the gas raft after the movies. Wouldn't that quiet her nerves; or would it be more of a torture to her?"

"Oh, dear, I don't know what to say! I know you wouldn't ask her out if you didn't know it was perfectly safe, but when we hear about so much destruction on the part of these dreadful submarines ——"

If Mr. Yates' Kiss Could be Looked On as an Accident, Even So Jen Had Perhaps Been Guilty of What the Lawyers Call Contributory Negligence

"Oh, well, we shan't go out of the harbor," Mr. Yates said graciously and beat a hasty retreat. This early caller could, however, be fairly sure of finding Jen waiting for him in her window at the front of the house. At the rumor of his voice she had stirred. More than that she had tripped across the room and dashed water into her blue eyes out of a bowl with a blue Chinese pagoda in its bottom. Next she had drawn on the airiest of black-silk stockings embroidered with flights of tiny white birds starting at the instep and going to a point due south of the kneecap. Without pause she inserted her person into the folds of a blue-corduroy dressing gown with bell-mouthed sleeves that allowed a dazzling glimpse of arm.

"Jen has good arms," Pearl would way. "She's so fair, don't you know, and then, she has inherited the Merritt skin." Next what to do with her hair. "Jen has a perfect rope of hair," Pearl said when she was touching in the picture. Jen now thrust her perfect rope of hair under a little silk cap of robin's-egg blue. This cap, provided with a limp-linen mortarboard weighted with four white tassels at its corners, hung down over one ear fetchingly. There being no window weights in the house, Jen propped up her window, nights, with a petrified starfish that Elmer had got her when he was South. This she now hastily replaced with a much taller article—a vase of alabaster. It had been miraculously preserved out of the wreck of Pearl's father's homestead. And thus, a second or so before Mr. Yates could get round under the window—prompt as he had made his exit—there was Jen with her famous arms propping her chin and flashing in the mellow light like rapiers half drawn from their sheaths.

"Hello, Echo!" she called in languid tones. "I like to see people going to work."

"Wish I was one of the idle rich," said Mr. Yates, glancing up. "What you got up your sleeve besides your arm?"

"My handkerchief, Brilliant," said Jen, shaking it out.

"Haven't been crying into it, have you, on account of what took place last night?" countered the detective cautiously.

"I don't know of any good reason why I should," answered the lady, retreating slightly behind the alabaster vase. She looked at Mr. Yates steadfastly. He was not her ideal by any means. But Jen played every night for the pictures; Mr. Yates was on hand every night to take her home; and last night, after interpreting In the Shadow of the Lilacs with uncommon success, she had yielded him her lips. To her own very great surprise, it must be said, for she had once strictly intended that these velvet colleagues should be kept sacred for the man she was to marry. Her roommate, Pauline, had enlightened her on the prevailing custom, however, to such purpose that if Mr. Yates' kiss could be looked on as an accident, even so Jen had perhaps been guilty of what the lawyers call contributory negligence.

"At any rate there's no use crying over spilt milk," she said now in a low tone.

"No, there's more in the bottle," answered Mr. Yates. "Little spin in the raft to-night?"

"Don't you plume yourself," said the lady defiantly. "Just for that I shan't stir a step out of this house to-night. Besides, father may be home. We expect him any day now. The ship was due to arrive Thursday. You know we got a cable from Bermuda."

The lady withdrew in a pretended dudgeon. Half an hour later, when she appeared in the kitchen, Pearl had her breakfast ready for her.

"That Mr. Yates was just here," said the mother. "He wants you to go out with him in his boat to-night."

"It's a swell boat," said Jen.

"He's a nice-appearing young man," Pearl rejoined, "if only he didn't look so dissipated round the eyes."

"That's his heart trouble," Jen answered promptly. "He's in the doctor's care now. He mustn't lift anything heavy and he mustn't run upstairs and—oh, mercy, you've no idea! He mustn't do the first thing to make his heart beat faster or exert himself in any way. He's been rejected from practically every branch of the service. He's awfully sensitive about it. And he only got this job with the secret service through having a drag with Washington."

"I guess it would be a case of drag if ever they got him into the Army," said Pearl grimly. "My land, Jen! I don't know that I care to have you traipsing round with anyone so kind of all gone as he appears to be. What on earth would you do if you got into that boat all soul alone with him and he should keel over in your lap?"

"I can run it myself," answered Jen.

"So you say," retorted her mother. "He seems to me like a good deal of a broken reed. I wish your father would come to-night and I could get him to inquire round about this young man."

"Mother, that suggestion is positively weird," said Jen. "How do you think Mr. Yates would feel if he knew we were looking into him like that? I wouldn't sanction it for a minute."

"It does seem," said Pearl, "as if we're born into this world with handicaps enough without going to work and getting tacked onto us a man who is hanging by a hair."

"He isn't, either."

"Didn't you say the doctors had as good as told him that he was right betwixt and between and that he might drop in his tracks any minute?"

"I said nothing of the kind."

"Well, he looks as if a breath of wind would blow him away."

"I don't know," said Jen dangerously. "In these days perhaps that is the only resource open to a woman, if she wants to snatch her little happiness. If she marries a man with heart trouble this awful war can't take him from her. In one way I'm thankful."

"I suppose you'd rather stand by and see him go with his disease," Pearl cried sarcastically.

"I don't know," Jen answered dreamily. "At least there wouldn't be the awful uncertainty; and she could be with him to the end."

"I did think," Pearl went on bitterly, "you would have held out until this Mr. Styles could put in his appearance. Your father had some thought he might bring him with him."

"He's got to come quick," said Jen. She stirred cocoa with a languid spoon. "Pauline is right. A girl with any jazz at all can't let hope take the place of honey altogether."

As it chanced, her father and Mr. Styles were no great way off at that very moment. The ship had docked as scheduled and the two salvors, being granted extended leave of absence—for the ship had to undergo repairs—had started for Winter Harbor on the first train available.

"Jen will welcome you with open arms, my boy," Elmer said. "She hasn't got a mean nor an underhanded bone in her body. And she's always just as you see her—right out and out. I shouldn't wonder if it would be a case of love at first sight on both sides."

"You're the engineer," said Edward shortly. "But get this, Elmer: If I ring down full speed astern, you hook her up astern, hey? When it comes to women, I'm running in on soundings, see? All the time. What these janes get out of me is watchful waiting nine times out of ten."

"You're nervous as a witch," Elmer grinned. "Man alive! She won't eat you. All you got to do is keep saying to yourself: 'She can't eat me.'"

"No, it's one comfort she ain't a cannibal," said Styles.

They stepped from the train to the deck of the little steamer which was to take them to their destination. The deck hands greeted Elmer with acclaim. One of them relieved him of his bag.

"What you got in here, Elmer? Bullion?" he inquired, sagging under it, for it was full of things picked up on the battlefield, though not by Elmer.

"Gold dust," said Elmer, winking. "How's everything at home? All quiet on the Potomac?"

"I understand there's a new attraction up there," said the deck hand. Thus the two knights-errant learned for the first time that revelers were in the house.

"I guess you will be able to send him to the right-about," Elmer said to Styles. "They always stand ready to take up with a handsomer man."

What Elmer might have said was lost in the flurry of a landing made at one of the islands to drop a passenger and some freight. Elmer, stepping ashore to stretch his legs, by chance leaned up against the freight shed. The boarding was thin and he overheard the purser of the steamboat at the telephone.

"Elmer's here," the purser was saying. "Yes, we got him aboard, bag and baggage. Now this ought to give you plenty of time to get the yacht-club cannon loaded. I suppose you got those boys with the wind instruments where you can lay your hand on them at a moment's notice? That's right. No, he doesn't mistrust a thing. Well, the teacher is going to have those little girls that represent the Allied nations slip into their duds right after school and down to the wharf, so there won't be any trouble about them. Yes, sir, what we want is a rousing reception."

Elmer Higgins, who had got off the boat to renew his strength by contact with his native earth, felt it stream out of him altogether. His knees waggled under him; he grew pale and stepped back on the boat.

"Heart attack?" inquired Styles.

"No," said Elmer, "more what you would call a brass attack. There's a hatful of wind coming, Edward, and I can't seem to make up my mind to it."

He told his traveling companion what he had overheard.

"Looks brassy low down on the horizon, hey?" was Styles' comment. "Why, Elmer, you are not afraid of a little horn wind, are you? A man with a German helmet in his bag too!"

"I can do most anything in this world but face music," groaned Elmer. "But when it comes to looking down the throat of them tubas and bombardons and knowing that I got to take that unmerciful blart to myself, right between the wind and the water, so to speak—my sorrows! Edward, I used to play that B-flat myself, and I sold it to the fellow that's got it now and gave him his first lessons on it. How little we know what's in store for us! I would have done better to jump down it."

"You would come out at the little end of the horn anyway," said Styles. "Nerve yourself, Elmer. Think of your home and little ones!"

Elmer looked desperately astern. The steamboat was trailing a species of shallow punt used for landing passengers at points boasting no wharf. The two men were alone. The cabin, besides being blind-ended, went nearly the whole width of the boat, cutting them off from the view of the few remaining passengers.

"Edward," said the old cadet, "I'm caging astern. I'm going to get myself into that punt and hyper for the land."

The old cadet began to hand in the punt's painter feverishly.

"What are your plans for me?" inquired Styles.

A Figure Leaped Into the Air and Staggered Toward the Seaside, Going From Rock to Rock Like a Chamois

"You keep right on," said Elmer. "You go right on up to the house and make yourself known; and then as soon as it comes slack water over Pull-an'-Be-Damned, I'll row over. The tide's hossing in there good now.

"I won't be more than six hours behind you at the most."

Without listening to remonstrance, Elmer seized his bag and stepped into the punt. The knot in its painter being complicated, he cut the rope near the ring in the steamer's stern and shoved out with a smile of regained freedom. He pointed significantly toward an old gray house falling into ruin, which stood conspicuously on a rocky headland. There, then, he would bide his time.

Mr. Yates meantime had come round to the Higgins house when the sun was low in the heavens to make his peace with the lady. Jen, who knew that it was unjust to Mr. Yates to trifle with him, knew as well that it was always barely possible that he was trifling with her. If so, what a nut she would be to reject, as serious, advances offered only in a spirit of fun. From watching when to change the tempo—for Jen could gallop a horse over the ivories as readily as she could breathe the spirit of the morgue into them—real life had blended with the pictures to such an extent that it was sometimes neither easy nor agreeable to disentangle them, one from the other. If she had committed herself to Mr. Yates it was rather as a character in a rural drama than as the strapping great girl of Elmer's fond references.

Thus when Mr. Yates murmured "You just can't keep those wonderful fingers quiet, can you?" stroking them softly, she drew herself away with serpentine smoothness, twisted her hand in his, and said not too harshly: "You're not forgetting yourself, are you, Mr. Yates?"

"You're the most attractive girl I've ever met," breathed the secret-service man. "How do you do it?"

Feeling that if this sort of thing went on she would almost necessarily slip more and more under the man's influence, Jen pitched her next remark in a new key altogether.

"My! If you haven't a hand just like a woman's," she murmured, inspecting it the more freely because her own still lay folded in it. She had in its perfection the faculty of introducing the commonplace at momentous moments. It was like hurrying up bags of sand to a dike always on the point of crumbling. "I shouldn't think to look at it that you had ever done a tap of work in your life. Why, my father's hands are just like a currycomb. I get him to scratch my shoulder blades on Sunday mornings when he's home."

"My jobs have been more along the line of brain work," answered the detective, making a lunge which affected to be playful. Jen eluded him with a lithe turn and shrieked: "Oh, dear, Mr. Yates! I'll have to put you on your good behavior if you're not careful. Hateful! Now you know the doctor said you weren't to do anything sudden."

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"Isn't it Weird?" Breathed the Lady Shakily

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Case Number 4—In re: Sweet Land of Liberty

"No freeman shall be taken, or imprisoned, or disseized, or outlawed, or exiled, or in any way harmed—nor will we go upon or send upon him—save by the lawful judgment of his peers or by the law of the land."
—Magna Charta, Sec. 39.

"'Somebody has been lying in my bed—and here she is,' cried the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice."
—The Three Bears.

The Blue Cloud Faded Away, Bearing With It Both Bibby and the Burglar. Then the Third Footman Brought the Belated Tea

ONE of the nicest men in New York was Mr. John De Puyster Hepplewhite. The chief reason for his niceness was his entire satisfaction with himself and the padded world in which he dwelt, where he was as protected from all shocking, rough or otherwise unpleasant things as a shrinking débutante from the coarse universe of fact. Being thus shielded from every annoyance and irritation by a host of sycophants he lived serenely in an atmosphere of unruffled calm, gazing down benignly and with a certain condescension from the rarified altitudes of his Fifth Avenue windows, pleased with the prospect of life as it appeared to him to be and only slightly conscious of the vileness of his fellow man.

Certainly he was not conscious at all of the existence of the celebrated law firm of Tutt & Tutt. Such vulgar persons were not of his sphere. His own lawyers were gray-headed, dignified, rather smart attorneys who moved only in the best social circles and practiced their profession with an air of elegance. When Mr. Hepplewhite needed advice he sent for them and they came, chatted a while in subdued easy accents, and went away—like cheerful undertakers. Nobody ever spoke in loud tones near Mr. Hepplewhite because Mr. Hepplewhite did not like anything loud—not even clothes. He was, as we have said, quite one of the nicest men in New York.

At the moment when Mrs. Witherspoon made her appearance he was sitting in his library reading a copy of Sainte-Beuve and waiting for Bibby, the butler, to announce tea. It was eight minutes to five and there was still eight minutes to wait; so Mr. Hepplewhite went on reading Sainte-Beuve.

Then "Mrs. Witherspoon!" intoned Bibby, and Mr. Hepplewhite rose quickly, adjusted his eyeglass and came punctiliously forward.

"My dear Mrs. Witherspoon!" he exclaimed crisply. "I am really delighted to see you. It was quite charming of you to give me this week-end."

"Adorable of you to ask me, Mr. Hepplewhite!" returned the lady. "I've been looking forward to this visit for weeks. What a sweet room! Is that a Corot?"

"Yes—yes!" murmured her host modestly. "Rather nice, I think, eh? I'll show you my few belongings after tea. Now will you go upstairs first or have tea first?"

"Just as you say," beamed Mrs. Witherspoon. "Perhaps I had better run up and take off my veil."

"Whichever you prefer," he replied chivalrously. "Do exactly as you like. Tea will be ready in a couple of minutes."

"Then I think I'll run up."

"Very well. Bibby, show Mrs. Witherspoon ——"

"Very good, sir. This way, please, madam. Stockin', fetch Mrs. Witherspoon's bag from the hall."

Mr. Hepplewhite stood rubbing his delicate hands in front of the fire, telling himself what a really great pleasure it was to have Mrs. Witherspoon staying with him over the week-end. He was having a dinner party for her that evening—of forty-eight. All that it had been necessary for him to do to have the party was to tell Mr. Sadducee, his secretary, that he wished to have it and direct him to send the invitations from List Number One, and then to tell Bibby the same thing and to order the chef to serve Dinner Number Four—only to have Johannisberger Cabinet instead of Niersteiner.

All these things were highly important to Mr. Hepplewhite, for upon the absolute smoothness with which tea and dinner were served and the accuracy with which his valet selected socks to match his tie his entire happiness, to say nothing of his peace of mind, depended. His daily life consisted of a series of subdued and nicely adjusted social events. They were forecast for months ahead. Nothing was ever done on the spur of the moment at Mr. Hepplewhite's. He could tell to within a couple of seconds just exactly what was going to occur during the balance of the day, the remainder of Mrs. Witherspoon's stay and the rest of the month. It would have upset him very much not to know exactly what was going to happen, for he was a meticulously careful host and being a creature of habit the unexpected was apt to agitate him extremely.

So now as he stood rubbing his hands it was in the absolute certainty that in just a few more seconds one of the footmen would appear between the tapestry portières bearing aloft a silver tray with the tea things, and then Bibby would come in with the paper, and presently Mrs. Witherspoon would come down and she would make tea for him and they would talk about tea, and Aiken, and whether the Abner Fullertons were going to get a domestic or foreign divorce, and how his bridge was these days. It would be very nice, and he rubbed his hands very gently and waited for the Dresden clock to strike five in the subdued and decorous way that it had. But he did not hear it strike.

Instead a shriek rang out from the hall above, followed by yells and feet pounding down the stairs. Mr. Hepplewhite turned cold and something hard rose up in his throat. His sight dimmed. And then Bibby burst in, pale and with protruding eyes.

"There was a man in the guest room!" he gasped. "Stockin's got him. What shall we do?"

At that moment Mrs. Witherspoon followed.

"Oh, Mr. Hepplewhite! Oh, Mr. Hepplewhite!" she gasped, staggering toward him.

Mr. Hepplewhite would have taken her in his arms and attempted to comfort her only it was not done in Mr. Hepplewhite's set unless under extreme provocation. So he pressed an armchair upon her; or, rather, pressed her into an armchair; and leaned against the bookcase feeling very faint. He was extremely agitated.

"S-send for the police! S-s-send for B-burk!" he stuttered. Burk was a husky watchman who also acted as a personal guard for Mr. Hepplewhite.

An alarm began to beat a deafening staccato in the hall outside the library. Bibby rushed gurgling from the room. Several tall men in knee breeches and silk stockings dashed excitedly up and down stairs using expressions such as had never before been heard by Mr. Hepplewhite, and the clanging gong of a police wagon was audible as it clattered up the Avenue.

"Oh, Mr. Hepplewhite," whispered Mrs. Witherspoon, unconsciously seeking his hand. "I never was so frightened in my life!"

Then the gong stopped and the police poured into the house and up the stairs. There were muffled noises and suppressed ejaculations of "Aw, come on there now! I've got him, Mike! No funny business now, you ——! Come along quiet!"

The whole house seemed blue with policemen, and Mr. Hepplewhite became aware of a very fat man in a blue cap marked Captain, who removed the cap deferentially and otherwise indicated that he was making obeisance. Behind the fat man stood three other equally fat men, who held between them with grim firmness, by arm, neck and shoulder, a much smaller—in fact quite a small—man, shabby, unkempt and with a desperate look upon his unshaven face.

"We've got him, all right, Mr. Hepplewhite!" exulted the captain, obviously grateful that God had vouchsafed to deliver the criminal into his and not into other hands. "Shall I take him to the house—or do you want to examine him?"

"I!" ejaculated Mr. Hepplewhite. "Mercy, no! Take him away as quickly as possible!"

"As you say, sir," wheezed the captain. "Come along, boys! Take him over to court and arraign him!"

"Yes, do!" urged Mrs. Witherspoon. "And arraign him as hard as you can; for he really frightened me nearly to death, the terrible man!"

"Leave him to me, ma'am!" adjured the captain. "Will you have your butler act as complainant, sir?" he asked.

"Why—yes—Bibby will do whatever is proper," agreed Mr. Hepplewhite. "It will not be necessary for me to go to court, will it?"

"Oh, no!" answered the captain. "Mr. Bibby will do all right. I suppose we had better make the charge burglary, sir?"

"I suppose so," replied Mr. Hepplewhite vaguely.

"Get on, boys," ordered the captain. "Good evening, sir. Good evening, ma'am. Step lively, you!"

The blue cloud faded away, bearing with it both Bibby and the burglar. Then the third footman brought the belated tea.

"What a frightful thing to have happen!" grieved Mrs. Witherspoon as she poured out the tea for Mr. Hepplewhite. "You don't take cream, do you?"

"No, thanks," he answered. "I find too much cream hard to digest. I have to be rather careful, you know. By the way, you haven't told me where the burglar was or what he was doing when you went into the room."

"He was in the bed," said Mrs. Witherspoon.

II

"IN THE Decay of Lying, Mr. Tutt," said Tutt thoughtfully, as he dropped in for a moment's chat after lunch, "Oscar Wilde says, 'There is no essential incongruity between crime and culture.'"

The senior partner removed his horn-rimmed spectacles and carefully polished the lenses with a bit of chamois, which he produced from his watch pocket, meanwhile resting the muscles of his forehead by elevating his eyebrows until he somewhat resembled an inquiring but good-natured owl.

"That's plain enough," he replied. "The most highly cultivated people are often the most unscrupulous. I go Oscar one better and declare that there is a distinct relationship between crime and progress!"

"You don't say, now!" ejaculated Tutt. "How do you make that out?"

Mr. Tutt readjusted his spectacles and slowly selected a stogy from the bundle in the dusty old cigar box.

"Crime," he announced, "is the violation of the will of the majority as expressed in the statutes. The law is wholly arbitrary and depends upon public opinion. Acts which are crimes in one century or country become virtues in another, and vice versa. Moreover, there is no difference, except one of degree, between infractions of etiquette and of law, each of which expresses the feelings and ideas of society at a given moment. Violations of good taste, manners, morals, illegalities, wrongs, crimes—they are all fundamentally the same thing, the insistence on one's own will in defiance of society as a whole. The man who keeps his hat on in a drawing-room is essentially a criminal because he prefers his own way of doing things to that adopted by his fellows."

"That's all right," answered Tutt. "But how about progress?"

"Why, that is simple," replied his partner. "The man who refuses to bow to habit, tradition, law—who thinks for himself and acts for himself, who evolves new theories, who has the courage of his convictions and stakes his life and liberty upon them—that man is either a statesman, a prophet or a criminal. And in the end he is either hailed as a hero and a liberator or is burned, cast into prison or crucified."

Tutt looked interested.

"Well, now," he returned, helping himself from the box, "I never thought of it, but, of course, it's true. Your proposition is that progress depends on development and development depends on new ideas. If the new idea is contrary to those of society it is probably criminal. If its inventor puts it across, gets away with it, and persuades society that he is right he is a leader in the march of progress. If he fails he goes to jail. Hence the relationship between crime and progress. Why not say that crime is progress?"

"If successful it is," answered Mr. Tutt. "But the moment it is successful it ceases to be crime."

"I get you," nodded Tutt. "To-day here it is a crime to kill one's grandmother; but I recall reading that among certain savage tribes to do so is regarded as a highly virtuous act. Now if I convince society that to kill one's grandmother is a good thing it ceases to be a crime. Society has progressed. I am a public benefactor."

"And if you don't persuade society you go to the chair," remarked Mr. Tutt laconically.

"To use another illustration," exclaimed Tutt, warming to the subject, "the private ownership of property at the present time is recognized and protected by the law, but if we had a Bolshevik government it might be a crime to refuse to share one's property with others."

"In that case if you took your share of another's property by force, instead of being a thief you would be a Progressive," smiled his partner.

Tutt rubbed his forehead.

"Looking at it that way, you know," said he, "makes it seem as if criminals were rather to be admired."

"Well, some of them are, and a great multitude of them certainly were," answered Mr. Tutt. "All the early Christian martyrs were criminals in the sense that they were lawbreakers."

"And Martin Luther," suggested Tutt.

"And Garibaldi," added Mr. Tutt.

"And George Washington—maybe?" hazarded the junior partner.

Mr. Tutt shrugged his high shoulders.

"You press the analogy a long way, but—in a sense every successful revolutionist was in the beginning a criminal—as every rebel is and perforce must be," he replied.

"So," said Tutt, "if you're a big enough criminal you cease to be a criminal at all. If you're going to be a crook don't be a piker—it's too risky. Grab everything in sight. Exterminate a whole nation if possible. Don't be a common garden highwayman or private; be a Napoleon or a Willy Hohenzollern."

"You have the idea," replied Mr. Tutt. "Crime is unsuccessful defiance of the existing order of things. Once rebellion rises to the dignity of revolution, murder becomes execution and the murderers become belligerents. Therefore, as all real progress involves a change in or defiance of existing law, those who advocate progress are essentially criminally minded, and if they attempt to secure progress by openly refusing to obey the law they are actual criminals. Then if they prevail, and from being in the minority come into power, they are taken out of jail, banquets are given in their honor, and they are called patriots and heroes. Hence the close connection between crime and progress."

Tutt scratched his chin doubtfully.

"That sounds pretty good," he admitted, "but"—and he shook his head—"there's something the matter with it. It doesn't work except in the case of crimes involving personal rights and liberties. I see your point that all progressives are criminals in the sense that they are 'agin the law' as it is, but—I also see the hole in your argument, which is that the fact that all progressives are criminals doesn't make all criminals progressive. Your proposition is only a half truth."

"You're quite wrong about my theory being a half truth," retorted Mr. Tutt. "It is fundamentally sound. The fellow who steals a razor or a few dollars is regarded as a mean thief, but if he loots a trust company or takes a million he's a financier. The criminal law, I maintain, is administered for the purpose of protecting the strong from the weak, the successful from the unsuccessful, the rich from the poor. And, sir"—Mr. Tutt here shook his fist at an imaginary jury—"the man who wears a red necktie in violation of the taste of his community or eats peas with his knife is just as much a criminal as a man who spits on the floor when there's a law against it. Don't you agree with me?"

"I do not!" replied Tutt. "But that makes no difference. Nevertheless what you say about the criminal law being devised to protect the rich from the poor interests me very much—very much indeed. But I think there's a flaw in that argument too, isn't there? Your proposition is true only to the extent that the criminal law is invoked to protect property rights—and not life and liberty. Naturally the laws that protect property are chiefly of benefit to those who have it—the rich."

"However that may be," declared Mr. Tutt fiercely, "I claim that the criminal laws are administered, interpreted and construed in favor of the rich as against the liberties of the poor, for the simple reason that the administrators of the criminal law desire to curry favor with the powers that be."

"The moral of which all is," retorted the other, "that the law ought to be very careful about locking up people."

"At any rate those who have violated laws upon which there can be a legitimate difference of opinion," agreed Mr. Tutt.

"That's where we come in," said Tutt. "We make the difference—even if there never was any before."

Mr. Tutt chuckled.

"We perform a dual service to society," he declared. "We prevent the law from making mistakes and so keep it from falling into disrepute, and we show up its weak points and thus enable it to be improved."

"And incidentally we keep many a future statesman and prophet from going to prison," said Tutt. "The name of the last one was Solomon Rabinovitch—and he was charged with stealing a second-hand razor from a colored person described in the papers as one Morris Cohen."

How long this specious philosophic discussion would have continued is problematical had it not been interrupted by the entry of a young gentleman dressed with a somewhat ostentatious elegance, whose wizened face bore an expression at once of vast good nature and of a deep and subtle wisdom.

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"He Hated to Go Away, and He Meditated No Wrong. But He Wanted to See What It Was Like Upstairs"

SCHOONER AHOY!

By Grace Sartwell Mason

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

WHENEVER Roddy Haskin's friends spoke of him they agreed that he was a thoroughly likable fellow; that he probably hadn't an enemy in the world. And then someone always added: "Queer how these old New England families sort of go to seed 'long about the third or fourth generation."

Roddy's grandfather, Jeremiah Haskin, used the phrase, with increasing frequency as Roddy grew up. Sitting in front of the beautiful Mackintyre fireplace, in the house built for the Haskins by the great Samuel Mackintyre, with his legs wrapped in a Paisley shawl, Roddy's grandfather grew mournful and irritated as he contemplated the way the family was losing its punch—going to seed.

Over the fireplace hung a portrait of the founder of the family, Roddy's great-great-grandfather, Elias. Ah, there had been a regular fellow! Jeremiah admired him so much he had got a writing fellow to make a book about him, and a mighty interesting book it was, too, smelling of the sea and of those cargoes with which Elias had filled the holds of his ships—cargoes of sugar and molasses and puncheons of Grenada rum, aniseed, cheese, ginseng, silks and nankeens, tobacco, codfish, ivory, gold dust and pepper. The pages of this chronicle were scattered with fragrant names—Isle of France, Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, Madras, Calcutta, Acadia, Maryland—and every name had spelled money for the great ancestor. He had also been one of the founders of the revered Salem Marine Society; he had captured the trade of the Red Sea; he had sailed the first Salem ship round the Cape of Good Hope; he had cornered the pepper trade; he had ruled the town councils of Salem with a firm hand. A regular fellow indeed!

"It's pretty tough on a fellow," Roddy observed mildly when he was about twelve, "havin' a great-great-grandfather who was a famous man. Of course it's jolly to read about him and brag about him to the other fellows, but it's the livin' up to him that is wearin'! I don't see how I'm ever goin' to do it."

Later he definitely decided that it couldn't be done—not by him at any rate. This was after his second year at college, where he made so indifferent a showing that it was hinted to him that possibly his talent lay in some other line than that of naval architecture. He had to break this news to his grandfather and his father. It was an occasion that he never forgot. They sat in the white-wainscoted drawing-room with the portrait of the great ancestor looking down at the three of them; looking down especially at Roddy, the last Haskin—and, it seemed, the least.

"What the devil are you going to be?" his grandfather exclaimed. "Can you look at that picture up there and not want to be something? B'gad, when I was your age I was pawing the ground! So was my father, your great-grandfather! Nothing could hold us down."

Roddy held up an inspired hand. He rubbed with his forefinger a jaw that in a delicate and youthful way just barely resembled the jaw of the great ancestor, and an elfish smile came into his Yankee blue eyes.

"Do you know, grandfather," he said engagingly, "I think that's what's wrong with me. If you hadn't pawed the ground so hard and made dad paw the ground so hard you'd have had more pep to leave to me."

But he got no farther, for his grandfather, whose mouth had been twitching wildly, whose fingers had been working at the arm of his chair, now stood up and shook his cane at him.

"I Made the Thing Myself. Took Me Days and Days. Hate to See Too. And Now Look at It!"

"You impertinent young puppy!" he roared. "Making small of your father and me, when we'll be leaving you two of the tidiest fortunes in the state—if we don't change our minds, mind ye!"

"But, grandfather, you don't understand," Roddy put in mildly. "I was just trying to give you my point of view."

"Your point of view! What's it worth? You've never done anything to give you the right to a point of view. You never will! B'gad! I helped to bring you up and I—I'm ashamed of my job!"

His voice quavered, broke; he turned away and hobbled out, trembling in every inch of his spare frame. And Roddy's astonished eyes beheld something none of the family had ever seen before on the ruddy, wrinkled cheek—a tear. With open mouth he looked at his father, and his father's eyes met his reproachfully.

"He's breaking up. To-day's the first time I've noticed it. He thinks a lot of you, Roddy. From the minute you were born he's been lotting on your holding up the family name, turning out to be the best business man of us all. I'm afraid he'll have to die disappointed, my son, from the way you've started out."

Roddy looked down at the old Turkey carpet. His engaging smile had long since left his thin face. "Sorry," he muttered. "Wouldn't hurt him for anything. Awf'lly fond of grandfather."

A long pause. Then Roddy looked up quizzically at his father.

"Honestly now, dad, don't you think there's money enough in the family?"

His father started to sigh and then hastily repressed the act.

"It isn't the money exactly. It's making something of yourself; proving that you're not willing just to sit down and spend what someone else has earned."

Roddy moved his shoulders as if he threw off a load of care.

"Oh, I don't go in much for making something of myself, dad. I don't see that I'm so bad as I am! And as for spending, I've figured out that thirty-five hundred a year is the ideal income for me. That's about what grandmother left me. So why worry? A family's got to lie fallow some of the time. Why shouldn't the fallow business begin with me?"

He paused to observe his father's grim face a trifle wistfully.

"I could be so darned happy just doing nothing!" he added.

When Roddy was about twenty-three his father died. His will was like an ironic comment on the above conversation. The bulk of his fortune went to philosophic and philanthropic societies, and the remainder was tied up in trust for Roddy's children—should he chance to have any.

The will did not disappoint Roddy nearly so much as it did some of his friends. He had been entirely sincere when he said that he was satisfied with his income. Especially so as about this time a great-aunt died and left him a little old beautiful house overlooking Boston Common. It had violet-ray panes in the drawing-room windows. It was filled with good examples of the work of the best colonial cabinetmakers. It was quiet and dim, and an old manservant went with it.

It suited Roddy to a T. He liked Boston because in summer he could spend whole days in a sort of trance, drifting in the bottom of a canoe on the Charles River with a pipe and a patient bulldog and a flute, which he sometimes tootled plaintively in the moonlight when no one was near. In livelier moods he could have a girl in the other end of the canoe and exchange the flute for a phonograph. He bought a greenish-blue speedster, which he drove with absentminded recklessness; and he had friends scattered all along the Post Road from Boston to New York. His comforts would have made a confirmed bachelor of any young man.

When the country declared war and Roddy got a commission his grandfather felt a new hopefulness. Everyone was saying that war worked miracles with character. Perhaps war was all that Roddy needed to make him take life more seriously.

But when Roddy was invalided home three months before the armistice was signed—a second lieutenant, as when he left—he went back to the nice little house overlooking the Common, to the canoe, the flute and the bulldog; and there was not the slightest visible difference in him, except a constellation of blue powder marks on his left cheek. Possibly the blue Yankee twinkle came less easily to his eyes, but he declared that he was happier than ever—doing nothing.

But just when everything seems dully running true to form, when one is wearily predicting to a hair's breadth

the future course of a life—it is instructive and diverting to observe what a feathery trifle may upset one's calculations. In Roddy's case the upsetting was achieved by two trifles—a poker game and a ruffle of sea-green tulle. To take up the second trifle first:

Roddy had a boyhood pal whom he had been wont to visit occasionally in Halifax. When Sidney married, Roddy was best man at the wedding, and it was on this occasion that Roddy's destiny began to be shaped by a yard of green tulle. It was after the ceremony and toward the buzzing end of the reception that Roddy was descending the stairs of the bride's home. He was going down slowly, looking over the rail at the surging crowd below and thinking of Sidney as a poor guy, when a ripping noise attracted his attention. It seemed to proceed from a spot under his feet. He looked down. His eyes rested upon the face of the girl just in front of him, who was looking up at him over her shoulder with an expression of vivid protest. His right foot rested on an airy sea-green ruffle of tulle.

Usually when two persons meet for the first time they throw out all sorts of defensive make-believes which it takes time to penetrate. But in this case each was off guard, what with Roddy's horror and the girl's indignation, as they viewed the wreck of sea-green ruffle. Their eyes met, throwing off sparks; they were very near, not only physically—for Roddy was still standing on the ruffle—but spiritually. For in that sparkling instant they were shocked into perfect naturalness. In each of them the invisible self—the really fascinating part of a human being—had jumped out, and for an electrical instant these two selves stared at each other, cried "Hail!" and then became invisible again.

"My eye! What an awful thing I've done!" groaned Roddy.

"You have," returned the girl candidly. "I made the thing myself too."

"You didn't really!"

"I did! Took me days and days. Hate to sew too. And now look at it!"

They both assumed the attitude of the familiar couple in Millet's Angelus. A little heap of green tulle lay on the stairs between them. Then suddenly the girl, having glanced at Roddy's face, gave a heavenly laugh.

"Never mind, my child!" she said. Roddy had never heard anything so divinely soothing. Her voice was like a cool hand on a fevered brow. She stooped, gathered up the ruffle, did something with three invisible hairpins and then straightened up. "There! You'd never suspect anything had happened to it. Pretty clever, I think!"

"Pretty, all right!" murmured Roddy in a low, very sober voice. He felt as if he wanted never to take his eyes from her face, flushed from stooping; her face that was so spirited and keen in spite of its sweetness.

The queer part about it was that even days afterward, when he had spent hours in her company, he could not have told you what kind of a nose she had, or the shape of her chin. He did not even think her pretty. No, pretty was not the word. She was beautiful—just luminously beautiful. Her candid gray eyes were luminous—on the surface full of fun, but underneath as thoughtful as the eyes of Eve must have been when she had begun to think about things. Her mouth was determined, but it concealed this quality in a curve of sweetness and humor. There was a delicious brown V revealed by her low-cut gown. It had been conscientiously powdered, but it cried out of hours in the wind and the sun.

There was not an atom of self-consciousness about her as she inspected him.

"Well!" she said finally, as if to end the whole thing, and turned to descend the stairs.

"Where are you going?" cried Roddy.

"Down. I hadn't planned to spend the rest of the evening on the stairs, you know."

"But down there I'll lose you! Disgusting jam. Look here! At the end of the hall up here there's a nifty little balcony, flowers and things—and stars. Won't you ——"

She looked at him with amused eyes.

"Why should I?"

There was a pause. Their two invisible selves waited, trembling and holding their breaths. Mortals can do such stupid things! Then they knew that things were going right, for Roddy said: "Because I want to know you."

And just as simply she answered: "I should like to know you too."

They turned, walked in silence along the upper corridor, found seats on the dark balcony, where the scents of mignonette and rose geranium were the only occupants and where they could hear faintly the far-off sound of a violin and cello. There were, as Roddy had said, stars overhead, and below, across the lawn, long bars of yellow light through which the motor cars of departing guests slipped like moths.

Their conversation, of course, didn't live up to its surroundings. But that didn't matter, for behind them their invisible selves were carrying on a duet that was perfectly satisfactory. They found it amazingly easy to talk to each other because there was a great deal to find out; their names—hers was Frances, but her father called her Fanny—and where he came from and where she lived, and their mutual relationships to the bride and bridegroom, and whether big weddings or elopements were nicest, and which did she like best, Boston or New York?

"Oh, New York!" she cried, making an enthusiastic gesture with her hands. Her hands were the next detail Roddy had noticed after her eyes. They were small but strong looking. They were the most intelligent hands he had ever seen. "New York is alive and getting somewhere."

"Oh, come! Men rushing about making money and women rushing about spending it!"

"But that's the big game, isn't it?" she protested. "To make a success of oneself—that's what we're here for. To work like a demon, to fight, to gather in fame and money—that's what I should like. As soon as my sister is old enough to look after dad I'm going to New York—to make money."

She looked up at the stars, and the phrase sounded lyrical. Roddy didn't feel, as he usually did, like getting away from that sort of talk. Of course he knew that she didn't really know what she was talking about, but he loved her voice, he liked the snapping electrical vibrations that flowed from her. They made him feel warm and happy and interested.

"My grandfather would like the way you talk," he laughed.

She turned her face toward him quickly, studied him for an instant.

"Oh! Now I place you! You're the chap with the grandfather!"

"Well, if you like to put it that way," he admitted a bit ruefully. "But I don't see why, just because I haven't lived up to my grandfather, I should be ticketed ——"

"But why haven't you lived up to your grandfather?"

"Too much work."

She leaned back in her chair, contemplating him with her head on one side.

"You're not lazy, are you? What do you do all day?"

He searched his daily routine, dived into it and rustled hastily round in vast empty spaces. He mentioned the house overlooking Boston Common, the canoe, the blue speedster, friends, reading—and

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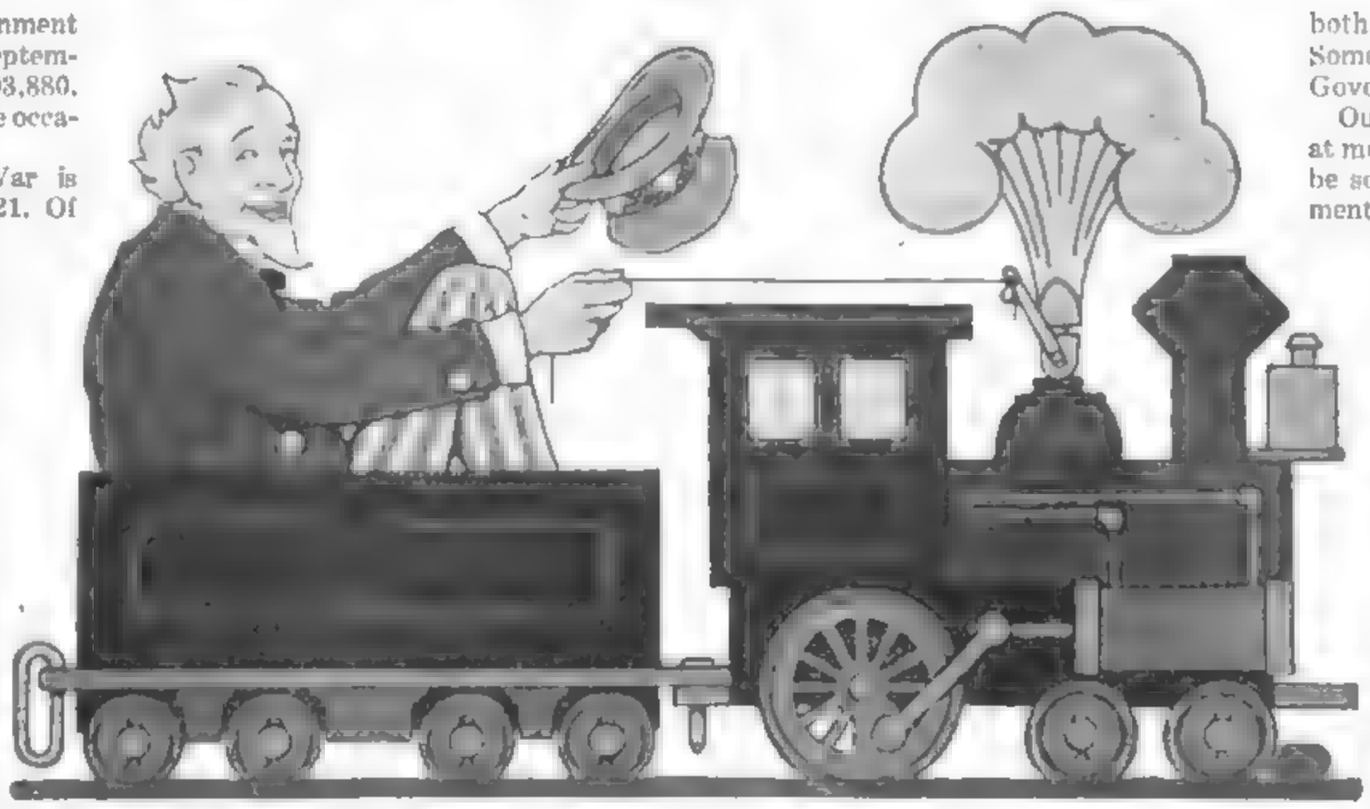
"Oh, Roddy, How Funny! Do You Know, You Look a Teeny Bit Like This Picture?"

THE PRICE WE PAID



By Edward G. Lowry

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE expenses of the Government from January 1, 1812, to September 30, 1815, were $133,703,880. Most of these disbursements were occasioned by the War of 1812.

The cost of the Mexican War is estimated to have been $63,605,621. Of this amount $14,600,000, or about twenty-three per cent, was raised from revenue, and for the balance of $49,000,000 bonds and notes were issued.

The maximum debt after 1830 prior to the Civil War was $68,304,796, on July 1, 1851.

The total cost of the Civil War, taking the period from June 30, 1861, to June 30, 1866, because all the war bills could not have been liquidated much before that date, may be closely estimated at $3,500,000,000. This figure is arrived at by making an allowance for normal peace disbursements and receipts, and for cash in the Treasury at the end of the period. Of this amount about one billion may be said to have come from revenue and the remaining two and a half billions from borrowing—that is, in the proportion of about thirty per cent revenue and seventy per cent loans.

At the time of the declaration of war with Spain the finances of the Government were in excellent condition and the taxing machinery was in good working operation. Congress, for the first time, prepared for war expenses on a really scientific basis by providing for an adequate scheme of taxation in connection with an issue of bonds. As far as taxes were concerned, reliance was placed almost wholly on new internal-revenue duties. For the first time a Federal tax was laid on legacies. An issue of $200,000,000 of three per cent bonds was authorized. These bonds were sold at par and almost immediately thereafter were quoted at a premium.

A dread and sickening part of the cost of war, which cannot be reckoned in terms of money, but yet must be put down as one of the priceless expenditures, is the loss in men. The latest available report of Americans killed and wounded fighting in France was issued by the War Department on June 18, 1919.* It shows the total number of casualties to that date to be:

Killed in action (including 381 at sea)	33,300
Died of wounds	13,709
Died of disease	23,396
Died of accident and other causes	4,867
Wounded in action (over 85 per cent returned to duty)	200,237
Missing in action (not including prisoners released and returned)	2,042
Total to date	288,136

The list of those killed in action during the war for all other nations, as far as could be determined from official reports available at the end of last April, were:

Russia	1,700,000
Germany	1,400,000
France	1,385,300
Austria	800,000
England	706,700
Italy	460,000
Turkey	325,000
Belgium	102,000
Bulgaria	150,000
Rumania	100,000
Serbia and Montenegro	50,000
Total	7,234,000

The maximum number of men the United States had under arms while the war was on was four million. We sent to France 2,086,000 soldiers. An estimate prepared in France gives as nearly as can be determined at this time the number of United States troops that took part in actual fighting as 1,390,000. In April, 1918, one year after we entered the war, we had three divisions in the front line in France, with seven back of the lines in training; in May, four divisions at the Front and nine in training; in June, six divisions at the Front and ten in training; in July, nine divisions at the Front and fifteen in training; in August, twenty divisions at the Front and twelve in training; in September, twenty-five divisions at the Front and twelve in training; in October, thirty-one divisions at the Front and nine in training. Soldiers were crossing the Atlantic at the rate of 250,000 to 300,000 monthly immediately prior to the armistice.

To conduct its operations between April, 1917, and April 30, 1919, the War Department was authorized by Congress to expend $17,823,000,000, and had actually expended $14,186,000,000. Our Army built in France 937 miles of standard-gauge railroad and 538 miles of narrow gauge—a total of 1475 miles, nearly as much standard-gauge railroad as there is in Connecticut—almost a Lackawanna system.

In locomotives, 1333 standard-gauge engines were shipped to France, and 1055 erected; 406 narrow-gauge locomotives were shipped to France; 18,013 standard-gauge cars shipped to France, and 14,302 erected; 3751 narrow-gauge cars shipped over. In this country the armistice found half again as much equipment ready for shipment or under construction; 599 standard-gauge locomotives, 32,685 standard-gauge cars, 217 narrow-gauge locomotives, 4872 narrow-gauge cars.

Buildings constructed for the American Expeditionary Forces, placed end on end, would measure 452 miles—that would line both sides of a street from New York to Boston. A division of construction and forestry was necessary to build these structures, and at the signing of the armistice it had 117,000 soldiers, civilians and prisoners at work getting out lumber, railway ties, piling and fuel.

Where the Billions Went

SHIPPING was a big problem, and we were caught short of merchantships. But our shipyards got busy and new ships were built and old ones brought from the Great Lakes, taken from coastwise service, chartered from neutral nations and lent us by the Allies. So in November, 1918, we had a cargo fleet of 2,335,000 dead-weight tons, which transported to France 5,979,000 short tons of cargo. Of 2,086,000 American soldiers sent over, 898,449 were carried under the American flag.

For every American in France there was landed in cargo from the United States twenty to thirty-five pounds daily.

To train a soldier in four months cost $228 for food, clothing, ammunition and pay, and $112 to transport him to France—a total of $340. To maintain a private soldier in the field abroad one year cost $423.47 for food, clothing and incidentals; $454 for pay—a total of $877.47. These figures are only averages, however, for the cost varied with the size of our Army, the character of service, the amount of fighting done.

Cavalry cost less than infantry, infantry less than light field artillery, and heavy artillery was most costly of all—a battalion in the latter branch of the service ran to figures approximating $7,000,000 a year.

The Army finds that it has hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of tangible property left over for peacetime uses. There are sixteen great National Army cantonments, sixteen National Guard camps, huge warehouses and port terminals in this country, enlarged arsenals and factories—all useful in time of peace. The money value of this equipment is more than $800,000,000. Some of it will be kept for army use—the sixteen cantonments with two of the National Guard camps have a capacity for housing 700,000 soldiers. Port terminals and warehouses are adapted for both military and commercial purposes. Some of the property will be kept by the Government and the rest sold.

Our railroad equipment in France is valued at more than $115,000,000, and will probably be sold to the French and Belgian Governments when no longer needed by our troops.

We have more than $10,000,000 worth of railroad equipment in this country completed for war purposes. Most of this will be sold to European nations, which are in desperate need of new transportation equipment.

We have two great plants for producing nitrate out of the air. They were constructed to make munitions, but will now make nitrate for agricultural and commercial purposes. We spent millions for wharves, cranes, warehouses and other improvements in France. All this property is adapted to peacetime uses and will undoubtedly be sold. We shall have more than $600,000,000 worth of uniforms, clothing, shoes, blankets, tents and like material after the Army has been disbanded, and more than $300,000,000 worth of motor trucks, automobiles, motor cycles and the like, many of which can be used for government work or sold for other purposes.

With regard to the expenditures for 1917 and 1918, it must not be assumed that the entire amounts stated have been permanently absorbed, because a large part of the expense—including ordinary expenditures and war expenditures—is represented by productive investments and will be reduced by salvage and so on. The following table, however, incomplete as it is because of the lack of available information, will serve to point out some of the Government's investments and expenditures upon property of a permanent character during the fiscal year 1917–18:

Navy Department: New vessels, equipage, navy-yard stations, etc.	$ 125,000,000
War Department: Land, construction, equipment and extension of buildings (not including cantonments), railroads and marine equipment, shop and power machinery, etc., and river and harbor works	370,000,000
Interior Department:	
Reclamation fund	5,000,000
Construction and operation of Alaskan railroads	11,000,000
Department of Agriculture: Nitrate of soda for resale	6,250,000
Treasury Department: Public buildings under control of Treasury Department, viz.: post offices, courthouses, customhouses, etc.	10,000,000
Grain Corporation	50,000,000
War Finance Corporation	44,929,000
United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation	770,000,000
Panama Canal construction	4,000,000
Purchase of obligations of foreign governments	4,739,414,750
Purchase of farm-loan bonds	64,471,000
Total	$ 6,119,784,750

For fifty years preceding 1917 the principal sources of internal revenue were the taxes imposed on fermented liquors and distilled spirits, and even during 1918 the revenues collected from these sources exceeded in amount the corresponding collections for any previous year. This, however, was due to large increases in rates, as the industry that produces these beverages is declining in comparative importance as a source of revenue. Relatively these taxes, which have long been the chief subject matter of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, have taken a position subordinate to the direct taxation of income, upon which the principal reliance has been placed in raising the large sums required for the support of the war program.

During the year ended June 30, 1918, the total internal-revenue collections amounted to $3,694,619,638.72, compared with $3,400,000,000 estimated at the time the law was in process of enactment that it would yield. The collections for the preceding fiscal year were $809,393,640.44 and exceeded by far the amount collected in any previous year. The collections and number of transactions with taxpayers during the fiscal year 1918 exceeded by ten times the revenue yield and number of transactions of any year prior to the advent of the income tax of 1913. Only about twelve per cent of the entire yield for 1918 was derived from taxes on the manufacture and sale of fermented liquors and distilled spirits, compared with sixty-eight per cent for 1912. During the fiscal year 1918 the Bureau of Internal Revenue was able to collect the largest tax ever paid by any country, an amount which represents a larger proportion of the nation's war budget than any other

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LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

I AM receiving many letters touching what I said of Stephen Collins Foster, the song writer. In that matter I had, and could have had, no unkindly thought or purpose. The story of the musical scrapbook rested not with me, but, as I stated, upon the averment of Will S. Hays, a rival song writer. But that the melody of Old Folks at Home may be found in Schubert's posthumous Rosamunde admits not of contradiction, for there it is, and this would seem to be in some sort corroborative evidence of the truth of Hays' story.

Among these letters comes one from Young E. Allison which is entitled to serious consideration. Mr. Allison is a gentleman of the first order of character and culture, an editor and a musician, and what he writes cannot fail to carry very great weight. I need make no apology for quoting him at length.

"I have long been collecting material about Foster from his birth to his death," says Mr. Allison, "and aside from his weak and fatal love of drink, which developed after he was twenty-five, and had married, his life was one continuous devotion to the study of music, of painting, of poetry and of languages; in point of fact, of all the arts that appeal to one who feels within him the stir of the creative.

"He was, quite singularly enough, a fine mathematician, which undoubtedly aided him in the study of music as a science, in which time and balance play such an important part. In fact, I believe it was the mathematical devil in his brain that came to hold him within such bare and primitive forms of composition and so, to some extent, to delimit the wider development of his genius.

"Now as to Foster's drinking habits, however unfortunate they proved to him they did not affect the quality of his art as he bequeathed it to us. No one cares to recall the unhappy fortunes of Burns, De Musset, Chopin or—even in our own time—of —— and others who might be named. In none of their productions does the hectic fever of over-stimulation show itself.

"No purer, gentler or simpler aspirations were ever expressed in the varying forms of music and verse than flowed from Foster's pen, even as penetrating benevolence came from the pen of ——, embittered and solitary as his life had been. Indeed when we come to regard what the drinkers of history have done for the world in spite of the artificial stimulus they craved, we may say with Lincoln as Lincoln said of Grant, 'Send the other generals some of the same brand.'

"Foster was an aristocrat of aristocrats, both by birth and gifts. He inherited the blood of Richard Steele and of the Kemble family, noted in English letters and dramatic annals. To these artistic strains he added undoubtedly the musical temperament of an Italian grandmother or great-grandmother. He was a cousin of John Rowan, the distinguished Kentucky lawyer and senator. Of Foster's family, his father, his brothers, his sisters were all notable as patriots, as pioneers in engineering, in commerce and in society. One of his brothers designed and built the early Pennsylvania Railroad system and died executive vice president of that great corporation. Thus he was born to the arts and to social distinction. But, like many men of the creative temperament, he was born a solitary, destined to live in a land of dreams. The singular beauty and grace of his person and countenance, the charm of his voice, manner and conversation, were for the most part familiar to the limited circle of his immediate family and friends. To others he was reticent, with a certain hauteur of timidity, avoiding society and public appearances to the day of his death.

"Now those are the facts about Foster. They certainly do not describe the 'ne'er-do-well of a good family' who hung round barrooms, colored-minstrel haunts and theater entrances. I can find only one incident to show that Foster ever went to hear his own songs sung in public. He was essentially a solitary, who, while keenly observant of and entering sympathizingly into the facts of life, held himself aloof from immediate contact with its crowded stream.

"He was solitary from sensitivity, not from bitterness or indifference. He made a large fortune for his day with his songs and was a popular idol.

"Let us come now to the gravamen of my complaint. You charge on the authority of mere gossip from the late Will S. Hays that Foster did not compose his own music, but that he had obtained a collection of unpublished manuscripts by an unnamed old 'German musician' and thus dishonestly, by pilfering and suppression, palmed off upon the public themes and compositions which he could not himself have originated. Something like this has been said about every composer and writer, big and little, whose personality and habits did not impress his immediate neighbors as implying the possession of genius. The world usually expects direct inheritance and a theatric impressiveness of genius in its next-door neighbor before it accepts the proof of his works alone. For that reason Napoleon's paternity in Corsica was ascribed to General Marbeuf, and Henry Clay's in early Kentucky to Patrick Henry. That legend of the 'poor, unknown German musician' who composed in poverty and secrecy the deathless songs that have obsessed the world of music lovers has been told of numberless young composers on their way to fame, but died out in the blaze of their later work. I have no doubt they told it of Foster, as they did also of Hays. And Colonel Hays doubtless repeated it to you as the intimate gossip about Foster.

"I have an article written by Colonel Hays and published in and cut from the Courier-Journal some twelve years after the composer's death, in which he sketches the life and work of Stephen Collins Foster. In that article he lays especial stress upon the surprising originality of the Foster themes and of their musical setting. He praises their distinct American or rather native inspiration and flavor, and describes from his own knowledge of Foster how they were 'written from his heart.' No mention or suggestion in it of any German or other origin for any of those melodies that the world then and now cherishes as American in costume but universal in appeal.

"While you may have heard something in Schubert's compositions that suggested something in Foster's most famous song, still I venture to say it was only a suggestion, such as often arises from hearing the works of composers of the same general type. Schubert and Foster were both young sentimentalists and dreamers who must have had similar dreams that found expression in similar progressions.

"The German musicians from whom Foster got inspiration to work were Beethoven, Gluck, Weber, Mozart. He was a student of all of them and of the Italian school also, as some of his songs show. Foster's first and only music teacher—except in the 'do-re-mi' exercises in his schoolboy life—testifies that Foster's musical apprehension was so quick, his intuitive grasp of its science so complete, that after a short time there was nothing he could teach him of the theory of composition; that his pupil went straight to the masters and got illustration and discipline for himself.

"This was to be expected of a precocious genius who had written a concerted piece for flutes at thirteen, who was trying his wings on love songs at sixteen, and before he was twenty-one had composed several of the most famous of his American melodies, among them Oh, Susannah, Old Dog Tray, and Old Uncle Ned. As in other things he taught himself music, but he studied it ardently at the shrines of the masters. He became a master of the art of song writing. If anybody cares to hunt up the piano scores that Verdi made of songs from his operas in the days of Foster he will find that the great Italian composer's settings were quite as thin as Foster's and exhibited not much greater art. It was the fault of the times or the piano, not of the composers. It was not till long afterward that the color capacities of the piano were developed. As Foster was no pianist, but rather a pure melodist, he could not be expected to surpass his times in the management of the piano, the only 'orchestra' he had. It will not do to regard Foster as a crude musician. His own scores reveal him as the most artful of 'artless' composers.

"It is not even presumption to speak of him in the same breath with Verdi. The breadth and poignancy of Foster's melodies entitle them to the highest critical respect, as they have received world-wide appreciation from great musicians and plain music lovers. Wherever he has gone he has reached the popular heart. Here in the United States he has quickened the pulse beats of four generations. But this master creator of a country's only native songs has invariably here at home

In His Day Foster Was the Most Beloved of American Song Writers

(Concluded on Page 62)

TRIMMED WITH RED

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"You Haven't Any Idea How Soon You Will Like It. Come Over Here and Meet the Comrades"

VII

THE morning after that gladiatorial combat between the alligator and the Bolshevik, Aunt Carmen, the surprising old thing, called upon Rosamonde at the unheard-of hour of eleven. Rosamonde, lingering in bed with her troubles, couldn't believe it; no more could Emily, who for a year had been witness to Mrs. Shallope's luxurious morning habits. Merlin Vallant's foolish wife had been sipping coffee and making her eyes large with excitement as she told the fearful way Merlin had behaved and how Merlin had spent all night poking under things with a cane and what Merlin had said to the police over the telephone and how Merlin had dragged poor Eustace by the tail back to his bathtub, swearing that he would never part with Eustace and wished he had a thousand more just like him.

"Where did you put Professor Syle's awful shoes?" asked Rosamonde with a tired sigh.

"Outside on the ledge of the bathroom window," replied Emily. "Merlin found the socks, didn't he?"

"Yes, but there weren't any laundry marks on them; Bolsheviks don't have 'em, I guess. I showed those socks to Merlin, and when I said that Eustace might use 'em the way bloodhounds do to trace up the criminal, of course he got mad. He gets mad at everything I do."

And then it was that Agnes entered to announce that Mrs. Shallope was calling.

"What's come over the old girl?" was Emily's natural question.

"It's a miracle," announced Rosamonde in her hushed voice. "She didn't even get up to go to her husband's funeral."

"She's probably come to give me fits about Oliver," said Emily.

"You go out and keep her quiet," suggested the lazy Rosamonde, "until I get something on."

That Emily's prediction was not entirely fanciful was proved almost upon Aunt Carmen's first appearance.

"Please don't," she said when Emily attempted to kiss her. "So you came into town expressly to meet that Browning boy."

"You sent me in, Aunt Carmen," Emily pointed out.

"I didn't send you in to associate with any ridiculous little fortune hunter. Emily, I don't know which offended me the more last night, that Browning boy or that alligator. You needn't think because I said nothing that I wasn't offended, deeply offended. How long do you intend to keep this up, Emily?"

"What up?"

"Don't look at me in that insolent way! You know what I mean."

"If you're referring to Oliver Browning I don't mind saying that I intend to marry him."

"Not with my consent!" Her mouth drew together into a badly sewed seam.

"Aunt Carmen," said her penniless niece, folding her hands as though to hold down the Ray temper, "I'm ever so grateful to you for what you've done—it was really more than generous of you."

"You're not going to make a scene!" implored the famous scene maker.

"Nothing like that. I should a great deal rather have your consent, of course ——"

"You don't want my consent!" snapped Carmen. "It's that Browning boy who simply can't live without it."

"Why?" Emily's eyes widened.

"My dear child, do you think for an instant that he would marry you if he thought that you had broken with me and my money?"

"I don't understand, Aunt Carmen."

"I'm not going to argue with you, my dear. Emily, I love you very much and I'll do anything I can to take care of you, but if it comes to a matter of throwing you at the head of a little adventurer from ——"

"Please don't say that, Aunt Carmen," implored Emily, wringing her hands. "I can't stand it. Oliver isn't what you say and I'm going to him and ——"

"Good morning, Auntie!"

Rosamonde, sweeping forward in something vain, violet and lacey, saved the straining thread between Emily Ray and her patroness.

"My dear, I couldn't rest until I came to you," cried Aunt Carmen, her black eyes snapping with a new zest.

"Rest!" moaned Rosamonde. "There's no such word in this house. Merlin up all night telephoning to reporters from the Trombone and telling them that murder was loose all over town because the newspapers were pro-League of Nations and pro-Bolshevik and everything."

"He's frightfully narrow, isn't he?" said the surprising old thing. "I suppose he couldn't endure being told the truth."

Emily giggled.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Aunt Carmen, turning fiercely upon her poor relation.

"The truth," announced Emily.

"If only Merlin," the dowager went on, ignoring that sally, "would permit me to give him a few lessons in the Religion of Love. You can't imagine how it has calmed me."

There fell a moment's pause, then Carmen leaned secretively toward Rosamonde.

"What has become of your delightful dynamiter?" she almost whispered.

"I haven't heard from him," confessed Rosamonde rather nervously. "And I hope I shan't."

"Why, my dear! Why shouldn't you hear from him?"

"Merlin is in a fury. All the papers this morning are full of it."

"I saw them," smiled the strange old worldling. "Wasn't it wonderful! 'Millionaire's Crocodile Bites Burglar.' Nothing like that ever happens to me any more. You're very fortunate to have a real Bolshevist on your list."

"Oh!"

"They're dreadfully fashionable, you know."

"But, Aunt Carmen, the very thought of them makes Merlin ill."

"He has an ungovernable temper," said Aunt Carmen, now thoroughly restored. "The Vallants all have bad tempers. His father was dropped from the Tory Club after a fist fight with Governor Shane. But tell me, darling, when you saw the reporters why didn't you tell them that it was Professor Syle who was bitten?"

"Of course I couldn't have done that."

"Why couldn't you? He's becoming quite the vogue. He has been conducting those meetings for that Ballymoore woman. I'm wild to meet him. I wish you could have stopped him last night and introduced him."

"But, Auntie, he's running away from the police — "

"Is he?" The brilliant old eyes fairly burned with excitement. "And you were hiding him. It's the most romantic thing!"

Agnes, the patient and uncomplaining, entered upon the scene.

"What is it, Agnes?" asked Rosamonde, annoyed with the suspicion that more reporters were at the telephone.

"Professor Syle is calling, Mrs. Vallant."

"Tell him I'm busy—that I'm out ——"

"He's downstairs, Mrs. Vallant."

"I'm not at home."

"Rosa!" Aunt Carmen's voice broke in sharply. "You don't mean to say you're going to send him away?"

"I can't possibly see him after ——"

"Well, then let me see him. I should die of grief if he shouldn't come up."

"But suppose he's arrested right here in my house."

"That would be gorgeous. Think of our being in the midst of that great big delicious plot ——"

Agnes had gone halfway across the drawing-room bent on the commission of her duty when Mrs. Shallope stopped her with a command:

"Agnes, Mrs. Vallant will have the gentleman shown up."

When Professor Syle appeared at the entrance between the Flemish hall and the Hispano-Italian drawing-room Rosamonde, deliciously agitated, tottered to greet him and was relieved to see that he was wearing shoes and that, although he limped slightly as he advanced to take her hand, his appearance was otherwise conventional.

"You'll excuse my hurrying away last night," were his first words after greeting her.

"Please forgive me!" supplicated Rosamonde, having nothing else to say under the odd circumstances. "I hope you didn't think me inhospitable."

"Quite the contrary." Suddenly he changed his tack and eyed her closely through his thick glasses. "What was that dreadful creature that sprang out of the darkness and seized me by the leg?"

"Only an alligator." Emily contributed this.

"I see. I see. Hm. I see. Some capitalistic fad, I imagine."

This seemed to annoy Rosamonde, who was prepared to show her aunt how Bolshevik she had become. The professor was already eying Aunt Carmen with something akin to disfavor.

"My aunt, Mrs. Shallope, Professor Syle," she hastened to introduce them. Aunt Carmen arose to shake his hand, a thing she would never have done under ordinary circumstances.

"How do you do, Mrs. Shallope." His manner suddenly changed to one of beaming cordiality. Apparently he had absorbed the illustrious name.

"I have insisted on staying, Professor Syle, until I met you," declared Aunt Carmen in her most honeyed tone.

"Ah, a fortunate coincidence!" He turned to Rosamonde. "You see I came to get my shoes."

"Oh, yes, I have them for you." It was quite natural that Professor Syle should have braved arrest and prosecution to get his shoes.

"I can quite understand that," smiled Aunt Carmen. "I've been having mine made at the same shop for nearly fifteen years."

The handy Emily had, meanwhile, brought the brogans from the bathroom window and was holding them by their large clumsy straps.

"Isn't it frightful the way the price of shoes has gone up!" Aunt Carmen was gushing on. "Thirty-five dollars for a pair of walking boots—imagine!"

"These," replied Professor Syle, "are especially precious."

"They look it," agreed Emily, and allowed them to drop with a thump.

"They cost me—if I remember the figures correctly—ninety-eight dollars and fifty cents."

"Outrageous!" cried Aunt Carmen.

"They are very dear to me," declared Walter Syle with a sentimental glance down at the shoes.

"They would be very dear to anybody," interpolated Emily, but won no applause.

"They were made in a Communist shop," he went on. "It was an experiment in scientific coöperation. The housing, the educational advantages, the recreation centers, the hours of work were all ideal. It was with great regret that the soviet management were compelled to close the plant after six months, due to the fact that an unfair capitalistic competition compelled them to charge an excessive price for the finished product."

Again Emily Ray emitted a small rippling sound of mirth.

"What are you laughing at now?" demanded Aunt Carmen.

"The finished product," said Emily.

"I should be so grateful, Professor Syle," implored the *grande dame*, "if you could spare me time for instruction in your wonderful beliefs."

"Are you approaching the matter seriously, Mrs. Shallope?" he asked, after a nervous side glance toward Emily Ray.

"I am always serious, am I not, Rosa?"

"Always, Aunt Carmen."

"For if your intentions are not, I see no good in our wasting our time," he threatened.

Emily expected Carmen to flare up at this, but to her surprise the old thing remained positively kittenish.

"Serious things are a mania with me. I simply can't bear the government."

She failed to state that her hostility against established law had dated from the time the county assessor had increased her taxes for road improvements.

"In that case," smiled Professor Syle, "I am sure you can approach us with an open mind. You do not necessarily have to agree with us in every particular."

"I hate to agree with people," confessed Aunt Carmen.

"Only through disagreement can truth be born."

"He's going to start a revolution," prompted Rosamonde, taking more and more pride in her exhibit.

"How charming! I know of two or three houses I should like blown up. There are some people I simply can't bear who have built a perfect eyesore half a mile down the road from me."

"And if you want dynamite or any explosive," Rosamonde made the generous offer, "we can get them at cost price through Merlin. He's a director in one of the big munitions trusts, you know."

"We should learn to walk before we run," said the distinguished prophet of discontent in his smoothest voice. "The support we need at present should be along moral lines. When capitalism becomes communistic it is no longer capitalism. You understand that?"

Aunt Carmen thought she did.

"Oh, tell me, professor," she implored with a burst of her native irrelevancy, "aren't you nearly frightened to death?"

"Frightened?" Professor Walter Syle certainly did not look so.

"Being here. And with all the police after you."

"Here? Police?" His face was certainly now disturbed.

"I have told my aunt," explained Rosamonde, "how I put you in the spare room because you wanted to hide away from the police."

"Great Scott!" It was the most natural expression she had ever heard from those chaste lips. "Did you actually believe ——" And Professor Syle burst into a fit of dry

(Continued on Page 68)

"Mrs. Vallance, I'm Detective Cafferty From Police Headquarters. And We are Informed of a Jewlry Robbery in Your Flat Last Night"

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 16, 1919

A TABLE of Contents will be found on page 162 of this number, and hereafter weekly in the same position.

Fortunes of War

IN 1918 the United States produced a little more iron and steel than Great Britain and Germany combined. In 1918 it produced almost twice as much as both of them combined. In those five years our production rose nearly thirty per cent, Great Britain's declined about ten per cent, Germany's forty per cent and France's seventy-five per cent.

Moreover, there has been such a great shift in comparative costs of production that according to the calculation of experts American steel could almost—if not quite—be sold in England in competition with the English article, after paying the present high ocean freight. Recently a well-known English shipbuilder returning to that country after a visit to the United States was asked if he brought back any orders for ships. He replied: "No, and we shall be lucky if the orders don't go the other way." But in 1913 England could build ships decidedly cheaper than we could.

That indicates what has happened as to the relative industrial positions of the United States and Europe—England's position, of course, being much better than the Continental position. So far as Europe goes the socialistic way our industrial advantage will increase.

It is nothing that an American need apologize for or in respect of which we owe anybody anything. Europe suffered a frightful calamity which touched us comparatively little. Our position entails an obligation to use our advantage wisely.

The penalty of not using it wisely is to lose it.

Soldiers' Insurance

WE HAVE urged soldiers and sailors to keep up their government life insurance, and still urge it—having in mind especially the great majority of them who—if they let their government insurance lapse—would simply go uninsured. There are many others, we find, who contemplate letting their government insurance lapse because it seems to them that other forms of insurance are more suitable to their needs. They should, of course, compare what any other form has to offer with what the Government has to offer and follow their own judgment on full information. The great point is: Now that you are insured, don't go uninsured.

Soldiers' letters show that the most objectionable thing about government insurance is the paternalistic method of paying the beneficiary on the death of the insured in equal monthly doles over a long term of years. The idea is that the beneficiary might lose the money if it were paid over in a lump and is better protected by an assured—though comparatively small—monthly income. There is much virtue in that idea. Life-insurance companies find a large demand for policies of that sort. But it is also true, as our correspondents say, that on the death of the insured, who is the family bread winner, the beneficiary will often be in urgent need of a considerable sum in cash; and on a small policy the monthly payment of less than six dollars for each thousand of insurance hardly comes to pin money.

We are glad to see that a committee, headed by Charles E. Hughes, has been appointed to look over the War Risk Insurance Bureau and make recommendations for its future guidance. Mr. Hughes knows life insurance thoroughly and there is every reason to expect that as a result of the committee's study the valid objections to its policy forms and methods of procedure will be removed. War made the Government a writer of life insurance to the extent of forty billion dollars or so, its policyholders, with relatively few exceptions, being uninsured men. That insurance is a social asset. We do not want to see it lost. The holder of a government policy who is thinking of letting it lapse because of some particular objection can well afford to hold on a while longer.

Picking the Manager

MOST of the unrest in the world simmers down to this: People want higher wages and cheaper products of labor; shorter working hours and more goods. With many of the demands of labor everybody sympathizes. The trend of wages, measured in purchasing power, should be upward, not downward, for a downward trend involves hardship and degradation to many; and hours of labor should tend to shorten, not lengthen. With the demand for more abundant and cheaper goods everybody sympathizes; but a great part of the cost of all goods finally resolves itself into wages, or the cost of the labor.

Some wordmongers offer an easy solution—namely, just expropriate capital and capitalists. But intelligent and candid socialists know that is not a solution. John Spargo, for example, says:

> Every serious student of the problem has realized that the first great task of any socialist society must be to increase the productivity of labor. It is all very well for a popular propaganda among the masses to promise a great reduction in the hours of labor and at the same time a great improvement in the standards of living. The translation of such promises into actual achievement must prove an enormous task. To build the better homes, make the better and more abundant clothing, shoes, furniture and other things required to fulfill the promise will require a great deal of labor and such an organization of industry upon a basis of efficiency as no nation has yet developed.
>
> If the working class of this or any other country should take possession of the existing organization of production there would not be enough in the fund now going to the capitalist class to satisfy the requirements of the workers, even if not a penny of compensation were paid to the expropriated owners. Kautsky, among others, has courageously faced this fact and insisted that "it will be one of the imperative tasks of the social revolution not simply to continue but also to increase production; the victorious proletariat must extend production rapidly if it is able to satisfy the enormous demands that will be made upon the new régime."

For intelligent and candid socialists, as well as for all other serious students, the only solution finally is greater production, higher industrial efficiency. Now the efficiency of any industrial unit depends first of all upon the ability of the management—of the directing mind or minds. Whether it is a great railroad system or a corner fruit stand, picking a capable manager is the first step toward getting that unit to function properly. Without that step no other steps will answer.

The capitalistic system of individual competitive ownership is not only the best scheme that ever has been devised for picking capable managers, but it is the best scheme to that end that ever can be devised, for under it the rewards depend immediately and automatically upon good management, while bad management immediately and automatically entails heavy penalties. A set of stockholders, whose money is invested in the undertaking, choose the management. Their profits depend upon a right choice. If they choose wrongly they lose their money. Naturally, then, the capitalistic system tends with all its force to the development and discovery of able managers. To anyone acquainted with its day-by-day workings it often seems nothing else than a tireless, insatiable hunt for capable men. But under the acid test of the capitalist system the man must actually make good; he must deliver the goods not in phrases but in unemotional cost sheets.

Under any scheme of public, socialist or collective ownership and direction of industry there would be no such acid test and no such immediate automatic penalties for poor management. When stockholders use bad judgment in choosing the management of a railroad or a mill, deficit wipes them out. They are naturally mighty anxious to avoid deficit. If the public owns the railroad or mill, deficit is charged off to the public treasury, explained away in plausible phrases, and nobody experiences any acute personal inconvenience. Every scheme of public, socialist or collective ownership and direction finally comes to that; there is no big individual reward for good management, no acute individual penalty for bad management—unless, of course, it eventually comes to a Bolshevist case, where collectivism so demoralizes industry that a whole population suffers acute penalties.

Compare almost any time the last thirty years the management of the city of New York, the city of Chicago and the city of Philadelphia with the management of the biggest national bank in each city. If the banks had been run as the cities were some severe personal penalties would have resulted. The penalties for bad management of the city's affairs were diffused among a great number of people; no individual was very sensible of them. The bank scheme immediately rewards good management; immediately punishes bad management. No better scheme for the discovery and development of good management can be devised.

There is a real struggle throughout the Old World—with many echoes here—over the final direction and management of industry. The nub of it is whether the managers of industry shall be chosen by stockholders, by the public—meaning the political government—or by the body of workmen employed in the industry; or perhaps jointly by the government and the workmen. In England just now it rages round nationalization of coal mines and railroads. An American phase develops in the proposal of the railroad brotherhoods that the Government buy the railroads and let the employees elect the management; or elect jointly with the Government. This is something very different from consulting with labor, giving labor full representation and a full say as to hours, wages and all that. It is not a capital-and-labor partnership. It is not a capital-and-labor settlement. It is the elimination of capital altogether as an active force in industry. In a word, it is socialism as the antithesis of capitalism.

Inevitably, we believe, it means less capable management and lower industrial efficiency, when the need is for greater efficiency. True, capital's motive is selfish. It seeks profits. But by and large it can realize that selfish end only through capable management and ever-increasing efficiency. It has acquired a large experience in industrial management and in picking capable managers. We see no reason to assume that labor would be particularly less selfish than capital. It never has been that we know of. It would seek wages as capital seeks profit. And capital's selfishness is readily amenable to public control. Ways and means of restraining it have been devised. It is weak in political power, in spite of all that foolish and frothy persons say to the contrary. The Government has no trouble, for example, in limiting freight rates. Limiting wages in like manner would be a much more difficult undertaking.

Capable management is the first need. The capitalistic scheme is the best method of getting it.

Why?

THE United States Government, you know, is by odds the great owner and operator of merchant shipping in the world. The other day the President appointed a new director general of the Government's shipping interests. Whereupon the Journal of Commerce, which devotes special attention to shipping affairs, rather naturally sent out its reporters to ask shipping men and men intimately in touch with merchant-marine affairs how the appointment impressed them. The answers were remarkably uniform to this effect:

"We don't know anything about him. We understand he is a distinguished lawyer; but what he may know about shipping, what ideas he may have on that subject, what policies he may be expected to pursue, are so much Greek to us."

But one man, long successfully engaged in operating merchant ships, did express a mild wonder why the President had not picked a man with some practical experience of the huge interest he was called upon to administer.

Possibly that idea occurred to the President; but very possibly it did not occur to him at all. There is nothing in the atmosphere of Washington, nothing in government procedure, to suggest such an idea. It has long been the accepted notion that in administering government affairs practical experience is superfluous. Judging by our experience so far, as long as the Government has a huge shipping interest it will be directed by a succession of lawyers, editors, college professors, dramatists, clergymen. Whether that huge interest is well managed or ill managed, the Government has very little to gain or to lose. The cost is charged up to the treasury, and whether it is in seven figures or eight is a mere bookkeeping detail.

Doubtless the new head of the Shipping Board will make an excellent head for government purposes. If he were put in charge of a big shipping interest that was in free competition with other shipping interests we imagine the competitors would not be seriously alarmed.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Alice Duer Miller

SHE likes to go out driving, and knows how to run a motor but hates to. She cares nothing for any kind of exercise except swimming. She loses less time at working than almost any writer I know. If the part she is doing gets in a snarl she at once stops and thinks clearly; and when her trained mind has untangled it she then goes ahead. Most writers think of all sorts of other things they let their minds wander. She knows how to concentrate. In college she was an advanced mathematician. She never works hurriedly unless she absolutely has to, but she works swiftly and hard. She makes mistakes, like all writers, and has to rewrite and even recast things; but usually her themes are well thought out before she sits down to write them. This thinking of them out in advance is her tensest stage, and is what takes the most effort. On the other hand, as they are usually amusing themes, they give her a good deal of fun. When she leaves her desk she doesn't stop to rest as a rule. She is as strong as a horse. She has business appointments and affairs to attend to and brokers and agents to see. She also has other duties. During the suffrage campaigns in New York she was one of the leaders, and worked every day at it, and kept up her writing besides. She is a public-spirited woman, but she is distinctly determined to make money too.

Gerald Stanley Lee (An Autobiography)

MY FIRST thought on looking over some pictures of g. s. l. to pick out the kind of informal one asked for by THE POST was to send in a picture—a highly informal, hopelessly confidential picture of Gerald Stanley Lee in his crib.

It seemed to me as I looked over the little pile and suddenly came on it, that this picture was really much more like me, more representative—hungry look and milk bottle and all—that it summed up more the real spirit of my life that all of the nice regular frozen-over ones I've hadsince,puttogether. But the picture was taken in the sixty somethings, and I felt that in the case of the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST their interest in me really wouldn't hold out as far back as that. So I have given up—after one more longing look—the more expressive, more honest picture and am sending you this foggy, leggy one instead. But my real soul—I want people to realize—my hungry, milk-bottle soul sitting in the Crib of the Universe right out in the middle of Space and Time and just taking the whole show in—was in the earlier picture!

I suppose anybody familiar with my works who heard that an editor

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Rita Weiman (An Autobiography)

IF MY father or best pal or oldest friend could be permitted to write this biography, I know the result would fill me with delight. But since mine is the responsibility, there's nothing to do but tell the truth.

I was born in Philadelphia in—no, on the whole, I won't give the year. Not that I'd object in any way to publishing it now, but in ten years from now someone who knows me might be glancing through this particular issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. And by that time, I'd rather not. But the date is February twenty-third, and I don't believe I'm anything my horoscope predicted.

In the Class Prophecy at the Friends' Central School from which I was graduated a stage career was selected for me. The fact that I was one of the editors of our school paper meant nothing to the class prophet. Which proves conclusively the sort of work I must have been doing as an editor. She thought

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Kenneth L. Roberts (An Autobiography)

MOST short autobiographies, I notice, start by telling where the subject was born. I don't know why this is done, unless it be for the purpose of proving that the subject isn't afraid of arrest if he reveals his whereabouts to the police officials of the locality where he passed his early days. At any rate, it appears to be an autobiographical convention; and since I am conventional I shall follow the regular procedure. I was born in Kennebunk, Maine. Even though I am a comparatively young man, summer visitors are frequently taken to see the house in which I was born. Unfortunately, they are not taken to see it because I was born in it, but because the barn of the house in which I was born has a large elm tree growing out through the roof. Yes, sir! An ellum tree two feet thick! And growing right smack out through the shingles! Gosh! Not to say Gosh all Hemlock!

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TIRE JOCKEY

By Ralph E. Mooney

IT WILL be a pleasure for all motorists to know that the directing power of the universe, which marks each oil drop's fall, did not overlook Frankie Becker, nor fail to grant his one supreme whole-souled wish. When they see what heed was given the prayer—for it did amount to a prayer—of that remarkable youth they may feel more confident that theirs will be answered too. And should their gratification be long delayed or withheld because they are less worthy than he, they may at least rejoice in the fullness of the reward granted Frankie, who was younger and hence could appreciate it more.

Those drivers living in the city of St. Louis will have an advantage over others who read of this matter. They will share a secret. They will know where the Day-Nite tire agency is. The address, 4547 Delmar Avenue, will recall to them a wide motor-smoked street and a sign-beplastered building with an awning. They will remember the sidewalk before this building, littered with worn-out automobile tires, air lines, lug wrenches, spring irons and mallets. They will even recall, perhaps, a bench beneath the awning with several small dusty-hued mortals seated upon it.

There the secret ends. The rest is a matter of history, now made public, I believe, for the first time. Frankie, or more frankly, Franklin Becker, was, at the time of his sublime wish, one of the dusty figures on the bench. Even to-day he sits there. He and the others are those grimy magicians known to the world as tire jockeys. When a saddened king of the road comes limping up to the Day-Nite agency with a flat left rear one of the boys will dart at it, whip off the flat, mount the spare, replace the blown-out tire with a new one and send the king of the road on its way in the same length of time that you and I, who are not magicians, would use for rolling up our sleeves.

Or perhaps the tragedy occurs afar, within the boundaries of that region designated on the road map as St. Louis County. A once-gleeful motorist hears the repeated thud and feels the racking jar that brings dumb misery to a driver's heart. The doubtful one has blown out at last; or it may be the doubtful one is holding and the new puncture-proof has picked up a nail.

The motorist comes to a stop at the first point that offers access to a telephone. He demands audience of the Day-Nite agency and gets the ear of the sympathetic manager. Then he returns to his car, morosely jacks up the necessary wheel and seats himself on the footboard, assuaging himself with a fresh cigar.

Soon the dejected watcher sees something on a distant hilltop. It is a small black spot closely pursued by a great cloud of dust. Eventually this resolves itself into a fast-going flivver with something between a semicolon and a cricket at the wheel. Within two minutes the flivver is at hand. It comes to a stop with a wrench that causes it to tremble furiously in all its driven numbers. The god who descends from this machine is, likely, Frank Becker himself.

He is grinning impudently. He is dirty from his chalk-sifted shoes to his grease-and-mud-stiffened cap. But, even as hundreds of cockney-speaking reciters have conceded the palm to Gunga Din—so is the waiting motorist willing to acknowledge that Frank is the better man. When he has knocked the flat off and knocked on the spare and repaired the flat and put it on the left front and shifted the left front to the spare rack—all in less than thirty minutes—the motorist is certain of his own inferiority.

Now that we know the function in this world of a tire jockey and know—or should know—that Frank Becker was an exceptionally good one, it is time to return to that smooth-worn bench before the Day-Nite agency and let history repeat itself.

Frank sat there that afternoon with his countenance screwed up in pain. He was wishing for something, it will be recalled—wanting something; and when a boy wants anything he hurts all over from the intensity of it. His eyes were fixed upon a fast-disappearing red object far down the street and his lips moved to delirious mutterings as he watched its progress.

"Looka th' *rube*," derided Frank. "Looka! Looka! Puts his *hand* out in the middle of the block. Got his wheels sliding *right* now! He ought to be pushing a baby carriage rather'n riding a car like *that!* Back to Illinoy, you big boob, and *practice!*"

The italics are furnished as an editorial indication of the Becker method of syncopated prose. Frank is eternally putting his accents where users of White House English would least expect them.

His derision was born of envy, for the red object was a Blitz speedster and it was nothing more nor less than a Blitz that Frank was aching for. The driver in question was the subject of outright libel. He was in fact a most peaceable city man who operated his car with all the sanity and care at his command. His standards simply did not agree with Frank's. Frank could hold nothing but contempt for any man who, having achieved the ownership of a Blitz, did not make her roll as only a Blitz can roll when you step on her.

This was no passing fancy of Frank's. He had wanted a Blitz intensely for longer than he could remember—ever since new models came out three months previously. Before that he had wanted a car—just a car—an eight-cylinder Parallax chummy preferred—but really any old kind of a car. The ache had been bad enough then, but now it was worse, for good Queen Blitz ruled his heart and demanded all his loyalty.

He imagined himself at her wheel, with the cutout open, listening to the thunder of her ponderous cylinders. He allowed his left foot to rise gently, easing in the clutch. He conceived her roaring beneath him as he hummed her in second speed. Crash! He was in high, and the Blitz, trembling slightly, was getting her paws firm on the asphalt and her ears laid back, like a red jack rabbit.

"Oh, look at the old Thomas!" cried an irritating voice from the world of realities.

Crash again!

Frank was back upon the tire jockeys' bench, where conversation fell in ceaseless play, forced to acknowledge the owner of the irritating voice, who was known as the Dutchman. Farther along was Ciphers Jackson; and farther still, Bolony. Frank, like the others, was just a boy, eighteen years or so of age. All were miles, years and thousands of dollars distant from red Blitzes. Grunting in reply to the Dutchman, Frank dismissed the old Thomas from his mind and appealed to the powers that be with frantic fervor.

"Ain't I ever gonna get one?" he murmured. "Ain't you gonna let me even drive one?"

This last inspired a new line of thought.

"Jus' let me drive one once! Just once!" he begged.

This, my readers, was a prayer, though both the church and Frank would scorn to recognize it as such. When Frank had finished it he settled back, satisfied that anyone who put so definite a request should receive some consideration. Suddenly, however, he leaned forward and added a hasty afterthought.

"Wide open!" he explained. "Lemme drive her where I can open her up!"

That was all. Frank had made his bargain with the Almighty and was content to abide by it. He put the Blitz out of mind for a time and devoted himself to affairs on the bench. With the others he commented on passing cars, consumed part of a pie and half a can of coffee. Pie and coffee, I should explain, are a most important item in the tire jockey's equipment; almost as important as dirt. When he shows up in the morning he is hopelessly clean and unfit for work and is hungry with the hunger of one who has merely breakfasted and has had nothing since. From the moment he adjusts his coveralls he begins to acquire pie, coffee and dirt impartially until he is himself again.

An hour or two passed, while the jovial Authorities arranged matters for Frank's big day. He shot a service call in the park a few blocks away, and returning to the agency helped the Dutchman put a full set of oversize tires on a new Block Light Six. The end of the hour found him eating his half of a brick of ice cream under the awning. The Dutchman was the owner of the other half. Both Jackson and Bolony were out on service calls. Observe how neatly that part of it had been attended to, for Frank was by now the only driver present. The Dutchman, who was in disgrace for turning his flivver over two days before, was not to be trusted with a car. Frank was ready, then, and awaiting the call of opportunity.

Meanwhile, down in the city certain stirring events had taken place which were closely connected with the fulfillment of Frank's wish, though I would be sorry to imply that they were the direct outcome of it. A policeman named Frank McGinnis while nearing a gasoline-filling station on his beat observed an automobile in the station which, he suspected, was a stolen car. Consultation of a memorandum convinced him of it. He entered the filling station and accosted the driver, who, cornered and caught red-handed, suddenly drew a revolver and shot the officer.

Patrolman McGinnis, though mortally wounded, managed to get the station house on the wire and give the alarm. He had been shot by Eddy Morris, the youngest of the Morris brothers. This in fact was the beginning of the brief reign of terror of the gang of automobile thieves and bandits known as the Morris brothers, which fortunately failed to gain the eminence or the success of its old-time Missouri prototype—the James gang.

Within half an hour plain-clothes men and patrolmen were closing in on the little frame house near the city limits occupied by Louis, Oro and Eddy Morris. They were too late. Another officer, Ted Kenny, had received the first alarm and had gone on, spurred by hope of fame, to make the arrest alone. His blood was still fresh on the floor of the shed behind Morris', and neighbors told of a pistol shot and a hurried flight of the three boys in a touring car with a muffled heap in the tonneau.

Immediately the Morris brothers leaped from mere neighborhood suspicion—of a few roundsmen—to city and state wide prominence in police circles. Telephones began to ring in distant villages, huge high-powered motor cars to circulate. The city marshal of St. Charles, Missouri, polished his badge and swore in four special deputies. The sheriff at Clayton warned his motor-cycle men and his speed cops. The chiefs in Kansas City, Mexico and Marshall went on watch.

For, by the best of good fortune, the work was plainly cut out for the police. The Morris brothers must either break for Illinois and cross the Mississippi by one of the closely watched bridges and ferries or they must run back into Missouri. To get good roads they must pass through St. Charles or Webster or Clayton or any of the dozen small towns on the main thoroughfares. This would, the police knew, be their most probable course, though they would certainly change machines at the first opportunity.

This was the state of affairs, then, at the end of two hours or so. The net was down. The police, furious and eager, were on the alert. Somewhere three desperate hard-faced men were skimming the roadway, pistols at hand, on the lookout for an unguarded car that could be stolen and used in place of the now well-known vehicle that carried them.

The city, as yet unaware of the double tragedy, was tranquil. Delmar Avenue was smoky and motor-racked as usual. Frank sat with the Dutchman, shifting uncomfortably in the heat and planning his immediate course of action in the event he should go home that evening and find that his father had become a millionaire.

"Frankie," his father was saying, "you been a good boy while we were poor, and now I want you should have whatever you want. What can I get for you?"

"Well," said Frank to his old man, "they's just one thing I want. It ain't much but it's all I want."

"What's that?" asked his father.

The telephone rang inside the shop. Art, the manager, could be heard answering it. After a brief conversation relative to the price of a thirty-five by four and one-half, non-skid, quick-detachable second, he was heard to announce that it could be delivered at once. Whereupon Frank rose from the bench.

"That means me," he yawned. "Here I am, Art!"

Art laughed.

"Four miles out of Clayton on the Lake road?" he asked of the telephone.

Frank uttered a dismal howl.

"Why don't you say San Francisco?" he complained. "Don't mind me!"

Art, leaving the telephone, approached him with a memorandum.

"Get one of those Long-Life, thirty-five by four and one-half Q. D's and get started," he commanded. "Better take a tube along too. And hurry!"

This last was not necessary. When Frank was driving a car he hurried without telling—and a great deal more than was good for the peace of mind of other drivers he encountered. His travels were marked by the constant dust and the equally constant stream of profanity that pursued him. Of course nobody who saw him or dodged him knew he was anything more than one of those damned service drivers. They didn't realize his potentialities.

In due time Frank jerked the red-and-yellow-striped service wagon back on its haunches beside a disabled car four miles out on the Lake road. It was a brand-new shiny Quick Six. There were two men with it—one tall and thin, waiting beside it, and the other a little humped figure sitting on the front seat, staring steadfastly down the road.

"D'd you call Day-Nite?" asked Frank.

"Yes," responded the tall thin man, after a long scrutiny of the youngster. "Hustle up, kid, and let's go."

"You tell it," cried Frank impudently. "Let's go! Why didn't you find some place a long ways out to have your breakdown?"

The wheel was already up on the jack. Frank pulled his car in to the roadside and descended, socket wrench in hand, to loosen the lugs.

"They're all loose," said the tall man, who talked disjointedly and seemed surprised when words came. "F-fixed 'em while I was waiting. Slip the new one on right away."

Frank lifted the tire and rim to the shade of a tree and disposed himself, mallet and screw driver in hand, for a sharp attack on a quick-detachable rim. The tall man eyed

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LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By Floyd W. Parsons

One-Man Street Cars

WHEN the war started, the problem of our electric street railways was already a matter of national concern. Now that we have again returned to days of peace we find that—like time and tide—the question of what to do with our city railways is still with us. Unless some of the uncertainty is removed and action is substituted for inaction the whole matter will come to a tragic end. Truth and oil always come to the surface. Americans at last are commencing to understand that the outcry of the nation's electric railway corporations is not a false alarm. But have we grasped the real facts in time? Saving comes too late when you get to the bottom. Many public utilities are already on the rocks.

Strange as it may seem, the average citizen appears to believe that because he owns no public-utility securities he need not be concerned about the success or failure of these corporations. But as a matter of fact we are all interested directly or indirectly in the welfare of the electric carriers. Last year the banks of the United States owned approximately $400,000,000 worth of public-utility bonds. Our insurance companies also hold thousands of such bonds, and in New York State alone the public has invested one and a quarter billion dollars in electric-railway securities. All this goes to prove that the majority of us are sure to share the misfortunes of the utility companies, whether or not we are direct stockholders. Last year twenty-three electric roads suffered foreclosure sales and twenty-nine other companies operating over twenty-one hundred miles of tracks went into the hands of receivers. In addition, four hundred and ninety-eight miles of tracks were abandoned and practically no new lines were built. Prices of materials have advanced so largely that, notwithstanding record gross revenues, most roads have continued to show a decreasing net income. This has caused the securities of electric-street railways to sell so low that the companies have found it almost impossible to arrange urgent long-term financing. Wages all over the country have been increased, and though fares have been raised in four hundred and eight cities these latter increases have not been sufficient to meet the enlarged expenses. Many wage commissions seem to have overlooked the fact that nearly one-half of the gross operating expenses of a street railway consists of direct labor costs.

So long as we fill our legislative halls with men who possess political intelligence instead of a business and economic understanding, we need not expect to see cost of production and cost of service laid down as a basis for wages and prices. Economic fallacies will prevail just so long as our laws are enacted by people who have neither experience nor training in the development and operation of the nation's industries. We may be a democracy, but at certain times and in special ways we surely fail to function as such.

The electric railway people themselves are proving their worth in an emergency. Having lost hope of any early solution of the present critical problem they have concentrated their mechanical genius on plans to effect economies. One improvement that promises well is the one-man safety car. A number of these automatic cars have been tested and found feasible in cities up to 400,000 population and with a car interval of thirty-five to forty seconds. They seat from twenty-nine to thirty-five passengers each and have about three-fourths the capacity of the ordinary two-man cars now used. In practice the companies operate thirty to fifty per cent more of these cars than of the larger units, so that the greater frequency of service offsets the smaller number of seats. In fact, reports from one Western city where these cars are now being used show that the company's seating capacity has been materially increased with but two-thirds of the number of platform men formerly required. The new car weighs less than four hundred pounds per seat, whereas the old cars weighed seven to twelve hundred pounds per seat. This saving in weight means a large reduction in the coal consumption. Most of these cars also have antifriction bearings, which effect a still further saving of power.

The One-Man Safety Car in a Florida City

In the matter of safety the one-man car is a marvel of ingenuity. The doors will not open until the car has come to a full stop and the car cannot start until the doors are again closed. If the man operating the car lets go of the controller handle the power is shut off, the brakes apply instantaneously and the tracks are sanded. One of these cars operating ten hours will save four or five hundred door operations through the use of their air equipment, which permits the doors to be opened or closed with one movement. All operations are concentrated, which does away with bell-signal and fare-register cords.

Investigations show that these one-man safety cars make faster schedules than the old-style two-man units. One analyst figures that the adoption of the new cars in all of our towns up to 400,000 population would save the labor of between twenty-five thousand and thirty thousand men. In a Georgia city one-man service was installed several months ago. It has been found that the cars here operating make the round trip in thirty-six minutes instead of forty; they use three pounds of coal a mile instead of almost seven. Actually less power is now consumed to run cars every twelve minutes than was used when the old-type cars were run every twenty minutes. This greatly improved service is given with nine men instead of twelve. Out in Iowa one city has gone a step further and has installed one-woman cars, and the reports indicate that the women are giving satisfactory service.

When we consider that the new one-man cars are not only providing greater safety to passengers but are materially reducing street-car operating expenses the problem of the public-utility companies in our moderate-sized cities becomes less of a riddle. A six-car line may be changed to a nine-car line with an increase in the number of seats from two hundred and forty to two hundred and sixty-one. A nine-minute schedule may be substituted for the old fifteen-minute service and the change will save the electric railway company approximately ten thousand dollars a year. But notwithstanding this improved outlook brought about by inventive genius the horizon of the nation's larger street-car companies does not show the rosy sky of a fair to-morrow.

The New One-Man Safety Street Car Operating in a Connecticut Town

Reducing Gasoline Costs

THE average motorist is quick to grasp every device that is designed to cut down the expenses of automobile operation, but in the matter of greatest importance, the purchase of fuel to run the machine, he exhibits a lack of care and caution that makes all his other watchfulness appear somewhat ludicrous. We do not feel ashamed to display an earnest anxiety on the question of mechanical efficiency but we balk on any public show of a very proper desire to practice economy. The automobile never has ceased to exercise a strange influence over most people. The usual motorist manifests much the same degree of vanity as was shown by the fly when it said to the cart wheel, "What a dust we kicked up."

When a fellow is buying gasoline for twenty-five or thirty cents a gallon there is no loss of self-respect in the employment of reasonable caution. The average hose in use on gasoline-measuring pumps is about one inch internal diameter. Such a hose ten feet long will contain ninety-four cubic inches of gasoline, or four-tenths of a gallon. If the motorist who buys the gasoline fails to drain the hose into his car and one-half of the hose remains filled with the gasoline he should have had, his loss is approximately 5.7 cents when the gasoline costs twenty-eight cents a gallon. In many cases the hose that is used by the

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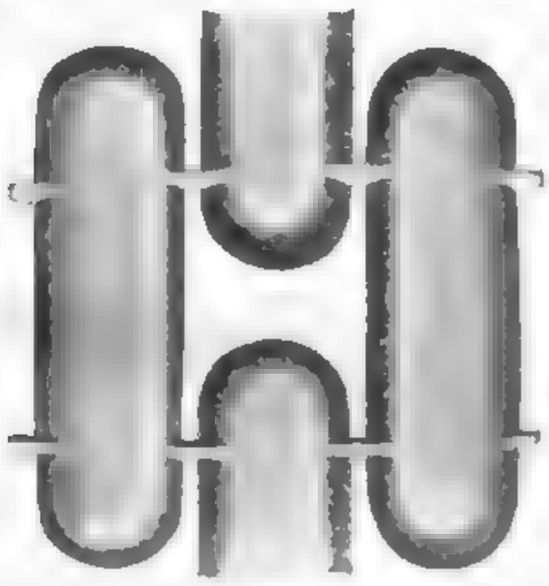
REPUBLIC TIRES



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They are also an actual protection to the tire itself.

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Those rounded edges make it impossible for the tread to pick up small edged stones, or sharp bits of gravel.

One small stone, picked up in a tread, grinds its way in, to work havoc with a perfectly good tire.

The Staggard Studs, with rounded edges, permit no lodgement of mud or gravel.

The extraordinary toughness of Prodium rubber offers great resistance to road cuts.

That is one of the reasons why Republic Tires *do* last longer.

But this toughness is made still more effective by the scientific design of the Staggard Tread.

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Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

(Continued from Page 30)

retailers is 1¼ inches in diameter, and as a consequence the automobilist may lose as much as half a gallon of gasoline on a single purchase. About ten thousand gasoline pumps are operating every day in New York City alone, so it is evident that better care would produce a saving of worth-while proportions.

In some garages and gasoline stations the dealers often use a hose that is twenty and even thirty feet long. Frequently the pump is located inside the building and a hose is used that extends from the pump across the pavement and out into the road. Again it is not uncommon to see a pump located practically on the street level, in which case it is impossible for the purchaser to procure a full delivery. The proper arrangement is to have the pump at such an elevation that the hose leading to the automobile tank will in all parts slope downward. This eliminates the danger of incomplete drainage of the liquid.

The modern wheeled tank is not a bad innovation, especially in crowded locations. Its use does away with the necessity of maneuvering the motor car into a difficult position. One of the chief advantages of these tanks is their ability to deliver a full first gallon after a period of disuse. In the case of a stationary pump it is often necessary partly to refill the long suction pipe before it is possible to get any discharge at the outlet end of the hose. The person who makes the first purchase in the morning frequently suffers a loss on this account. For this reason and because there are several other causes for short delivery on the first discharge it is no more than right that the owner of the pump should discharge the first cylinderful, after the pump has stood idle for several hours, into a can from which it may be returned to the storage tank.

Where gasoline shortages occur the dealer is by no means always dishonest. Most frequently it is a case of pure ignorance and indifference on the part of both the buyer and the seller. There are instances, however, where deliberate fraud is practiced. Some retailers using the piston type of pump cheat their customers by short-stroking. This is done by failing to bring the piston to the end of its stroke. The result is practically the same as when a grocer in measuring for a delivery does not completely empty a can. The manufacturers of piston pumps can easily add a mechanism that will do away with such dishonesty. Some have already done so. However, when such methods of short measure are practiced at filling stations the only safeguard against the deception is the vigilance of the buyer.

There are various other questionable practices that have been discovered in connection with the sale of gasoline. Most of them, however, are too complicated to discuss in brief. That the subject is one of importance is proved by investigations of Dr. F. J. Schlink, of the United States Bureau of Standards, who found that of a large number of measuring systems chosen at random and tested seventy per cent had errors in excess of the tolerance allowable. He showed further that of the faulty pumps eight out of every ten gave deliveries that were deficient. Surely, here is a problem for correction.

Underpaid Teachers

NO PROFESSION in America is so near the danger rocks as that of teaching. This class of workers in recent years has received very little of honor and far less of pay. The manual worker in almost any industry at present is drawing higher wages than are given to the majority of the country's school-teachers. Throughout many states the average monthly salary of teachers is less than $50. In many communities the high-school principal receives less than $900 annually. Is it any wonder that there are now 52,000 vacancies in the teaching forces of the nation's schools? Is it difficult to understand why the teaching ranks are being filled more and more with material of inferior caliber?

There are approximately three-quarters of a million teachers in America, and the average yearly salary of the entire profession is but $630. The training of 7,500,000 boys and girls is being intrusted to these underpaid educators, thousands of whom did not themselves advance beyond the grammar grade.

Unless this situation is speedily remedied there is reason to expect that the future citizens of America will start their business life poorly equipped to battle for the ideals that humanity is now aiming to attain. Ignorance is fertile ground for those disturbing elements that preach anarchy and revolution. It is not possible for men and women to imbue the youth of America with the glories of our unparalleled democracy when these same men and women are losing in their hard fight to maintain a clean and healthy existence.

A Vegetable Cellar in Minnesota

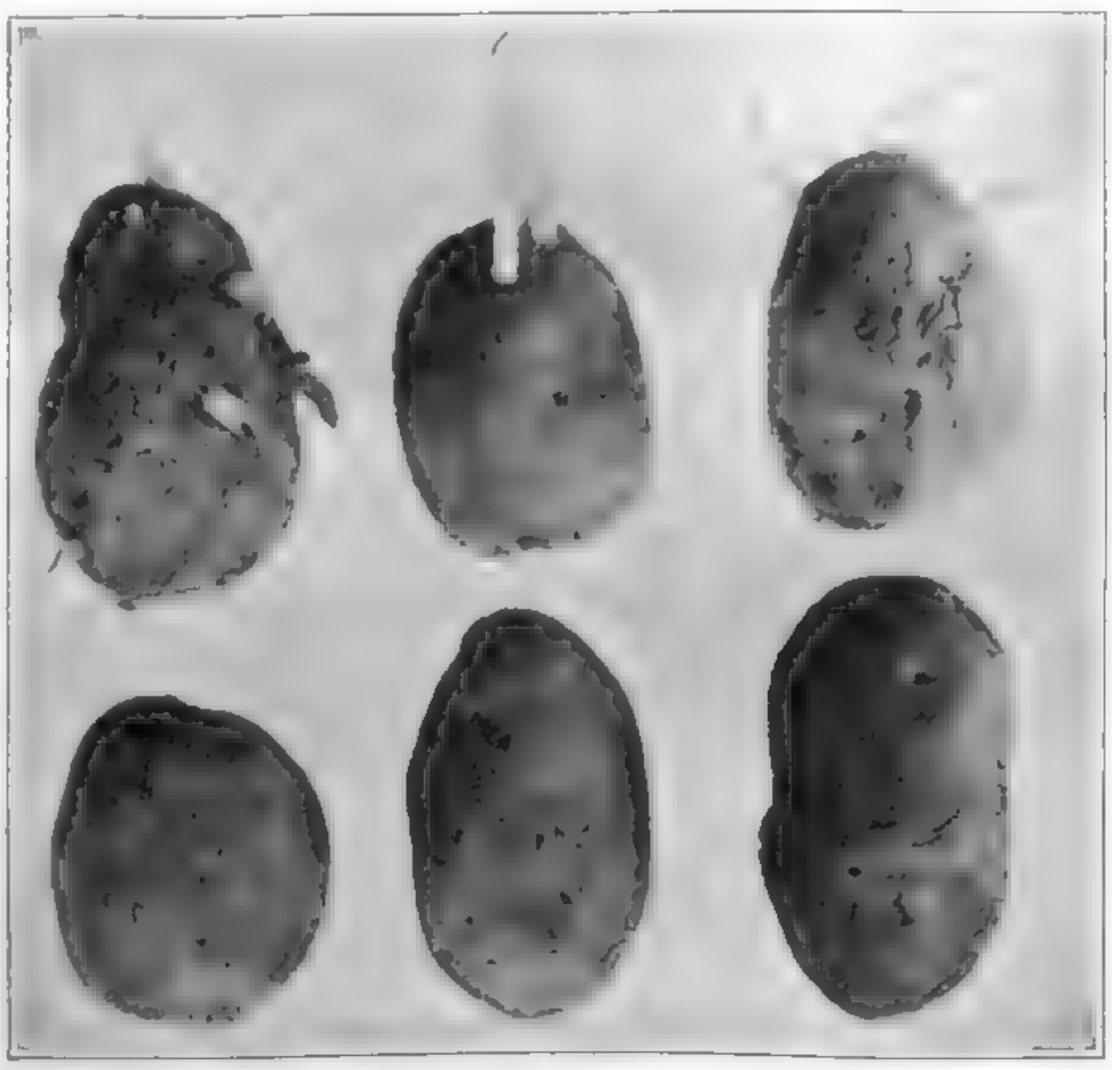
Preventing Spoilage

WHEN perishable farm products were abundant and relatively cheap a few years ago very little attention was given to the wastage that occurred each year from fruits and vegetables spoiling before being marketed and consumed. Such losses were accepted as a matter of course. But high prices and a scarcity of supplies have changed all this, and we now recognize the necessity of conserving our entire output of edible products. Moisture and decay are two very important factors in the problem of high costs. But these enemies of man can be rendered harmless by the energetic application of a little mixture of science and common sense. Recent investigations have clearly demonstrated that farm produce can be preserved intact for many months by the proper construction and intelligent use of so-called storage houses or vegetable cellars.

Success in holding over perishable supplies from one season to another depends primarily on the proper control of temperature, moisture and ventilation, the three chief elements in arresting the development of decay-producing organisms. When humidity is too low the product itself loses moisture and deteriorates rapidly; when there is too much humidity moisture is deposited on the product and conditions are made favorable for the growth of bacteria and molds. It is a fact, however, that most fruits and vegetables, with the exception of sweet potatoes and onions, require a fairly high humidity.

A further requisite to a favorable outcome is that the products be properly handled before they are placed in storage. They must be laid away at the proper stage of maturity and must be of satisfactory soundness. All containers used in storing the produce should be clean and substantial, and each box or crate should be so placed that there is a free circulation of air round it.

As an example of the care that is necessary in storing raw food products let us devote a minute to several of the most common articles. Take apples, for instance. They should be fully grown and colored. If they are overripe, whether they reached this stage on the trees or while awaiting storage, they have passed their prime condition and will spoil quickly. They should be handled carefully without being bruised or punctured. Onions should be well ripened and cured in the field on trays before being stored. They should be hard and free from loose skins. So it is with cabbages; they also should be solid and be free from injuries caused by insects. All loose leaves should be removed from them. The heads should be placed one layer deep on slatted shelves. In the storing of potatoes careless methods mean large waste. They should be clean and free from frost, sunburn, second growth, cuts, blight and other diseases. Potatoes should be stored as soon as possible after being harvested. They should be piled not deeper than six feet, and the compartments should have slat sides and bottoms to insure ventilation. Never store potatoes on earth floors.



Showing the Difference Between Potatoes Improperly and Properly Kept

The foregoing hints are not given with the idea that they form a complete and valuable guide to the problem of storing perishables. But they do indicate that the question is one requiring some study if the plan is to have a successful outcome. Owners of large storage warehouses have expensive installations and employ methods that are scientific to the last extreme. Such concerns have availed themselves of all the information accumulated through years of experience and research. With them storage is a business, and serious losses are largely controlled. The principal field for education and improvement therefore is with the small independent farmer, the householder, and above all the corporation or town where community gardening has become an established practice. During the war thousands of dollars' worth of vegetables were raised by the employees of various companies, and much of this food was lost through a lack of storage facilities. It was to remedy this waste that the community cellar was planned and put into use in a number of localities.

A typical cellar of this kind, twenty-five feet wide and seventy-five feet long, will provide ample storage space for at

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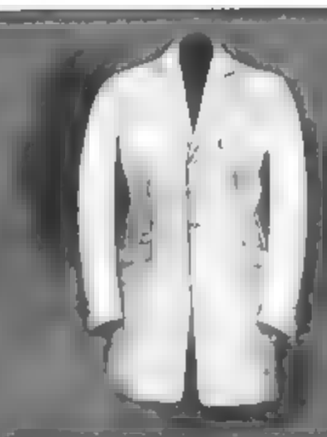

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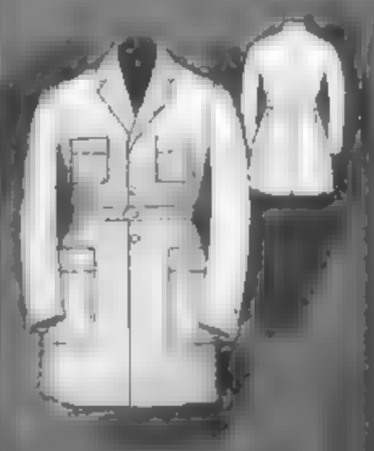


Style and Quality without limit this Fall

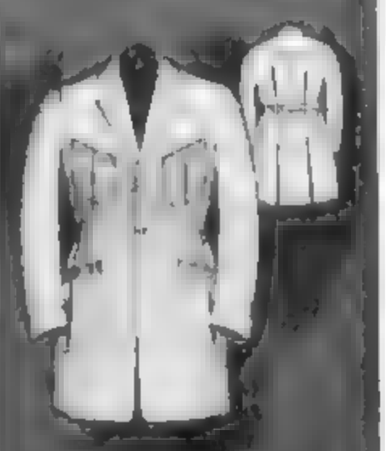
All war restrictions removed!

The woolens made, the models designed, and the clothes manufactured with absolutely none of the limitations that existed during the war.

Styleplus values, always famous, will stand out stronger than ever.

Our buyers bought our woolens at the opportune time after peace was signed. We thus were able to supply our dealers for this Fall season with fabrics made exclusively in the new patterns and qualities that have been produced since the war ended.

Remember this: Each season we establish the national retail prices at which Styleplus Clothes are to be sold, based on the cost of labor and materials. The known price plan obligates us to give exceptional quality and style at each price. The success of Styleplus Clothes proves that we do this.

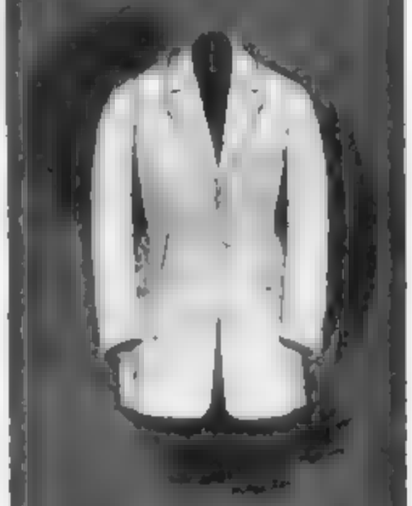


Buy liberally for Fall. Prices underlying the clothing industry are advancing.

This page shows only a few of the many Fall suits. Your Styleplus dealer will have a big assortment from which to choose.

Correct style, all-wool fabrics, thorough workmanship, dependable wear at known medium prices.

"The sleeve ticket tells the price!"



Sold by one leading clothing-merchant in most cities and towns. Write for name of local dealer.

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc. Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

America's known-priced clothes

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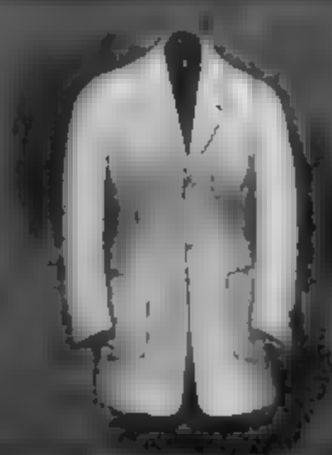
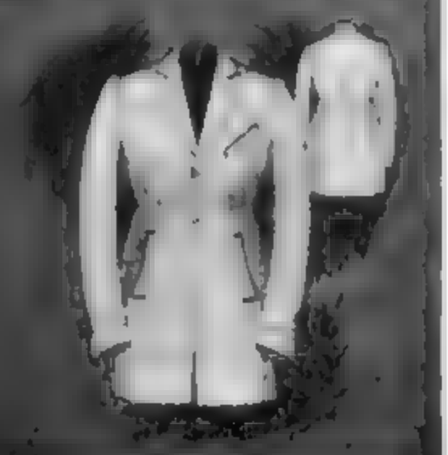
Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.





TRADE MARK REG.

THE HOTTENTOT BAZAAR

By Meade Minnigerode

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

EVERYONE remembers the Hottentot Bazaar. In an age of bazaars it stands out as the one bright spot. Just what it aimed to accomplish for the Hottentots is not so clear, but it was something terribly important, and the bazaar management took in almost as much money as it spent, so that it was a tremendous success.

In special features it outdid every other similar function. There was the Hottentot exhibit, in which a whole village was presented almost *in puris naturalibus* to the wondering eyes of crowded audiences. There were Hottentot movies showing the creatures in their native jungles, or heaths—"natural habitat" is the correct phrase; and incidentally one made a point of talking of the kraal, not the village. Some of these heaths, or jungles, bore a striking resemblance to certain outlying districts of New Jersey, but no matter. There were booths where bambi bambi, the great Hottentot drink, was served by prominent actresses—that is, the programs said they were prominent. They were certainly much more prominent after the bazaar than they had been before. There were platforms where selections of Hottentot poetry in the famous click-click dialect were recited and even declaimed by equally prominent actors. There was the raised stage in the central hall, where nightly, amid scenes of tremendous enthusiasm, Nbala Bobo, the Hottentot chieftain, danced the Kikiriki, the sacred dance of the Bobo tribe. In the daytime Nbala Bobo swept the front steps and wore a cap marked Janitor, but that is really of no consequence.

There were more pretty girls—ah, now we are coming to it!—selling useless things than had ever graced a bazaar before. That was probably the ultimate reason for its success. And among them all there was none more enchanting, more captivating, more utterly soothing to the eye than Miss Janet Forbes. She shone in that galaxy like a sun, and like a sun she had that bazaar revolving round her in rings with astronomical regularity. She should really have been likened to a constellation, because then one might have said that she was the Great Bear of that bazaar.

All that is well-known facts. What is not so well known is that Philip Baxter helped swell the revolving rings round her. Philip Baxter was an awfully nice person, not too wealthy and not too poor, pleasant of face and courtly of manner. In college he had been very well known as Dandy Baxter. In New York he was not known at all.

Now Philip went twenty-six times to the Hottentot Bazaar, which means an initial outlay of thirteen dollars, to say nothing of twenty-six Hottentot buttons, and twenty-six glasses of bambi bambi—fortunately quite tasteless—and twenty-six other things from each of the hundred and fifty young ladies who were so ubiquitously and industriously present. And twenty-five times out of the twenty-six Philip went solely for the purpose of seeing Miss Janet Forbes. This may seem at first sight to be criminal extravagance, but Miss Janet Forbes was such as to inspire extravagance in every form. Not that Philip ever got beyond the point of seeing her. Early or late there was always a throng round her, and speech with her was a gift for the high gods to bestow, and the high gods were too busy sampling bambi bambi to pay any attention to Philip.

Nor was it vouchsafed to Philip to discover any among his slender acquaintance who had the good fortune of knowing Miss Janet Forbes. Her name remained a fascinating mystery, and her features did not appear in the rotogravure sections of any of the Sunday papers. Silent adoration, therefore, was the extent of Philip's dealings with that beautiful and gracious lady.

And then came the eventful occasion of his twenty-seventh visit—the closing night, alas, of the now historic Hottentot Bazaar. A few short hours and Miss Janet Forbes would pass radiantly and irrevocably from his ken. Thus Philip Baxter to himself. On this last occasion he went with a friend, a certain Buck of his college days, who was visiting him. Their wanderings led them to the central hall of the bazaar. This was ordinarily the spot where Nbala Bobo gave his performance, and one seldom frequented by Miss Janet Forbes. Philip would have hurried on, but his friend held back.

"Say, what's your hurry?" he complained. "Let's wait and see what's being pulled off here."

Philip impatiently allowed himself to be detained. In place of the sacred dance of the Bobos there seemed to be something special afoot. There was a large poster on the stage which announced that the last opportunity had come. Philip read it without enthusiasm. It meant nothing to him. All he knew was that the last opportunity had come to see his beautiful lady of the bazaar, and that was enough for him.

"Oh, come on, Buck," he said. "This isn't anything."

"'Tis too," insisted Buck. "Big dope. I want to see this. Look, they're selling chances on a week-end at Mrs. Paddington Browne's."

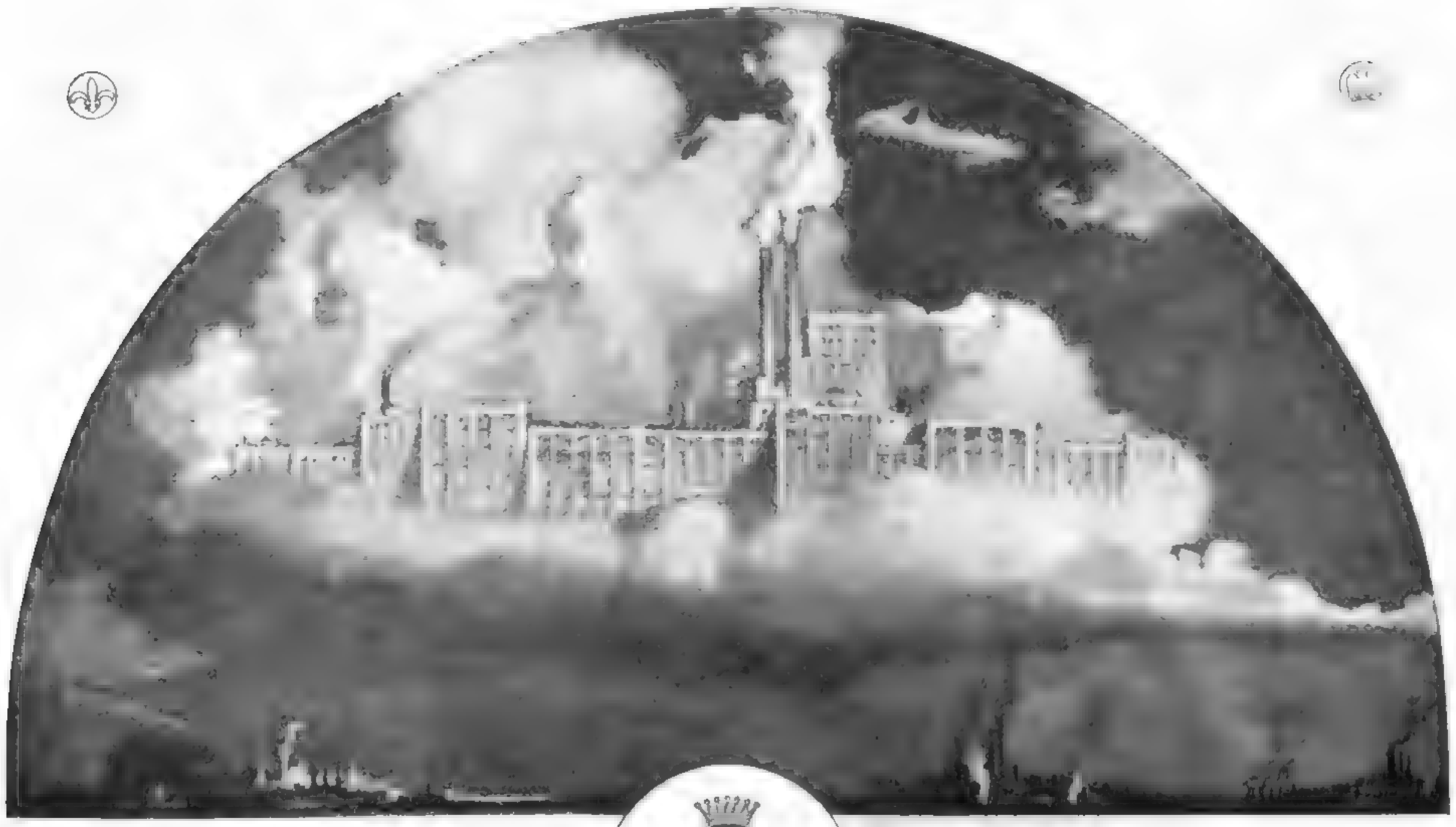
"Selling chances on a what?" asked Philip.

"On a week-end," Buck repeated. "See up there: 'Winner of this lottery will be entitled to spend a week-end as the guest of Mrs. Paddington Browne at her residence at Seaport, Long Island'? That's some lottery, hey? Oh, this is a bear of a bazaar. Mrs. Paddington Browne is—but you wouldn't know, of course."

So the poster said. Well, well, Philip had no idea who Mrs. Paddington Browne might be, and cared less. He was trying to decide where he would be most likely to find

(Continued on Page 36)

"You Mean You Think I'm a Thief? You Think I Stole the Ticket!"



CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

The works in which the Cadillac is produced have always been the first and last word in human and mechanical skill.

Mechanically-minded men, and men of humanitarian impulse, from all over the world, have come to these works as a sort of Mecca, and model.

Like a precious jewel in a rough casket, they found in the Cadillac buildings, a system of human control over mechanical mediums, almost unbelievably close, and smooth, and fine.

They found a truly great factory, but still not great enough for the dreams, and aims, and ambitions, which we cherished for the Cadillac, and for the loyal craftsmen who have labored long to bring it to its present high estate.

Now, however, these aims are to be realized, and in due time the Cadillac will be housed in works worthy of its greatness.

We believe that these new Cadillac factories will be the most perfect plants of their kind in the world.

From time to time, it will be our pleasure to tell Cadillac owners of the progress of a great work in which millions will be expended for the persistent betterment of Cadillac standards.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

(Continued from Page 34)

Miss Janet Forbes at this hour. Probably near the Hottentot movies. He edged away.

"Hey, wait a minute!" said Buck, holding onto his arm. "I want to see this show. Someone's going to make a speech."

Philip was very much annoyed, but he knew from past experience that there was no getting Buck away from something in which he thought he was interested, and he hardly felt he could leave him there alone. He looked absently at the stage. Yes, someone was getting ready to make a speech—a short one, he hoped.

"Say, isn't she a pippin!" Buck whispered joyfully, and Philip looked at the speaker, more from force of habit than anything else. A pippin! Was she a pippin? Was that girl up there a pip—— Philip nearly jumped out of his skin. It was his lady up there! His girl of the bazaar! He scowled at Buck, but the latter was too busy smiling at the vision to notice. Pippin indeed! Would you call an angel a pippin? And what the devil did Buck think he was doing standing there smiling at her? For that matter what the devil was he doing himself standing there smiling at her?

"Come on," he said to Buck. "Let's get up closer and hear what she's saying." And he pushed his way into the crowd.

Miss Janet Forbes was making an impromptu speech, and finding a great many things to laugh at in the course of it. In the first place it was too ridiculous her making a speech at all before all those people. But the lottery manager had practically dragged her on the stage.

"Look here," he had said to her, and he knew her very well, "do you know you're crabbing my lottery? How'm I going to sell tickets when you're doing the Pied Piper of Hamelin all over the bazaar? You've got to come over to my joint, that's what, and bring your gang with you, and tell them what a slick proposition this is. Come on now!"

And she went. But she was still laughing when she got up before the crowd, which was the best thing she could have done, for they all laughed with her. There was a mighty pretty girl having an awfully good time over something. It was contagious.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she began, "and fellow Hottentots!" The crowd roared. "I have never made a speech before in my life and I guess it's no secret!" She laughed again.

"Isn't she a peach!" Buck was chanting.

"Good nerve," said Philip. "Listen!"

"I want you all to buy a ticket in this lottery," said Janet. "You can't afford to miss it. I'm going to buy one. We're all going to buy one. For one dime, ten cents, ladies and gentlemen, each one of you will have the chance to spend a week-end at the palatial estate of Mrs. Paddington Browne. Don't let the chance go by. When you read the lucky number to-morrow morning I don't want any of you to say, 'Gee I might have won it if I'd only had the nerve!' You've all got a dime with you somewhere. Walk home; or borrow a nickel from a friend!"

Roars followed this sally and Philip roared as loudly as anyone—so loudly in fact that Janet noticed him. He was a nice-looking young man, she thought. He seemed to be enjoying her speech too. That was really very nice of him. She went on:

"You, Mister Man," she said, suddenly stooping down, "have you got a dime's worth of nerve?" Accidentally or not, she found herself addressing the nice young man, and Philip grinned very foolishly at her. The sight of two very beautiful eyes very close to his own, and the knowledge that she was speaking to him, out of all that throng, made him tremble with delight. "Be a sport and buy a ticket," this wonderful girl was saying to him. "Start them going just to help me out, won't you?"

Philip was radiant with joy. She was appealing to him. She needed his help.

"I'd do anything in the world for you!" he said, and Janet jumped up rather suddenly. To her utter exasperation she felt that she was blushing. Mercy, what unexpected things nice-looking young men will say! she thought.

"What's biting you?" exclaimed Buck in his ear. "You're not going to buy a ticket! Why, you darn fool, suppose you win!" He seemed much amused at the idea.

"I never win lotteries," said Philip; "and if I do win I don't have to go." He passed up his dime and drew a number, and the laughing crowd followed his example, surging up to the edge of the stage. The week-end lottery was a great success.

In the midst of the confusion Miss Janet Forbes made her escape. In fact, she executed what might be called a strategic retreat. She did not want that nice-looking young man to say anything more to her. Certainly she did not! Was he still there? He seemed to have gone. Bazaars are a bore, thought Miss Janet Forbes, and caught herself saying, "I'd do anything in the world for you!" in reply to a question put to her by a total stranger

The next morning being Sunday, Philip lay in bed thinking of the events of the evening before; or rather of one event in particular. She had spoken to him. That in itself seemed so extraordinarily fortunate that for a while it overshadowed everything, and Philip was absurdly happy for a young man who has not yet had his breakfast. Then he remembered that after all he was just as badly off as ever, for even now he did not know who she was, and he was correspondingly depressed. And only then did it occur to him that there might be something about her in the papers. Also he remembered his breakfast. He propelled himself out of bed, through a cold shower, and into the front room, where he found Buck in full possession of the breakfast table and the Sunday paper.

"Be a Sport and Buy a Ticket. Start Them Going Just to Help Me Out, Won't You?"

"Does it say anything about the bazaar?" Philip inquired at once.

"Ah, there you are," replied Buck. "Well, I should say so!"

"What does it say?" asked Philip. "Does it give the name?"

"No, it doesn't give the name," Buck informed him, "but it tells all about it. I thought you didn't care."

"Never mind about me," said Philip. "Tell me what it says."

"Well, you're pretty slick, you are," commented Buck. "Last night you were handing me a line about never winning lotteries and all that."

"Oh, to hell with the lottery!" Philip exclaimed. "What does it say about her?"

"Oh," said Buck, "I get you. Why, it says great interest was displayed ——"

"Yes, yes. Skip all that," Philip interrupted. "Does it give her name?"

"Sure," Buck replied. "Here, Miss Janet Forbes ——"

"Janet Forbes! Isn't that a peach of a name?"

"Say, what's the matter with you?" said Buck. "Stop raving about that girl's name. It says a lot more ——"

"What do I care what it says?" Philip demanded. "That was all I wanted to know."

"Look here, my son," said Buck, "you don't seem to get this at all. There's a lot more about the lottery. They drew the numbers last night."

"The lottery?" Philip repeated absently. "Well, what about it?"

"See here, you won't get violent, will you?" asked Buck. "You're acting awfully queer this morning. Got a pain anywhere?"

"No, I haven't got a pain," said Philip. "Don't bother me about that lottery."

"But I must," Buck insisted. "See here, you won the damn thing. See—Number 1267. That's yours, isn't it?"

"What's that you say?" Philip shouted. "I won the lottery! What, that week-end thing? Not on your life! I won't do it. I—I've lost the number, and anyway they can't make me."

"Lost the number, my eye!" laughed Buck. "Not after she gave it to you! Bet you put it in your watch."

He sprang up from the table and darted into Philip's room. Philip was annoyed. He had put the number in his watch as a matter of fact, and what a to-do Buck would make over it.

"Yes, you lost it all right," chanted the returning Buck. "Right in your watch case. Here's the little luck bringer. Yep, that's the baby, Number 1267. Free pass to Mrs. Paddington Browne's welcoming arms! Thought you never won lotteries."

"I don't as a rule," said Philip. "What am I going to do? I won't go out there."

"Now see here ——"

"I will not!" Philip insisted. "Fat lot I care about Mrs. Paddington Browne. I loathe Long Island!"

"Now wait a minute," Buck begged. "You don't know what you may be passing up. Look, here's a letter from the committee. Shall I open it?"

"Suit yourself," said Philip; and Buck did. Then he began to laugh.

"Oh, you must listen to this," he exclaimed. "It's too rich. It's a letter from Mrs. Paddington Browne. Get this now:

"'To the Holder of the Winning Number:

"'*Sir or Madam:* Mrs. Paddington Browne will be at home on Saturday, the seventeenth of this month'—that's next Saturday—'on which date she will be pleased to place her estate and its resources at the disposal of the winner, and to receive him or her in person in her home.'—So far so good; now get this:

"'Mrs. Paddington Browne is anxious to fulfill her obligations to the Hottentot bazaar in this matter, and wishes it understood that the same welcome will be extended, regardless of the visitor's station in life. It is particularly requested, however, that no children, dogs or other pets be brought. Style of costume, if possible, should be inconspicuous, as the neighborhood is a very select one. Gentlemen will kindly refrain from chewing tobacco, and ladies, gum, during the course of the visit. Name of winner and other particulars should be sent to Messrs. Melchior, Wishart & Melchior, 200 Wall Street. The three-ten P. M. train from the Pennsylvania Station, change at Jamaica, will be met at Seaport Station. Railroad fare refunded upon request.'"

"Well," exclaimed Philip, interested in spite of himself, "can you beat that for impertinence? Say, who is this Mrs. Paddington Browne, anyway?"

"Oh, I've heard of them," Buck explained. "Awfully rich; buttons or shoe horns, I forget which. He's not a bad sort. She's a perfect fool of course. Thinks she's being tremendously stylish. You'd better go and look it over."

"Oh, I wouldn't dare!" Philip laughed. "What's my station in life, do you suppose?"

"Didn't know you had one," said Buck. "No; seriously, Dandy, you can't miss this. You'll get the frozen mitt served up to you on a platinum tray. Oh, you've simply got to go! She's hoping you won't of course, to beat the band, whoever you are."

"By jinks, I'd almost like to," said Philip. "Oh, no, it's too ridiculous. I couldn't do it! Me, Philip Baxter! I'd get the everlasting laugh at home"

"But you don't have to go as yourself," suggested Buck. "See here, you were always pretty good on the dramat. in

(Continued on Page 38)

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Live Duck or Clay Pigeon

It's Accuracy that Counts

It takes more than straight *sighting* to make straight *shooting*—more than steady practice to run up scores.

No matter what the skill and experience of the shooter may be, he can't be sure that these will be turned into "dead birds" unless his gun is accurate.

What is accuracy in a shot gun? It is "close-shooting," even pattern and long range.

These qualities are built into every Stevens Shotgun by our special methods of boring and choking.

For 55 years men who shoot for sport and men who go after records have been putting their faith in Stevens Firearms. Records of winning teams and champion shots for half a century show how consistently Stevens' accuracy has backed their skill.

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Export Office: 5 State Street, New York

TRADE MARK
—STEVENS—
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Shotguns – Rifles – Pistols

(Continued from Page 36

college. Can't you pass yourself off as a hall-room boy? Why, it'll be a circus!"

"Seems sort of a dirty trick," objected Philip.

"What do you call this?" asked Buck, pointing to the letter.

"Gosh, you're right," said Philip. "You know, I think I'll do it. Hell's bells, I'm entitled to it, and as long as I don't chew tobacco or wear a Highlander costume I guess the lower my station in life in her purblind eyes the happier she'll be!"

Between them they concocted a suitable missive for Messrs. Melchior, Wishart & Melchior, using an assumed name and giving Philip himself as reference should the legal firm be minded to investigate. And the rest of the week Philip spent being coached in his part by Buck, and wondering how he was to find Miss Janet Forbes, when the name did not appear in the telephone book, suburban or otherwise.

The following Saturday Philip boarded the three-ten P. M. train for Seaport. He was wearing a ready-made check suit with tremendous lapels. There were cuffs on the sleeves and flaps to the pockets of the vest. Buck had insisted on it. The trousers seemed normal, but the yellow shoes with cloth tops and the socks which they covered made Philip perspire whenever he thought of them. He wore a pink shirt and a curious collar with very long tabs. The tie which Buck had provided was an extraordinary confection of changeable silk. The overcoat was passable, but the last crowning indecency was the hat, a soft one of some fuzzy gray material.

"Got to dress the part," Buck insisted, and maintained that he looked very genteel indeed. Whatever he looked, Philip had never felt more miserable in his life. What a perfectly insane thing to be doing. Supposing by some strange stroke of fortune he should come across Miss Janet Forbes in the train! Philip took refuge in the smoking car and sat behind an outspread newspaper all the way to Seaport.

He was the only passenger to alight, and the waiting automobile must be for him. A groom approached and inspected him. Ordeal enough at any time, but under the present circumstances Philip looked despairingly after the retreating train. The groom was quite obviously not impressed. He showed it very plainly in that unmistakable manner common to grooms, head waiters and elevator boys.

"Mr. Murdoch?" he inquired, evidently hoping against hope it might not be. Murdoch was Philip's *nom de guerre*. "For Paddington Hall?"

"Yes," Philip admitted guiltily. "The name is Murdoch. You've come for me, I suppose."

"Yes, sir," replied the other. "Mrs. Paddington Browne sent word she would not be able to meet you herself. I'm the groom, sir. The second groom, sir. I'll take your bag, sir."

"'The second groom,'" thought Philip. "Oh, well, it might have been the third!" He got into the car and they whirled away toward Paddington Hall.

They drew up before a flight of stone stairs leading to an imposing façade. The second groom rang the bell and the opening door revealed the butler and what must evidently have been the third, fourth and fifth grooms. Undoubtedly it was the first groom's day off.

Everyone bowed. Philip understood that some announcement from him was expected.

"Ulysses Murdoch, that's my name," he said; and started to add, "On the Grampian hills my father ——" but checked himself in time. "Mrs. Browne is expecting me."

"Mrs. Paddington Browne is at home," the butler admitted, and ushered Philip into the reception room and then went off to perform his introductory duties. He returned in a few moments with the request that Philip follow him. His look of amazement upon seeing Philip for the first time without his overcoat was not encouraging.

"Mr. Murdoch," announced the butler, and Philip found himself face to face with his hostess. This was where the great joke began. It was, but the joke was on Philip. She was a small woman, dressed very comfortably in a tweed walking suit. An extremely refined face with a humorous twist to the mouth. Very little jewelry and no ostentation, for all her grooms. Philip stared at her in amazement. It was hardly what he had expected. She also, for just the fraction of a second, stared at him. She was well bred, but she was human. Philip, seen suddenly, would have roused the Sphinx. Then she came forward to greet him with a frank smile.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Murdoch," she said. "So you are the lucky winner! You must make yourself perfectly at home. I'm so glad you could come."

Philip was speechless. This was all wrong. This soft-spoken lady with the quiet manner had nothing in common with Mrs. Paddington Browne of the atrocious letter. What could have happened?

"Is—is this Mrs. Paddington Browne?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed," she replied. "And this is my husband. We were expecting you."

A pleasant-looking man in knickerbockers detached himself from the fireplace.

"Very glad to meet you," he said cheerily. "Congratulations! Very good of you to come."

Philip gasped. He struggled to remember what he had planned to do. He would have to play his part until he could think of some way out of this predicament.

"Pleasure's all mine," he managed to say. "Proud to know you, Mrs. Browne. Shake." Mrs. Paddington Browne shook, inwardly and outwardly. "Nice little place you have here, Mr. Browne."

"Oh, this was awful!" thought Philip. His carefully rehearsed phrases came glibly enough, but where was all this leading him? With every word that he uttered he sank deeper into this mire of deception.

"We are quite attached to it," Mrs. Paddington Browne replied.

"I dare say," said Philip, without meaning to say anything of the sort. He was thinking of the terrible hole in which he found himself as a result of Buck's insistence and his own folly. Mrs. Paddington Browne had never written that letter. It must have been some clerk in that lawyers' office. One thing was certain: His hosts must never know how they had been imposed upon. He would have to brazen it out and escape at the first opportunity. With these thoughts surging through his mind Philip did not hear the door open. He did not know anyone had come in until Mrs. Paddington Browne motioned to him.

"I want to present you to a friend of mine who is staying with us," she was saying. "One of the young ladies who helped me with the bazaar, you know. Miss Forbes, Mr. Murdoch."

What did she say? Miss Forbes? Oh, no, there was only one Miss Forbes, Miss Janet Forbes. Heavenly powers! There she was, his bazaar girl, right there in front of him! Philip sank several miles through the floor. He thought of his shirt, he thought of his shoes. Thank God, he didn't have his hat on anyway! Curse Buck, curse all lotteries, curse ready-make suits! And where, in the name of all the Hottentot deities, was the door of this room?

"How do you do, Mr. Murdoch?" said Miss Janet Forbes. He could see she was trying her best not to laugh. And she had not recognized him. That was something; though, come to think of it, it was rather disappointing that she had not.

"How do you do?" he said mechanically. "I'm fine. How's yourself?" There was a good deal of the born actor in Dandy Baxter.

"Very well, thank you," she replied. "I was so anxious to meet the winner. It must be splendid to win a lottery. Do you like it, Mr. Murdoch?"

Did he like it? Oh, he thought it was perfectly slick!

"It's great," he chattered mirthlessly. "Simply great. Pretty soft, take it from me!"

Philip was beginning to feel very sick. Miss Janet Forbes bit her lip and the hostess stepped discreetly into the breach.

"Do sit down, Mr. Murdoch," she said. "Or perhaps you would like to see the place. Augustus, take Mr. Murdoch round and show him the farm."

"Yes, come along. Would you like to?" added her husband. "I'll show you my prize pigs."

Prize pigs indeed! If Mr. Paddington Browne had only known that he had a prize ass right there in the drawing-room with him!

"Sure!" Philip observed, thankful at least to get out of the room.

They visited the greenhouses, they inspected the barnyards and stables. Mr. Paddington Browne talked continuously and gave him excellent cigars. Philip said very little and saw less. He was thinking of Miss Janet Forbes. He had found her, but in the finding he had lost her. He dared not speak to her as he was, and if he confessed to her she would probably never forgive him. No, she had not recognized him, and these charming people who were doing their best to entertain him had no suspicion. He must play the game out, crawl into the hole he had dug for himself, and hope to come out at the other end without offending his hosts by allowing them to discover his unpardonable fraud. As for Miss Janet Forbes, she was farther away from him than she had been the first night at the bazaar. And he knew now that she was ten times more adorable than he had thought possible.

It was nearly dinner time when they returned to the library and his host mixed him a very good drink. Philip needed it. A footman came to show him to his room.

"This is quite informal, you know," said Mr. Paddington Browne. "We're simply country people. Don't think of dressing for dinner or anything like that."

Philip followed the footman upstairs. On the bed he found the slender contents of his bag.

"Beg pardon, sir," asked the footman. "Are those all your things?" After all, servants are the real snobs.

"Yes, they are all my things," Philip retorted viciously. "Anything you don't like, just tell me and I'll have it changed."

"Yes, sir," said the footman, and departed. If this sort of thing went on he would have to give notice, that was what.

Philip looked at himself in the mirror and shivered. The check suit took on the appearance of convict stripes. His gents' furnishings rose and shrieked at him. He would have to sit through dinner before her in that rig! Philip washed his hands and went downstairs.

He had hoped to find himself alone, but Miss Janet Forbes was there ahead of him. An interview alone with her! Philip began to gasp again.

"Oh, come in, Mr. Murdoch," said Miss Janet Forbes. "We can have a little talk before dinner."

"Perhaps you're busy," Philip said, with every intention of backing toward the door. Instead of which he found himself in the middle of the room.

"Oh, not at all," she assured him. "I hurried on purpose, thinking you might be down."

"Did you?" Philip exclaimed.

"Yes," she smiled at him. "Do sit down over here, near me."

"Yes!" Philip replied, and smiled at her.

This wasn't bad at all. He started across the room, smiling with all six cylinders. Then he stopped smiling and his footsteps faltered. Philip had suddenly thought of his shoes. He completed his journey to the sofa by a circuitous route, making use of every bit of cover afforded by the furniture. When he finally reached his destination he sat down on the edge of the sofa and concealed his feet under it. He then ventured another smile.

"There!" he observed, and Miss Janet Forbes did not contradict him. She leaned back in her corner and laughed.

"Well, Mr. Murdoch," she said, "tell me all about the lottery. Do you often win them?"

"Oh, no," he replied. "I never win them. I don't care anything about lotteries at all."

"But you took a chance in this one," she objected; "and you won it too."

"I only took a chance in this one because ——" Philip hesitated. Well, because what? He could hardly tell her that. "—— because it only cost a dime. See?"

Philip was very much annoyed. She would think him a cheap sport now. The futility of worrying about what she thought of him did not present itself to him at the moment.

"Oh, I see," said Miss Janet Forbes. "You were ready to risk a dime on it. Well, do you think it was worth it?"

"Sure I do!" Philip protested bravely. Well, in a way, of course it was. He wriggled uncomfortably on the edge of the sofa. His right foot was asleep.

"I suppose it's quite an adventure," she went on. "I expect that appealed to you, didn't it?"

"Not particularly," Philip replied. "You see, when I bought the ticket I didn't expect to ——" Steady! He managed a passable cough. "—— I didn't expect to win. Everybody was buying tickets—and I thought I might as well."

Lame, very lame, thought Philip. Why did she persist in talking about the lottery?

"Oh, you did it for charity, now, didn't you?" Miss Janet Forbes suggested. "I think that was very nice of you."

Philip looked at her sideways. Was she trying to make fun of him? But no, there was no malice in those gray eyes. Such lovely gray eyes.

"It's certainly fine to find you here," he observed impulsively, and even as he said it it struck him as inept. "Slicker than beets," he added in tardy deference to the part he was supposed to be playing.

Miss Janet Forbes laughed very heartily.

"But you didn't find me," she said. "I mean you couldn't have expected to find me; you've never seen me before. You were not expecting anyone except your hosts, were you?"

"That's what I mean," Philip exclaimed. "I thought there'd be only the Paddington Brownes, and then you turned up, and that made all the diff—I mean it was fine having someone else besides—I mean—don't you wish it were dinner time?"

Good heavens! He had no business talking to her at all, but this was ridiculous

"Why, no," she said. "I'm not a bit hungry. I'm having an awfully good time. Aren't you?"

Bless her heart! Didn't she know that the seventh heaven was located on and about this sofa so long as she sat on it?

"Oh, I am," he assured her. "I'm having a perfectly corking time. I thought perhaps you would be tired talking to me. I could sit here forever if you—ouch!"

Philip's left foot had gone to sleep. Both his feet had now ceased to exist. He squirmed, and vowed he would not move them out where she could see them. He began beating a light tattoo on the parquet floor under the sofa. His face took on a very pained expression.

"Why, Mr. Murdoch," she exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing," said Philip. "Just a crick in my neck. Yes, that's all. I do it quite often. My nurse dropped me when I was a baby. Well, not my nurse, you understand—must have been my sister, or my aunt perhaps. Neck's always been a little loose ever since—by heck!"

(Continued on Page 62)

Just a Ride Makes

A Hundred New Owners Are Added Daily
—Each a Warm Supporter of the Essex

Men Want the Essex

Surely no car has ever equaled the Essex in the way it has been endorsed by the public. From the very first it has been advertised just as we said it would be, by what people had to say for it.

You remember we announced the Essex would have to speak for itself. Its fate was left with the people. And now you can judge what the verdict has been.

One Hundred Owners Added Daily

Deliveries at this writing exceed 10,000 cars. An average of 100 new buyers are getting their Essex cars every day.

Such a production would be large for many older organizations. But it is not half equal to the demand that there is for the Essex.

Sweden Ordered 5 Then Cabled for 75

The first shipment of Essex cars reached Sweden a few days ago. The initial order was for 5. But on the day they were unloaded the dealer cabled for 75 to be shipped immediately.

That is significant, for Sweden is one of the countries where gasoline costs nearly a dollar a gallon. Even before the war European countries did not take readily to American cars. Only the light, small, inexpensive cars had a market then.

Cost of operation was the big item. Gasoline and oil prices made large cars impractical.

But the Essex just met the needs. It has the sturdiness and dependability Europeans had never attributed to moderate priced American cars. The Essex met their demands for economy and low operating cost.

And Those Advantages Are Important Here

Americans, rather than put up with the customary objections of light low priced cars, more willingly paid the price that obtained the degree of elegance, comfort and performance they wanted.

But the Essex seems to have filled the need as we expected it would. It answers the demand for moderate first cost. It meets the inexpensive cost and maintenance situation and, of course, it gratifies the taste in appearance and performance.

Now Everyone Talks For the Essex

They tell their friends what they have learned about it.

Any dealer can tell you of person after person who has placed orders with him as the result of a ride they have had with some friend. As a test of how it stands in the opinion of motorists in general, or even the man in the street, mention the Essex anywhere you might be in such a way as to provoke a discussion of it.

The result will be interesting. You aren't likely to hear a single adverse criticism. But you will probably conclude everyone is interested in selling you an Essex.

That is the Essex Selling Force

It is just what you will hear from any group of motorists. Everyone seems bent on telling everyone else what a fine car the Essex is.

Note the manner in which they praise it. People judge it in comparison with other cars of merit that they know.

That probably explains why Essex performance and quality is compared with large, high priced automobiles.

There is no other measure by which Essex can be described.

When will you take your ride in an Essex?

Your enthusiasm will be as great as it now is with close to a million others.

Essex boosters grow daily—and thus they swell Essex sales.

(611)

'Diamond I' Bottles for Extracts

—impress the consumer with the quality of the product

MAKERS of flavoring extracts, who use expensive materials—many of them costly, imported supplies—naturally wish the bottles in which their products are sold to suggest the *quality* of the contents.

BOTTLE-MAKING is a science. It calls for skill, experience, ability and equipment—just as does the making of high-grade extracts. In the production of bottles for extract makers we *specialize*, just as we do in the making of Diamond-I bottles for all other purposes.

LARGE numbers of extract and other bottles are daily demonstrating that the Illinois Glass Company's Diamond-I bottles are saving considerable sums of money for them in the aggregate, because they are *better bottles*—

Better—because they are uniform and accurate in corkage and capacity;

Economical—because they are stronger and more evenly made, lowering wastage.

THE automatic bottle-making machines of the Illinois Glass Company are operated at their highest efficiency by men of long experience in better bottle making. These advantages are at the service of our customers and their patrons.

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Young Alvord Meets a Crisis

By ELIZABETH JORDAN

ILLUSTRATED BY WILSON C. DEXTER

HERBERT ALLINGTON ALVORD stopped at a gate, rested his elbows on its top rail, drew a breath of abysmal content and gazed fondly at a white bungalow set in a grove of birches about two hundred feet away from him. For young Alvord the moment was perfect, and the most casual observer, knowing the conditions, must have sympathized with his mood.

The hour was sunset, the month was June and the day was one of the perfect ones the poet has led us to expect. In the small but luscious garden that stretched between the gentleman and the house a variety of rosebushes flowered in passionate emulation. The path that led from the gate to the house was lined with foxgloves and Canterbury bells, nodding to their owner as if in friendly greeting. On one side of the small, admirably kept lawn a garden hose on a stationary stand scattered a limited but refreshing spray about it. On the bungalow's wide veranda a hammock still swayed back and forth as if under the final push of an occupant who had just left it. In short, before Herbert Allington Alvord lay the perfect visualization of his dream of happiness and beauty, for this was his home and somewhere inside of that white bungalow waited the bride he had brought to it on the return from their honeymoon two days ago.

"I Was Warned That You Might be That Sort," the Furious Young Voice Went On. "The Bossy Kind of Man That Wants to Run His Home and His Wife and ——"

The honeymoon, born of another dream, had been as perfect in its way as the bungalow. He had taken his wife to his pet retreat, a spot which had given the pair the rare combination of isolation, primitive beauty and comfort. Just before the wedding he had bought and furnished the bungalow. He had never had a home since his parents had been killed in an accident when he was fourteen, but he had devoted a great deal of thought to the home he meant to have some day, and the bungalow bore out those plans, with certain modifications suggested by his bride. Bertie, young Mrs. Alvord had already discovered, had some queer ideas, due in part to the fact that he had known so few women. Until his marriage he had been singularly alone. He had no sisters, no cousins, no intimate friends, no serious love affair even until at twenty-eight he had met Amy Whitney and carried her off for their honeymoon after a brief and tempestuous courtship.

Amy possessed all the delights her young husband had longed for but lacked—home, the devotion of a large family, and a circle of intimate friends. But she had left them all, Herbert frequently reminded himself, to follow him. Recalling this now, his heart swelled in a bliss that was almost painful. What had he done to deserve such utter happiness? How could he ever be worthy of it and of Amy?

Deliberately he waited, prolonging the moments of expectant rapture. When the gate slammed after him as he entered Amy would hear, for he knew that somewhere inside the house she was listening for just that sound. The front door would fly open and she would come forth to greet him with smiles and adorable blushes. Even after a month of married life Amy still blushed adorably under the warm regard of her husband's eyes.

With something in his heart that was very like a prayer of gratitude, Alvord opened the gate, swung it to behind him and started briskly up the path, his keen, expectant gray eyes on the bungalow's entrance. To his surprise the door did not open even when his feet mounted the steps leading to the veranda. Something must have happened! A sensation of actual terror gripped his heart as he put his key into the latch and flung the door wide.

Amy was not there. She had not heard him, but under the peaceful atmosphere of this, his home, his panic subsided and his common sense reasserted itself as he hurried toward the rear of the house. No doubt she was in the kitchen with their one maid, overseeing the preparations for dinner. His first shock of disappointment gave place to renewed content. Though she was not in his arms, the sense of her presence was overwhelming. Her charming personality filled the house like an atmosphere. Those great bowls of roses on every side whispered "Amy." So did the open magazine on that window seat and the little work table near the window with a bit of half-finished sewing peeping from one drawer.

Without even stopping to hang up his hat, Alvord raced to the dining room. As he entered it by one door Amy entered by another and after a startled glance came toward him with a little run. He caught her in his arms, but though she clung to him she did not speak, nor did she meet his eyes. He kissed the top of her head; then, catching her by the shoulders, held her at arm's length and forced her to look at him. As she did so his own eyes widened in surprise. To say that a shadow lay over his Amy would be to put it too mildly. She was enveloped in a black cloud.

"Why, darling, what's the matter?" He was still staring at her with incredulity. Never before had he seen Amy look like this.

"Oh—nothing!"

The tone of his bride was curt and her manner unresponsive. As she spoke, however, she attached herself to one of his coat buttons and he welcomed with joy this evidence that the cloud that surrounded her was not of his making.

"Tired?" he asked tenderly. "Has my girl been doing too much?"

"No, not exactly." Amy's brow was clearing, but her expression was still dark.

"Has anything happened? Cook left in five minutes or something of that sort?"

Young Alvord's knowledge of such domestic tragedies was based on a faithful reading of the daily newspapers.

"No, no!" Amy spoke almost irritably. "Please don't fuss," she added. "It's nothing important. I'll tell you about it after dinner. Go and get ready, please."

Thus urged, her husband retreated rather dazedly to their common bathroom and made a hurried toilet. He was deeply concerned. Something had happened, and despite Amy's denials he was convinced that it must be something serious to account for the complete overthrow of her serenity. However, he could offer no counsel or comfort until she had told him what it was, and that, she had said, would not be until after dinner.

At the table he exerted himself to be entertaining. He described the white bows with which his associates had facetiously decorated his desk and the sign "Just Married" which one of them had tacked on his office door. He told her how long the day had seemed, notwithstanding the accumulation of work that awaited him. Under his talk the brow of Amy continued to clear, though she responded very little.

When they were back in the living room and he had lit the cigar she urged him to smoke, the strain lessened still further. The last of it had almost disappeared when he suddenly caught her in his arms and drew her down with him into the big chair where he sat.

"Now tell me all about it, darling," he invited as she cuddled into the hollow of his left arm.

"Well ——" Amy drew a deep breath and her charming face puckered with a sudden irritation. "It began with Nora."

"I was afraid so. She gave notice, I suppose. They say two days is about their limit now."

"No, it isn't that. It's—she's so stupid."

"Oh!" Young Alvord stared, but waited for more light.

"I had a lot of things to do to-day, you know, getting settled."

"Of course you did, my precious. I ought to have stayed home another day and helped you. You're tired out."

"No, I'm not. And the work hasn't anything to do with it. But of course when I had the work to do I didn't dress till late."

Amy's voice was getting excited and her face was flushed. Observing these symptoms with apprehension, her young husband waited in silence for the explanation of them.

"When I was arranging things in the living room," Amy continued, "with a dust cap and rubber gloves on and my house dress all dusty and dirty, Mrs. Burwood called."

It was clear that the climax was coming. It came now—hysterically.

"Nora showed her right into the room without warning me. It was just awful!"

Her husband uttered a sympathetic but wordless murmur, waited for more details and got them.

"I don't know when I've been so furious," Amy rushed on with trembling voice. "She had no right to call before

we were settled, anyway, just because she's a friend of mother's. And she said so cattily that she supposed of course I'd be settled by this time!"

"Humph!" Young Alvord was puzzled but playing safe.

"After she was gone I told Nora that since she was as stupid as that she could leave at the end of the week."

Young Mr. Alvord was jolted into speech.

"But—but, darling, where could Nora have taken Mrs. Burwood? You were in the living room, you know. She couldn't leave her on the veranda or in the hall."

The small figure in the curve of his left arm detached itself with a sudden jerk.

"Are you taking Nora's part in this?" asked an icy voice.

"No, no! Great Scott, no; of course not! I was just wondering where she ——"

"Because if you want to run the house and the servant, Herbert, you can do it!"

Amy was on her feet now before him and the face he loved was red with fury.

"Why, Amy, my darling, how can you say——" Alvord was stuttering like a schoolboy, aghast, incredulous, still unable to believe in the reality of this impossible scene.

"I was warned that you might be that sort," the furious young voice went on. "The bossy kind of man that wants to run his home and his wife and ——"

"Amy!"

"But if you are I'll tell you right now that I won't stand it. If Nora stays I go!"

Young Mr. Alvord rose from his chair, caught his wife in his arms, held her there firmly and, despite her frantic struggles, kissed her until she was breathless. Then, pulling her down on his knee again, he laid his cheek against her mouth with an unconscious sigh.

"Amy," he said quietly, "it doesn't seem possible that you can misunderstand me like this. You're the absolute mistress of this house and of everything in it, including me. You can get a new maid every morning if you want to and discharge her every night."

"So you think I'm that kind!" Amy was crying now, gulpingly, like a wretched child.

"I think you're the most perfect kind there is. I'm merely trying to make you understand ——"

"Now you're talking as if I were stupid."

"——understand," repeated her husband, shutting off more speech by a firmer pressure of his face against her lips, "that you're the boss here and that I'm for you strong, and that I won't have any little shadow between you and me just because you are tired out."

"I was so humiliated," gulped Amy. "And Mrs. Burwood was so—so patronizing! And she'll tell everybody that I'm not a—a good housekeeper!"

"And I was just a stupid chump and didn't realize at first what an experience like this means to a woman and didn't sympathize with my poor darling."

"If You Think the Time Spent in Your Home Is Lost Time I'll Try Not to Waste Any More of It"

Herbert's contrition was genuine. He had always been told that women were hard to understand. Now for the first time he knew it and knew the explanation of the present upheaval. Amy, incredible as it seemed, was simply taking out on him her anger against Nora and Mrs. Burwood, not because he was in the least to blame but because he was the only person at hand on whom she could work off her resentment.

"But you understand now how awful it was." Amy was mopping her eyes.

"You bet I do!"

The little cloud had passed, but it left on Herbert Alvord's face a look that lingered there for days. It was not exactly a shadow that touched his keen, clear young eyes. It was rather the reflection of an inner question. On Amy, however, the episode quite obviously left no impression at all. It did not even linger in her memory. When several days later her husband expressed surprise at the continued presence of Nora in their home his wife stared at him in an astonishment which was as genuine as it was evident. It was a full minute before she connected his comment with her previous hot announcement that Nora was to leave. Then with a shrug she uttered a cryptic sentence to which her husband gave more subsequent thought than she realized.

"Oh, Nora knows I didn't mean anything by that!" she said airily.

A fortnight later young Alvord was startled by another thunderclap from his domestic sky. His wife had asked him to take a day off to help in the unpacking and arrangement of several great packing cases full of books which had just arrived from her old home.

"I've engaged Dunn to do that, darling," he said, referring to a general utility man in the neighborhood. "He'll be here right after breakfast to unpack the books and put them just where you want them."

"But I don't want Dunn, Bertie. I want you." There was an ominous note in his wife's voice, but the young husband's thoughts were on an important business appointment he had for that morning and he failed to detect it.

"Awfully sorry," he said cheerfully, "but it's impossible to-day. I've been away a lot lately," he added as he reached for his hat, "so I've got to buckle down at the office and make up for lost time."

"Oh! If you think the time spent in your home is lost time I'll try not to waste any more of it."

There was an icy quality in his wife's voice that he had heard only once before but promptly recognized. Her face was red with anger. Herbert, who by this time had almost forgotten the Burwood episode and its aftermath, stared at his wife in an astonishment that was almost grotesque. She was angry again, and this time her anger against him was not vicarious but the real thing. Then the deep-rooted masculine instinct to side-step a scene asserted itself in him. He recalled his appointment and saw his way clear.

"Oh, don't be foolish, my darling," he said hastily. "I'm off now to meet Bradford at ten. Just time to make it. Dunn will see you through."

It was eleven o'clock that night before young Alvord—himself worn out by two hours of misunderstandings, pleadings, tears and explanations—finally brought his wife back to her normal state of mind. During those two hours she had said some bitter things.

"I was warned," she had told him, "that you're the sort of man that won't pay any attention to his wife after the first few weeks and now I know it. All you think of is that old office. I wish I had never married you!"

In recalling those words afterward—and for days it seemed to Herbert that he could think of nothing else—he received each time the knife-thrust effect their first hearing had given him. His heart was torn by them. Though he himself did not realize it, he had made his wife an idol in whose presence he removed his earth-stained shoes. To discover that her shoes, too, were earth stained caused him an intolerable sick depression. But there was depression attending many of his discoveries, and of these the greatest was caused by Amy's utter obliviousness of each unpleasant episode twenty-four hours after it had passed. It was as if the black finger of night had smudged out every trace of it—always of course after Bertie begged her pardon for things he had not said or done and had devoted hours to untangling a situation she alone had created. There must always be the understanding, the reconciliation. After that any reminder of Amy's words invariably produced the same remark. "Oh, did I say that?" And then smilingly: "Of course I didn't mean it!"

Throughout the Endless Day Amy Waited Close to the Telephone

The Alvords were getting ready for a week-end at the seashore when the final domestic cataclysm struck them. Herbert had anticipated his vacation when he went on his honeymoon in May. Now he could only take an occasional two days off and Amy had fiercely protested against his suggestion that she go to some cool place where he could follow for week-ends. To-day quite unexpectedly the subject again presented itself over the packing.

"You ought to pack for a couple of weeks, anyhow," Bertie told his wife. "Then if you like it there you can stay on. I'm afraid the heat here is telling on you, darling. You don't seem quite yourself."

Amy, as it happened, was not feeling quite herself. She was indeed in a condition of smoldering resentment over a tiff she had indulged in that morning with Mrs. Burwood, who had become the most intimate woman friend in her new environment. As always, she followed her instinct to work off this resentment on any object near her. For the moment this object was her husband.

"You seem very anxious to get rid of me," she said icily. "I'm beginning to wonder just why."

Her husband laughed, but with a sinking heart. He had recognized the first rumble of the approaching storm.

"Don't let's take too much stuff," he said hastily in a pathetic effort to divert her mind. "I don't need that gray suit, for instance."

His wife, who was folding the gray suit at the moment, flung it on a chair.

"Then pack yourself!" she exclaimed angrily. "It's clear enough that I can't suit you—whatever I do."

Herbert's lips tightened suddenly, but without response he continued his occupation of selecting ties and collars for the little outing. His wife looked at him and the purplish flush with which he was becoming so unpleasantly familiar submerged her pretty face. His silence, instead of calming her, added the last note to her irritation.

"That's right; sulk!" she cried furiously. "I've always known you were the sulky kind."

"You're learning a lot of things about me, aren't you?" her husband asked with another forced laugh. Perhaps, he reflected, he could turn the absurdly baseless little wrangle into comedy.

"Yes, I am."

Amy had turned her back on him and the packing and was walking to a window from which she stared resentfully at the sun-baked garden.

"I wish I had known them in time," she added between her teeth. "If I had I wouldn't have been in the fix I'm in now. And I," she added bitterly, "could have married David Adams—the nicest and best-tempered man in Evansville!"

Herbert Allington Alvord did some rapid thinking. If he answered he would almost certainly irritate her further. If he remained silent the effect would be the same. One course remained and he adopted it. Crossing the room he took her in his arms and bent to kiss her. To his horror and consternation she struck out at him as instantly and fiercely as if he had been a stranger.

"Let me alone!" she cried. "How dare you touch me? Haven't I just told you that I'm sorry I ever married you?"

As he recoiled, staring at her, she met his eyes with what seemed contempt in her own.

(Concluded on Page 45)

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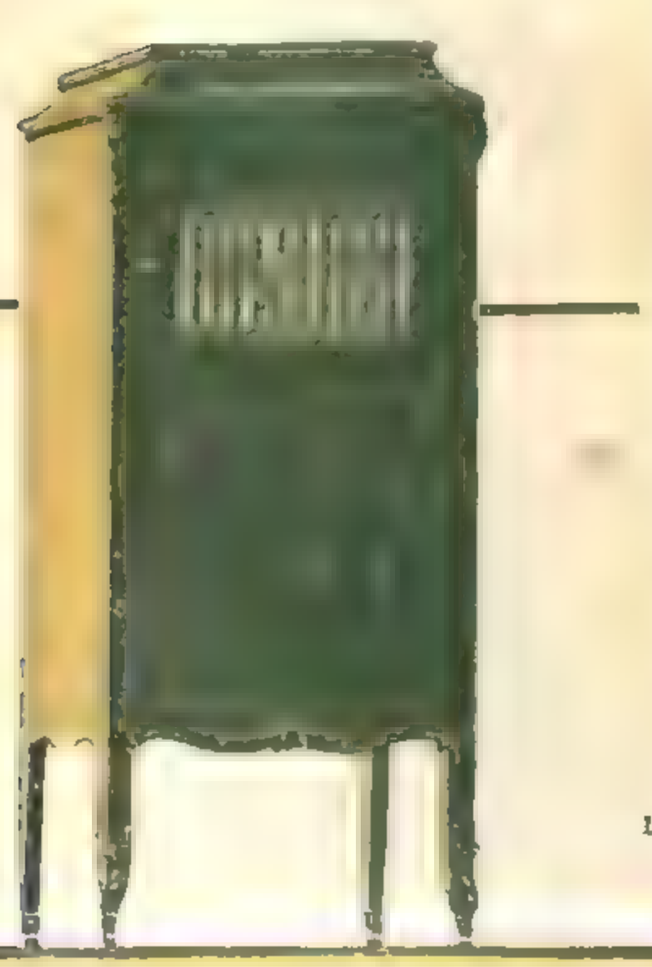

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* * * *

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MECHANICAL PERFECTION—The Automatic Stop on the Vocalion is an example of the perfection in mechanical detail characterizing this

Maurice Dambois

instrument. Simple, direct and absolutely dependable, this device is the most satisfactory of its kind yet invented.

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UNIVERSAL TONE-ARM—This great feature of the Vocalion is a notable tribute to the skill and resource of the Aeolian staff. It provides the means by which *every make of record can be played upon the Vocalion.*

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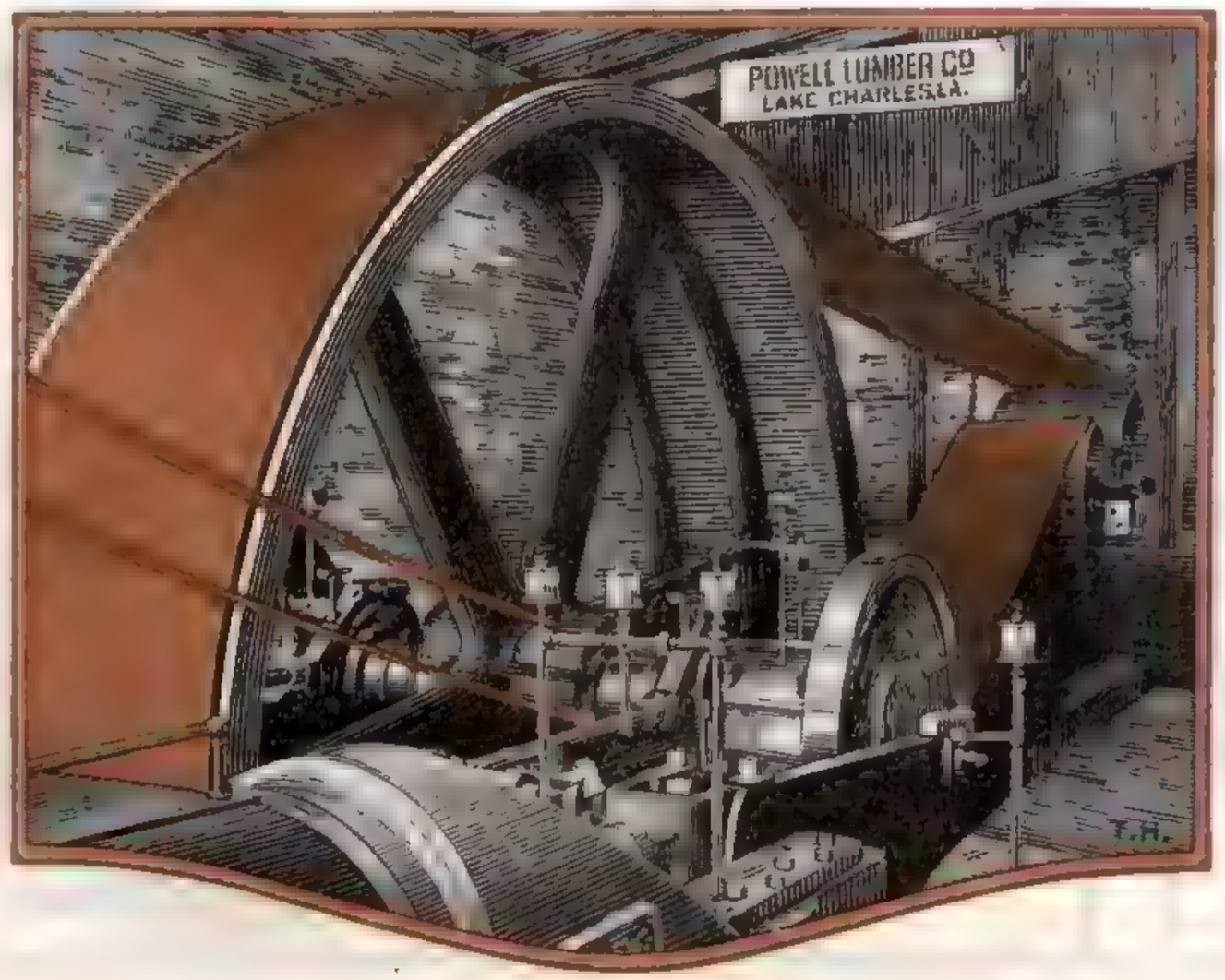

By means of standardized methods of grading and manufacture, together with extensive investigations in our Engineering Laboratory, our Engineers are able to specify the correct belt for a given drive. Tests show that a 14 to 16 ounce belt should be rated at not more than 90% of the capacity of a 16 to 18 ounce belt. Consult our Engineering Department.

Here is a 34" Gra-Knight 3-ply Belt 82½ feet long. It was installed in December, 1915, in the plant of The Powell Lumber Co., Lake Charles, La. 14 ft. Drive Pulley, 136 R. P. M. 52" Driven Pulley. Belt Speed 5900 F.P.M. 443 horse-power. The cost per horse-power per week to date is 1⅓ cents, with several more years of service to come.

(Concluded from Page 42)

"I'm not something you've bought and paid for," she ended bitterly; "something you can pick up and throw down again when you feel like it."

Her husband's clear brown face turned the color of her own. Now for the first time he too was angry—with an anger as quiet as it was intense.

"Just what do you mean by that?" he asked, holding her eyes but not moving toward her.

"I mean that I want you to let me alone—now and hereafter!" she hurled at him. "That's clear enough, I hope. Do you understand it?"

He nodded.

"That's quite clear. Is there anything else you want to make clear?"

"If there is I'll say it when I'm ready. Don't you worry about that."

She was back at her traveling case now, pulling out the garments she had neatly packed and throwing them on the bed and on the floor.

"What does this mean?" her husband asked.

"Do you imagine I'm going away with you after this?"

"Aren't you?"

"No!" The word was as violent as a blow. She seemed to be deliberately working herself up into a frenzy.

"Suit yourself about that."

Her husband was swiftly finishing the packing of his own traveling case. Now he snapped it shut, picked it up and started for the door. She gazed after him incredulously while her anger oozed from her like air from a pin-pricked balloon.

"Where—are you going?" she stammered.

"Out of town."

Her husband's hand was on the door knob. He opened the door, passed across the threshold and as he cleared it uttered a final sentence—curt, businesslike and wholly impersonal.

"I shall be back Monday or Tuesday," he announced, and shut the door.

For an instant Amy stood still, looking at the closed door in a daze with a chill of fear running through it. Then in one of the marvelous reactions of which she was capable she called after him—loudly, almost frantically: "Bertie, wait! I'm sorry! Bertie!"

Her answer was the slam of the front door. Rushing out on the veranda she saw her husband's slender figure half a block down the street. Even as she watched him he signaled a passing trolley car, caught it by the elbow, as it were, when it failed to stop, pulled himself on board and disappeared from her vision.

With pounding heart and hanging head Amy returned to her bedroom and sat down limply in the midst of the confusion she had created. Her impulse, an almost overwhelming one, was to repack, rush after her husband and join him at the station. Under it she bent and began to pick up the garments she had scattered on the floor. Then as her thoughts cleared she dropped the garments and sat down to lend herself to quiet mental processes. She was cooling off as rapidly as she had gone into action and as she cooled her habitual tendency to minimize and even to ignore the effect of her explosion asserted itself.

Of course, she reasoned, Bertie's rushing off like that was only a bluff. He would go as far as the station but he would take no train that did not hold her. Instead he would return, possibly in half an hour, there would be a pleasant reconciliation, for Bertie knew perfectly well that she hadn't meant any of the nasty things she had said, and they would still catch a good afternoon train for their destination. Cheered by these soothing reflections and with her charming face again as serene as a June sky, young Mrs. Alvord repacked, made a careful toilet and sat down with a current magazine to wait for her husband's return.

An hour went by—two hours. Dinner time came. Nora, who had been promised two days off, had departed when the packing began, in care-free ignorance of the impending tragedy. At seven young Mrs. Alvord, who had alternately raged and wept in the interval, darkly inspected the ice box. It held nothing but half a bottle of milk and the remains of a loaf of bread. Nora had used the leftovers for luncheon. Her mistress made a frugal supper of the bread and milk. Then, feeling horribly lonely and a little frightened in the empty house, she went to bed and cried herself to sleep.

Morning brought sunshine, optimism and a new plan. She would take the early train and join Bertie at the resort they had planned to visit, for of course he would be there—or would he? As she thought it over she was by no means certain. Bertie was queer about some things. She couldn't get much light on what he would do by recalling the action of her brothers and men friends when she had hurt their feelings. It would be a horrible experience to arrive at the hotel and find Bertie not there. But she could learn whether or not he was by telephoning. She called up long distance, got the hotel and asked for her husband.

"Mr. Alvord is not here," a pleasant voice at the other end of the wire assured her. "We expected him, but last night we got a wire canceling his reservations."

Amy hung up the receiver with a hand that trembled. The moment was one of sheer panic. Her imagination peopled it with horrors, of which the most prominent showed Bertie dead by his own hand. Then her ruling sanity reassured her. Nothing had happened to Bertie. He had merely gone off by himself to get even with her for the things she had said. It was cruel of him—hideously cruel. She began the day with a sensation of injury, which deepened into fury toward noon and had given way to black depression by night. She breakfasted on coffee and what was left of the bread, forgot luncheon entirely and at dinner time was forced by hunger to seek the nearest restaurant for something to check the sinking feeling that accompanied her increasing depression and anxiety.

The night was horrible—sleepless at first, full of black dreams in its few hours of unconsciousness. At five in the morning to the homely and reassuring accompaniment of a rattle of milk wagons in the street, she sank into a slumber which held till nine. Then, waking to a sun-flooded day, she looked at her watch and with an almost simultaneous gesture of perfect efficiency reached for the telephone. If Bertie had returned he would be at his office now.

Briskly—for this was not New York—she got her connection and recognized with rapture the familiar accents of Miss Bain, Bertie's stenographer. Yes, Mr. Alvord was in the building, but not in his office. He had come in about ten minutes before and was now having a business conference with one of the officers of the company. Miss Bain recognized young Mrs. Alvord's voice. Could she take a message? No, Mrs. Alvord thanked her. She was not even to mention, please, that Mr. Alvord's wife had telephoned.

Amy hung up the receiver and as she did so a furious anger again submerged her. He was back after his pleasant outing and after putting her through two days of intolerable agony. He would call her up soon. Then she would make him understand very clearly indeed that he had married a woman who would not tolerate that kind of thing.

But her husband did not call her up, though throughout the endless day Amy waited close to the telephone. Nora, arriving at breakfast time and horrified by the situation she had promptly grasped, sent in an order to the butcher and grocer, served an excellent luncheon and planned a good dinner. Her mistress seemed uninterested in these small matters. She was waiting for her husband and, Nora mentally assured herself, she didn't like the look in the missus' eyes.

Herbert Allington Alvord reached his home at six o'clock that evening, nodded casually to his wife as he glanced into the living room on his way to his room, made a careful toilet and was ready for dinner at the usual time. He ate the meal in solitary state. The mistress, Nora said, had a headache. Young Mr. Alvord nodded again, but expressed neither surprise nor anxiety over the sad condition. He did justice to his dinner and after it smoked a long cigar in the cool dusk of the bungalow's wide veranda. Then after a gesture of quick decision he strode to the door of the bedroom, knocked and briskly entered.

His wife was sitting by an open window. Notwithstanding the alleged headache, her appearance was cool and fresh, her hair was neatly arranged and she wore a becoming negligée. But as she looked at her husband the now familiar purplish color mounted slowly to her face. Seeing the warning signal, he nodded slowly as if it confirmed his expectation. Then he drew a chair in front of her and sat down.

"Amy," he said, "I want to have a little talk with you."

Mrs. Herbert Allington Alvord had cleared her decks for action. Now her first gun roared.

"I should hope so!" she began furiously. "If you think ——"

He held up his hand and for some reason the quiet gesture checked her.

"Hold on, Amy!" he said quietly. "I told you I wanted to talk. You had your turn Saturday. Now it's mine."

She looked at him. As she looked her expression subtly changed to match the change in his. He was not looking at her. His eyes—usually so keen and bright, now so tired—looked past her through the window. His shoulders, usually so erect and firmly held, sagged like those of an old man. In this hour Herbert Allington Alvord felt like an old man. Now, indeed, his wife realized what she had done. But though every nerve in her demanded the shelter of his arms and the end of their estrangement she resolutely held to her attitude of hostile expectancy. Bertie must be taught a lesson.

"Well, go on," she said coldly. "I hope you can explain ——"

He shook his head.

"I'm not here to explain anything," he assured her. "I'm here to tell you something." Her lips parted, but again he raised his hand.

"Wait!" he said. "I went away from you to think things over. I've been thinking them over pretty steadily for two days. I have come back to tell you the result of my thinking and I'm going to ask you not to interrupt me until I get through."

Her anger was going now; was gone, was giving place to something else—a deep and growing fear. But she held her head high and looked at him in silence.

"Amy," he began again, and now he met her eyes and held them, "the world is full of people who quarrel and kiss and make up. They say all sorts of bitter things to each other that they are immediately able to forgive and forget. It has become clear to me that you belong to that class. I intend to make it equally clear to you that I do not."

He stopped now as if waiting for her to speak, but Amy hesitated. She realized that the situation between them was critical and that a false move on her part would greatly prolong it. She came to a quick decision and acted upon it as quickly.

"Do you mean," she asked in apparent surprise, "that you went away because you were angry over the things I said? Of course I ——"

He interrupted her.

"No," he said with a twisted little smile, "I don't mean anything of the kind. I've told you exactly why I went away."

She ignored the interruption.

"Of course I didn't mean the things I said," she went on half impatiently. "I never do."

"Then why did you say them?"

He was watching her with a look she had never expected to see in his eyes—the look of a hostile stranger.

"Why—I—I"—she stammered a little, conscious that control of the interview was out of her hands, increasingly frightened but not yet understanding—"I was angry," she went on with more assurance. "I have a very quick temper. I always have had. Everyone knows that and makes allowance for it."

"I didn't know it," her husband coldly replied. "And I warn you right now that I shall not let you fly into rages over every trifle and then spend your rage on me. In other words, I shall not accept your abominable temper as an excuse for insulting me."

"Insulting you? I? You? Why—Bertie ——"

The tears had come now and though they shook him to the soul he looked at her with no change of expression in his tired eyes.

"Words," he said slowly, "mean something to me, whether they do or do not to you. When you throw bitter words at me I know that for the moment at least you mean what you are saying."

"But I don't!" she wailed. "I never do. Everyone who knows me understands that and makes allowance."

"Then everybody who knows you has helped to ruin you. For when you say those things, if you don't mean them," he went on relentlessly, "you are either lying to me or you are deliberately trying to hurt me. In future you will not do either of those things."

She cried out at this in fear and renewed anger.

"Do you mean that you're going to leave me?"

"No, I don't mean anything of the kind. Whatever happens, I shall do my duty. If I find that I am married to a virago"—he paused to let her get the full effect of the word—"I shall try to make the best of it. But I shall adjust my life to the new conditions. I shall not be the devoted husband of a woman who is unable to treat me with the ordinary civility she shows to strangers. Two or three more episodes of this kind," he added somberly, "would utterly destroy my love for you."

"Bertie! What are you saying?"

"Exactly what I mean; nothing more and nothing less. I'm not your sort. I won't be insulted. I won't quarrel and make up. I won't have my home a hell on earth. You must decide here and now whether you are going to be civil to the man you have married, or whether you prefer to destroy his future and yours by flying into your pet rages every few days."

There was a long silence between them, broken by melancholy sniffs as his bride alternately wiped her eyes and pink-tipped nose. But as she sniffed Amy Alvord was doing some concentrated thinking. She was no fool. She had come to a point in the crossroads of life from which she must go on in self-control and companionship, or in wretched loneliness.

"I'm—I'm—going to be civil," she gulped at last.

"And you will remember that when you speak to me I shall always take your words at their exact face value? I shall assume that you mean exactly what you say."

"Y-y-es," gulped Amy. "Oh, Bertie, please take me in your arms and tell me this is only a nightmare!"

Young Mr. Alvord took his bride in his arms and kissed her tenderly.

"It isn't a nightmare," he said. "It's just the little understanding that's going to save our married life from becoming a nightmare!"

"Where have you been all this time?" Amy gulped.

"In a hotel just round the corner."

"Oh, Bertie, how could you?"

Her face was buried in his coat. He bent and kissed the top of her head. Then drawing closer with his right arm her still trembling figure, he pulled his handkerchief from his pocket with his left hand to wipe his wet forehead. A scrap of paper came out with the handkerchief. It was covered with familiar words at which he glanced with a grin before he crumpled it back into his pocket:

"The world is full of people who quarrel, kiss and make up."

"Hereafter I shall always assume that you mean every word you say."

"Words mean something to me."

"If I find I am married to a virago ——"

"It's worth two days of thought and rehearsal if it saves our happiness," he reflected gratefully. "And, thank God, I was able to put the scene over."

Putting One Over on Gravitation

Science Gives Us a Revolutionary Fuel

By ROBERT G. SKERRETT

SHAKE well before taking. Cough mixtures, sauces, paints, polishes and a myriad of other canned and bottled stuffs have thus been marked as far back as any of us can boast of being able to read.

This time-honored direction has hitherto been man's admission that one of Nature's laws has stumped him persistently despite his best efforts. It has evidenced our failure to overcome gravitation by maintaining in suspension solid particles in a liquid medium. We just couldn't do it, no matter how much cussing and chemistry we called to our aid.

To-day the technicist has managed effectually to beat Dame Nature to it, to express the achievement in everyday parlance. The seemingly impossible has been accomplished. This victory over gravity's all-prevailing pull has in it a story well worth the telling, not only because of its present application but also because of its amazing possibilities for our common good. It is a tale of work directed primarily to outwit the submarine; and in its present sequel we have a chapter that reveals how we may revolutionize the fuel problem of the days of peace.

Marshal Foch's Cable

AS IT happened, the scientists did not perfect their gravity-nullifying process soon enough to play a part in offsetting the U-boat's sinister activities, but just the same, without the desperate urge of that enemy, we should in all probability still be lacking a discovery that is bound to prove of inestimable economic importance. We owe this contribution to power-and-heat production to the patriotic labors of an American wartime civilian organization—the Submarine Defense Association—made up of some of the very best of the nation's engineers, who were bent upon safeguarding shipping against the attack of hostile underwater craft.

Among the multiple problems arising in this field of protective service was that of concealing the position of steam vessels while traversing the submarine-infested sea zones. The U-boat operated at a great advantage. She could observe the betraying trail of smoke issuing from a ship's funnel long before the self-revealing steamer rose bodily above the ocean's rim. That telltale streak or smudge of unburned particles of carbon gave the U-boat commander a long forewarning of the location and the course of his possible quarry. It enabled him all too often to intercept the unsuspecting freighter and to take a submerged position from which he could ambush the oncoming cargo carrier.

Without going into details, the submarine forced upon us a wide-flung search for smokeless fuels. Anthracite coal and petroleum, when carefully burned, answered admirably. But anthracite in plenty for both land and sea use was not to be had and a great many of the transatlantic freighters could not use it efficiently. Further, there were hundreds and hundreds of merchant craft that could not fire their boilers with oil, even if oil in abundance were available—which it was not.

The Submarine Defense Association had not been engaged many weeks at the analysis of the broad problem of smokeless fuel before the startling fact was brought home to its members that the still bigger question of a sufficiency of motive fuel was the one to be battled with. It was plain to them that the probable outcome of the great conflict turned in large measure upon this vital issue. It was necessary to make sure of an ample supply of fuel reaching the combatant forces over there and the indispensable industries on both sides of the Atlantic.

By widely adopting liquid fuel, engineering progress had made dependent upon this source of energy not only the fighting fleets, the squadrons of the air and the battling tanks, but the well-nigh limitless service of land transportation—the hundreds of thousands of tractors, lorries, automobiles, scouting and dispatch-bearing motorcycles—not to mention advance power stations and repair plants of many sorts. Crude petroleum, its refined products or some of its residues were required in enormous quantities, and the vast bulk of these had to cross the Atlantic from the shores of America.

One after another of the war-stressed Entente Allies urged upon us the necessity of maintaining an unfailing movement of liquid fuel from the wells and refineries on this continent. Finally matters came to a climax a year ago, when Marshal Foch cabled:

> If you don't keep up your petroleum service we shall lose the war.

The Teutons were keenly alive to the critical situation and were fully aware that their chances of ultimate victory depended in large part upon their ability to cripple the mobility of the armies and the fighting fleets of their enemies. It was plain to the Kaiser's General Staff that the quickest way to achieve the decisive blow would be to stop—or to greatly diminish—the oversea transportation of indispensable liquid fuel.

To this end the Teuton submarines were ordered to single out, whenever possible, the oil-laden tankers bound eastward from the United States and Mexico. Month by month the oil-carrying fleet was reduced in numbers by these systematic attacks, their characteristic appearance and moderate speeds making them easy to identify and not difficult for the fairly fast U-boats, running at the surface, to overtake. Even though armed, the oilers were heavily handicapped, for the submarine presented but a small target as it lay close to the sea, while the tanker stood out big against the horizon for the shots from the underwater craft's long-range guns. Not only that, but the bursting shrapnel or high-explosive shells meant well-nigh certain conflagration and catastrophe if they could reach the tanker's oil-filled compartments.

Greater Efficiency in Fuel Oil

DESPERATELY the brave men of the tanker fleets and other oil-burdened vessels strove to break through the cordon of watchful U-boats, and the shipyards here and abroad worked early and late to turn out craft to replace those that had succumbed to the seemingly ubiquitous submarine. Even so, the odds were disquietingly in favor of the Kaiser's sea asps; and the situation grew graver as we added to our fighting forces in Europe and took upon ourselves the task of supplying these amplified users of liquid fuel.

Fortunately for the welfare of the world, the tide of conflict turned against the Teutons before the oil-fuel situation reached the potential crisis that might have spelled defeat for the great cause; but gasless Sundays and other efforts instituted here to husband liquid fuels brought home to us just how perilously near to shortage the petroleum service to Europe actually approached. With a full knowledge of the limit to our productiveness and the difficulties of carrying oil across the Atlantic, the all-absorbing question in the minds of certain technical men here and abroad was to evolve measures by which every gallon of fuel oil could be made to do an increased amount of work, thus offsetting so far as practicable the losses incident to the tankers sunk en route to Italy, France and the British Isles.

This could be accomplished, so the experts of the Submarine Defense Association believed, by combining the fuel oil that did get past the U-boats with some other combustibles that

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The Miraculous Draft of 1919

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

IT'S easy enough to clean the front surfaces of your teeth. But think what it means to clean *every* part of *every* tooth. An ordinary tooth brush can't reach the crevices and angles in and between all your teeth, nor can it get around the backs of your back teeth. But there isn't a *single* exposed part of a *single* tooth that the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush can't reach with its scientifically devised tufted bristles and curved handle. Always sold in the Yellow Box. Adult's, youth's, and child's sizes.

Florence Mfg. Co.
THE BRISTLES FIT THE TEETH AND CLEAN BETWEEN THE TEETH WHERE DECAY STARTS
"A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"
THE WORLD'S STANDARD TOOTH BRUSH
Pro-phy-lac-tic
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"A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"
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MARKED WITH ONE OF THESE SYMBOLS YOUR
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF. DRIES QUICKLY
IDENTIFYING
ON ITS HOOK
HAS ITS OWN PLACE.
THE LONG TUFT CLEANS THE BACK TEETH AND INNER SURFACES OF ALL THE TEETH
"A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"
GUARANTEE
THIS BRUSH IS MADE OF THE BEST MATERIALS IF DEFECTIVE WE WILL REPLACE IT
FLORENCE MFG CO
FLORENCE MASS
ADULT'S SIZE
MEDIUM BRISTLES

Pro-phy-lac-tic Hand and Nail Brush (No. 400)

THIS worthy bathroom mate of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush costs a dollar because it will outlast many ordinary hand brushes. Its bristles are strong and even, and are set through an aluminum plate which is riveted with eight rivets to a strong, chemically treated hardwood back. Cleans the most delicate skin without scratching. If your dealer does not happen to have this brush in stock, mail us one dollar and we will send it to you postpaid. Money back if it is not all we claim for it. Sold by dealers in the United States at $1.00, and in Canada at $1.50.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor Hair and Military Brushes

RETAILING for only 50c to $2.50 each, these are the best hair-brush values ever offered. Made in several styles and finishes. The bristles have wonderful penetrating qualities because they are extra choice, stiff, and set in thin, straight up-and-down knots. They are *permanently* fastened through a pure, non-tarnishable aluminum face into a special, durable composition. These brushes are easily cleaned and kept clean. See that the name, Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor, is on the handle. Always sold in a Yellow Box. Send for our free book, which fully describes all the styles and finishes.

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Florence, Mass.

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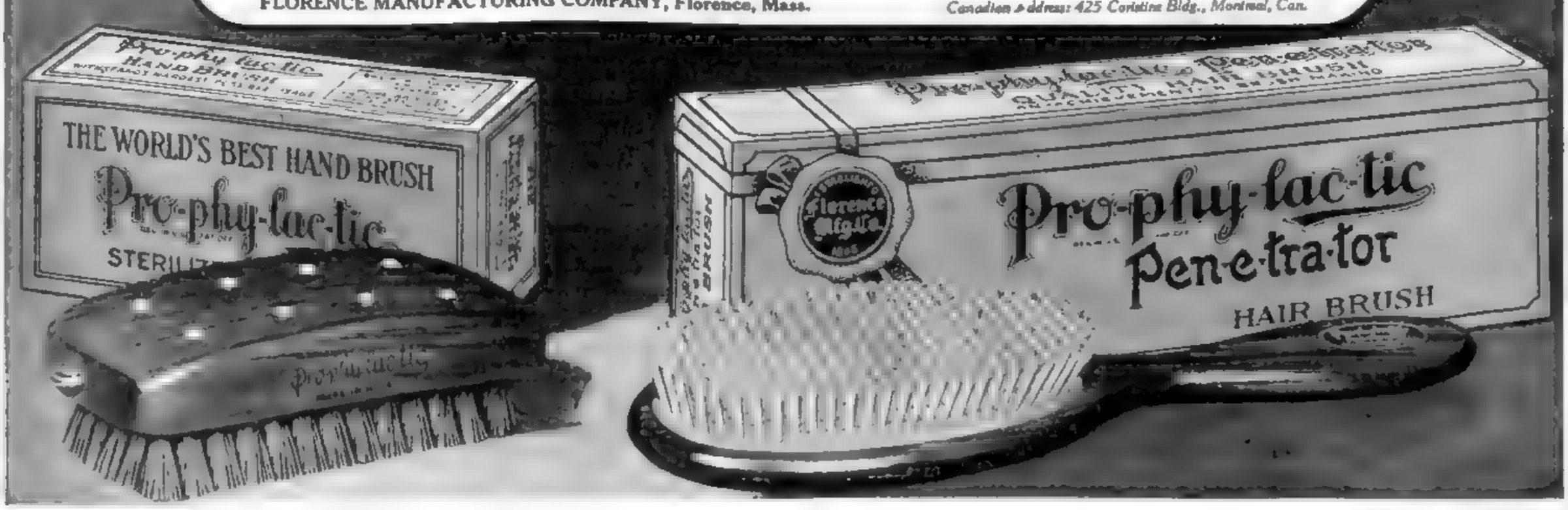

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were to be had in comparative abundance on the other side of the ocean. In the British Isles, for instance, there was—relatively speaking—plenty of coal. American engineers had already devised ways of pulverizing coal and spraying it into the furnaces of stationary boilers much after the fashion in which fuel oil is used for raising steam. For various technical reasons, which need not be considered here, powdered coal is not a generally acceptable substitute for fuel oil, even though it does give superior results when competing with coal in lump form, no matter what may be the size of the latter. Powdered coal cannot be used in oil-burning installations except by extensively altering the storage and feeding systems. The nut to be cracked was one that called for a stable admixture of oil and powdered carbon which could be fed to the furnace burners in a liquid state without changing the equipment in any way, and which would not clog the pumps and the connecting piping or separate and precipitate the particles of powdered coal carried by the oil. It would not answer, even if the stuff could be mixed by shaking or stirring just before using.

Scientists, inventors and other interested persons have tackled this puzzling proposition off and on for the better part of thirty years back, but the best that chemical science—for it is a chemical problem—could accomplish in a practical way was not particularly promising so far as it concerned keeping finely ground coal suspended in petroleum. The nearest that the man of the test tube—the laboratory worker—had been able to achieve commercially was to hold a very modest percentage of pulverized graphite in suspension in oil, the particles being so small that they could be seen separately only through a very powerful microscope. This was done by the aid of tannin, but tannin could not be employed for the same purpose in the case of powdered coal and oil. The technicists were alive to the fact that there was a wide gap between the oil-graphite lubricant and the oil-coal liquid fuel so much desired.

The leader in this new quest, this nine-hundred-and-ninety-ninth effort to beat gravitation in its own realm, was Mr. Lindon W. Bates, an engineer of world-wide repute, and he mustered to his aid a volunteer force of experts from the laboratories and staffs of numerous chemical, engineering and industrial enterprises. The outcome was a brilliant example of the mind's mastery over matter. By dint of well-nigh endless experiments and the trying out of a multiplicity of mediums, an ebony-colored oleaginous paste, no more pretentious looking than axle grease, was evolved, possessing the magic power of making particles of greater weight or specific gravity float—so to speak—in an enveloping lighter body of oil.

Composite Liquid Fuel

THIS gravity-arresting agency is called fixateur, because it fixes in a firmament of oil myriads of minute bits of carbon just as the millions of tiny stars of the Milky Way are held in their places in the sky. The Submarine Defense Association has not yet disclosed to the world the ingredients of the fixateur, but Mr. Bates says that no more than twenty pounds of this wonder-working combustible composition is needful to stabilize a ton of combined petroleum and powdered coal or any other form of carbon which may be substituted for the coal. That is to say, charcoal, coke, hard pitch—a cokelike residue of the petroleum refineries—and graphitic anthracite can be ground and mixed with oil so that the resultant liquid fuel will be very rich in heat units; in fact richer in heat units, volume for volume, than a corresponding quantity of straight petroleum, and much higher in effective heat values than an equal bulk of the best grade of coal.

The well-informed citizen should not confuse the function of the fixateur with the operation of the bubbling froth which is employed in the flotation of ores, for there the problem of the chemist has been to raise to the surface the heavy particles of metal and to separate them from the ground quartz or gangue. In the new composite liquid fuel, which Mr. Bates and his collaborators have given to the world—especially America—the infinitely harder thing that had to be achieved was the general distribution throughout the mass of the oil of the particles of the heavier ingredients and to make them stay put. How, the inquisitive will ask, has this accomplishment blazed the way for tremendous economies and the conservation of our rapidly dwindling native reserves of precious petroleum?

To begin with, it is imperative that we either greatly curtail the drain upon our oil wells or that we make every gallon of the raw product render the fullest measure of service through its various constituents. At our present pace of withdrawal from our subterranean reservoirs of oil we are in a fair way to exhaust Nature's bounty in the course of the next twenty years. According to the United States Bureau of Mines, the United States Geological Survey and the Division of Mineral Technology of the United States National Museum, we are now using up our petroleum at the rate of 3.4 barrels per capita annually, with a marked tendency toward rapidly increasing consumption. Based upon a population of a hundred million citizens—and we know we have grown beyond that—the United States has drawn from underground substantially forty per cent of its original petroleum and for each of us there now remains unused only seventy barrels!

All our fighting ships of strictly modern types are designed to use liquid fuel; the majority of our great newly created mercantile marine are similarly dependent upon petroleum; and so, too, are our millions of automobiles, our hundreds of thousands of motor trucks, not to mention farm tractors, stationary power plants, pleasure craft and flying machines. There are parts of the United States where the railroads and other power users depend well-nigh entirely upon liquid fuel, and the wheels of industry would come to a halt if we had not the various lubricants which the chemist is able to obtain from crude oil. Finally we owe to petroleum many dyestuffs, medicaments and other widely needed and much-used derivatives. In short, we are burning the candle at both ends when we use raw petroleum for fuel instead of only after we have extracted from it hundreds and hundreds of by-products for one purpose or another.

Relative Merits of Coal and Oil

AS THE Submarine Defense Association has established beyond dispute, both ashore and afloat it is entirely practicable to take the normally unmarketable residue of the refinery stills and mix it with powdered carbon—the base being anthracite rice, which is but little better than coal waste—and by means of a fixateur make of these low-grade commodities a liquid fuel possessing high qualities as a steam generator. Therefore we have open to us economic possibilities of the greatest significance, and it is in our hands to stave off for many years to come the exhaustion of our own oil wells.

We can't turn back the march of mechanical progress. The use of liquid fuel is bound to increase from year to year because of the outstanding advantages it possesses, especially when compared with coal. The technicist judges all fuels by their heat values, or British thermal units, commonly written B. T. U's; but even so standardized there is a vast deal of difference between the practical heat, or steam-making, values of oils and coals, notwithstanding the fact that in specific cases the number of B. T. U's of the liquid and the solid forms of carbon may be substantially identical. That is to say, the ways in which each is burned and handled, because of its nature, make for disparity in effective results.

Recently a paper read before a noted association of mechanical engineers discussed the relative advantages of oil and coal for warships, and broadly the conclusions apply with equal force to merchant craft. To popularize the findings of the experts, the same weight of oil fuel gives a fifty per cent increase of steaming radius; that is to say, where the coal would answer for a thousand miles, the petroleum would carry the ship fifteen hundred miles. Next, if the bunkers were filled with oil instead of coal that measure of liquid fuel would augment the steaming distance by eighty per cent. At best, coal will give but fifty per cent of its theoretical thermal efficiency, the other fifty per cent being squandered in one way or another, while oil will make good to the measure of eighty-three per cent. Again, by reason of the intense heat of the oil flame, which can be easily maintained within the furnace, an oil-fired boiler can be forced up to fifty per cent above its normal rating. That is to say, a 200-horse-power boiler—hard to be worked to its capacity by coal—can be made to furnish 300 horse power, if that additional energy be desired, and this without in any way injuring the boiler structure. Finally, the substitution of oil fuel reduces the amount of labor in the fireroom by about seventy per cent, compared with the conditions under coal.

Tests have lately been made abroad regarding the relative advantages of oil or coal for locomotives. The results in their essential particulars correspond closely with the figures already cited in the case of warships, while additional benefits were realized peculiar to the circumstances of railway service. For stationary power plants the gain is also a big one when liquid fuel is employed. Plainly, to bring the matter home to us, if local conditions make it possible to use either coal or oil at will a material saving will be effected by using the latter, but greater economies can be achieved by diluting the oil—so to speak—by mixing with it powdered coal, ground charcoal or other forms of so-called solid carbon. The only thing involved, now that the admixture can be stabilized, is to see to it that the substituting carbon shall have a satisfactory percentage of heat units per pound or volume, agreeably to the accepted standard of measure.

Indeed the day is very much with us calling for the cutting down of our coal bills, especially where they concern present dependence upon anthracite to insure smokelessness. Anthracite is a luxury, and at the present prices hundreds of thousands of householders and other consumers are reasonably perturbed. Bituminous coal is much cheaper, but its very smoky burning makes it so objectionable that many communities have passed ordinances prohibiting its use. And yet, when powdered and combined with petroleum or petroleum residuals, it can be burned smokelessly and with increased effectiveness. The experts of the Division of Mineral Technology of the United States National Museum have informed us within the last few months that the solution of the fast-developing coal situation in our cities lies mainly in recourse to artificial anthracite. The composite fuel evolved by the Submarine Defense Association has in effect met this requirement. In truth it has more than done so, because it makes it practicable to use coke breeze—the finely broken refuse of the coke industry; our mountains of anthracite culm—the siftings of the anthracite collieries; and a long list of other carbon wastes which can be had for a good deal less than a dollar a ton.

A year ago the British Admiralty offered a substantial reward to anyone who should devise means by which fuel oil and coal tar could be mixed for naval use. England's gas plants and by-product ovens were producing an enormous volume of tar as a residual and this carbonaceous material was theoretically ideal as a source of heat units and—potentially—energy. Without a thought to that reward the Submarine Defense Association included this problem in its researches, and the outcome was a composite fuel consisting of forty-five per cent of petroleum, twenty per cent of tar and thirty-five per cent of pulverized coal. That is to say, the amount of oil for satisfactory service under the boilers was reduced fifty-five per cent.

Here in the United States our gas houses, our coke ovens, our wood-waste distilleries and our producer-gas power plants are yielding immense quantities of tar, much of which is sold at a very low price and extensively used as a road binder. Worked into a composite fuel such as we have under consideration, this by-product could be made to give us an infinitely higher economic return by doing its part in turning the wheels of industry in one direction or another. To just the extent to which this tar is so utilized we could cut down our consumption of crude oil and some of its more or less refined fuel derivatives. Enough has been said to give a fair comprehension of the helpful services the new liquid fuel is susceptible of rendering. The outstanding fact is that its discovery and perfecting have attached new values to plentiful by-products and quasi-wastes that heretofore have figured inconspicuously at best in our group of accepted motive-power resources.

Possible Fuel Economies

OUT on the Pacific Coast and other places south and west liquid fuel is used in the home in place of coal, and, paradoxically, most of the apparatus which makes this possible is manufactured in certain of the Eastern States where a similar use of oil is virtually interdicted either by the insurance companies or by the local fire departments. Further, the restrictions imposed upon its employment in office buildings, hotels, public institutions and other structures or industries within municipal confines have made the cost or inconvenience too great in many of our large cities to permit of the installation of oil-burning apparatus, despite the recognized advantages in the way of ease of handling and greater efficiency. Not only are city dwellers paying dearly for this imposition, this unprogressive insistence upon the use of anthracite, but it is actually compelling us to rely upon a certain sort of coal which is rapidly nearing exhaustion, particularly the better grades.

It is estimated that Greater New York alone requires annually for the heating of its homes, office buildings and hotels and for its various power plants a matter of quite 3,000,000 tons of anthracite of different sizes. For this coal the average price is certainly not less than ten dollars and a half a ton, representing a total outlay of $31,500,000; and this does not take into account the added costs involved in handling the fuel in the fireroom and the removal of ashes. By the time this coal is delivered, burned and its refuse made away with, the expense is probably fully twelve dollars for each ton of two thousand pounds. Now for the man who insists upon figures, who may want to know just what he might be able to save by using the new fuel instead of anthracite.

For the sake of convenience, let us talk in terms of a million heat units, which theoretically are tucked away in sixty-three pounds of good anthracite. This at twelve dollars a ton represents an expenditure of substantially thirty-eight cents. But, mark you, in order to get the service equivalent of a million B. T. U.'s, Mister Consumer must burn half again as much coal and draw upon his purse for the total amount of fifty-seven cents. A composite fuel, on the other hand, consisting of a low grade of petroleum and powdered-anthracite culm, rice, or other semiwaste capable of yielding a million thermal units, can be marketed at a profit for thirty-five cents. But this is not the whole story by any means.

The oil-coal liquid fuel will have, gallon for gallon, twenty-five per cent more B. T. U's than a like quantity of straight oil; and the composite fuel, for any given measure of heat units, will occupy only two-thirds of the space

(Concluded on Page 51)

FUDGE

Cream fudge topped with French Dragees

ALMOND CLUSTERS

Alicante almonds in Liggett's Chocolate

MAPLE WALNUT CREAM

Mayette walnut, rich cream, Vermont maple sugar

CATAWBA

Mayette walnut in apricot jelly.

CREAM WALNUT

Mayette walnut in vanilla cream

STRAWBERRY CREAM

Crushed strawberries in rich cream fondant

BRAZIL CREAM

Brazil nut in cream fondant

EXTRA PINEAPPLE

Hawaiian pineapple in cream fondant

ALMOND CARAMEL

Alicante almonds in real cream caramel

FILBERT CLUSTERS

Turkish filberts in Liggett's chocolate

VANILLA WALNUT CARAMEL

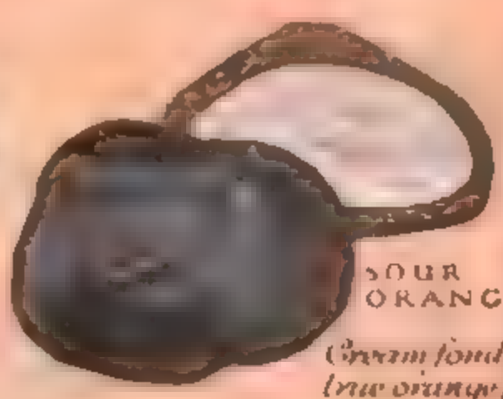
French walnut in cream caramel.

BUTTER SCOTCH

Fresh dairy butter: sugar: vanilla

RUSTICANA

Caramel in special chocolate.

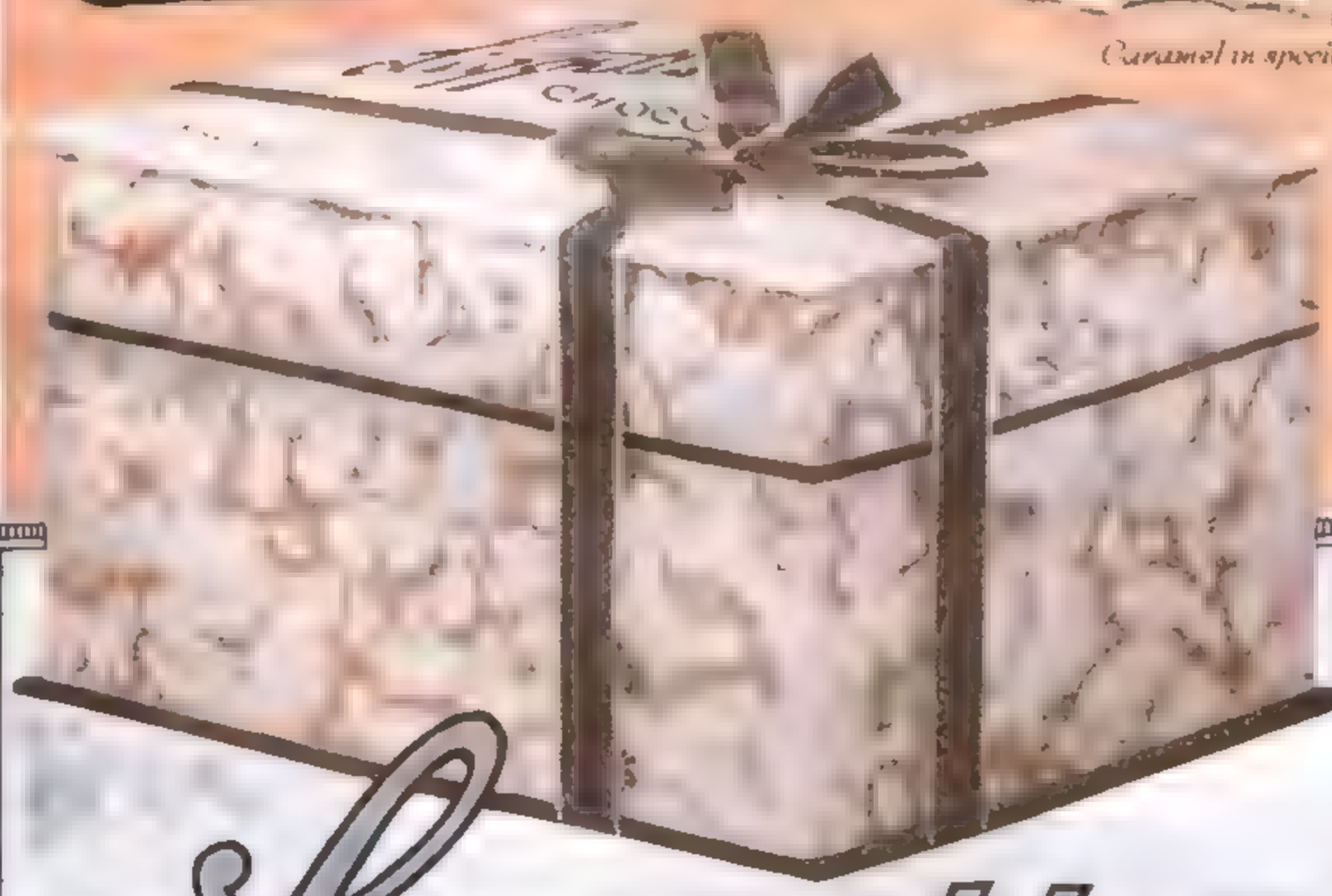


SOUR ORANGE

Cream fondant, true orange fruit

NOUGATINE

Honey, egg, fruits and nuts



Liggett's

"The Chocolates with the Wonderful Centers"

"BRING ME THE CHOCOLATES WITH THE WONDERFUL CENTERS"

TAKE "her" a box and watch what happens. You'll find that in the whole box there is *not one* chocolate that she and you and everyone else do not *love*.

This picture, good as it looks, merely *suggests* how delicious Liggett's are. For we have found out just what centers people are *fondest* of, and have put them *all* into this box. *85c to $1.50 per lb. box.*

By special arrangement Liggett's Chocolates are featured by and sold only at

The 8000 Rexall Stores

throughout the United States and Canada

'Tis The Dressing That Makes The Salad

PLUMP, ripe tomatoes, filled as desired, chilled and served with the famous Carnation "No-Egg" Mayonnaise dressing, makes a tempting hot weather dish.

Carnation Milk blends delightfully into a smooth, creamy mayonnaise of delicious flavor.

Try Carnation "No-Egg" Mayonnaise Dressing

Two tablespoonfuls Carnation Milk, 1-2 teaspoonful salt, 1-8 teaspoonful paprika, 1-2 cup olive oil, 1 tablespoonful vinegar or lemon juice. Put salt and paprika in bowl; add Carnation Milk and mix thoroughly; add oil slowly, stirring constantly. Then add vinegar or lemon juice. If too thick, thin with more Carnation Milk.

Your grocer has Carnation Milk. It is cows' milk—sweet and pure, reduced to the consistency of cream by evaporating part of the water.

No preservative is added. Not even sugar.

It is then hermetically sealed in the convenient container and sterilized.

The evaporating process removes none of the food value. When diluted with an equal part of water Carnation Milk resumes the consistency of whole milk with all its food properties. Carnation Milk is convenient—you can always keep a supply on hand, in the pantry or refrigerator.

Use Carnation Milk for every milk purpose, diluted for cooking, drinking, infant feeding, undiluted as cream in coffee, cocoa, etc., and on cereals, diluted if you prefer. The directions are printed on each container.

Free Recipe Book Upon request we will mail you free "The Story of Carnation Milk" containing one hundred choice, tested recipes, together with special folder "How to Whip Carnation Milk." Address, Recipe Booklet Dept., Carnation Milk Products Co., 832 Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

Guaranteed by

Carnation Milk Products Company

Seattle Chicago Aylmer, Ont.

Condenseries located in the better dairying sections of the United States and Canada

Remember—your grocer has Carnation Milk

(Concluded from Page 48)

required by coal. Finally there are no ashes to bother with. This means that the street traffic incident to the employment of coal and the removal of the ashes could be cut down quite sixty per cent, so the experts say. Besides thus lessening congestion in the thoroughfares of busy cities, the elimination of the ash problem would obviate the employment of barges or the like now needed in many of our ports to carry this refuse seaward or elsewhere, and in this way get rid of numerous slow-moving craft which are a frequent menace to really important shipping. The item of less stowage space for the composite fuel means a good deal more than most people realize.

During the last two winters some of our big cities, and especially the metropolis, were hard put to it, mainly because the bunkers of many buildings were too small to permit of stocking up for more than a week at the most, the majority calling for more coal every alternate day. Therefore, when railroad traffic or other circumstances prevented prompt deliveries, there was a desperate scramble to get fuel anywhere to tide along with. With liquid fuel in place of coal, the available space within these structures is at once amplified in effect and with the composite fuel the measure of reserve heat or energy is still further increased. To be specific, the number of thermal units in every cubic foot of the bins or tanks would be half again greater.

Curiously, though the new fuel is liquid and made up largely of oil, still it differs in some important particulars from the ordinary fuel oils. Crude petroleum and such of its products as are burned under boilers give off vapors and these gases, when commingled with a sufficiency of oxygen, become explosive mixtures. Further, their flash points are such that they will ignite in the presence of a spark or flame at a comparatively low temperature. It is because of this that the underwriters and the fire departments in wide and populous sections of the country are opposed to the storage of liquid fuel in the basements of homes and business and industrial structures.

The composite fuel does not exhale inflammable gases; it is immune to spontaneous combustion; and its flash point is well above two hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit. Further than that, the fuel can be readily fireproofed by pouring upon it an inch or more of water, which will remain uppermost and form an effective seal, or insulator, against chance sparks. All of us are familiar with the generally accepted fact that oil is lighter than water, but in the case of this novel fuel this characteristic lightness is nullified, and all because the added ingredients of powdered coal, pitch and coke increase the specific gravity of the mass. Further, the oil so adheres to the solid carbon particles that only a trifling amount of it is left free to disengage itself; and this, if it rise to the surface of the water, forms a mere film that cannot be ignited. Accordingly the objections heretofore advanced against the household and business uses of liquid fuel within municipal limits are no longer tenable. The fertile-minded will readily appreciate what this is going to mean to one and all of us who have hitherto had to depend upon coal for heat and power.

Not only can the new combustible be fireproofed by a shallow water seal, but if the fuel be inflamed through any cause it can be quenched either by sand or water; and if poured overboard in a blazing state it will sink below the surface and automatically extinguish itself. During both the recent war and in times of peace oil-burning craft have been turned into roaring pyres or have spread the flaming fuel upon the sea, making it well-nigh impossible for the people aboard to escape. The peculiar properties of the composite fuel minimize these hazards—hazards otherwise common among our fighting squadrons, our mercantile fleets and the great passenger liners.

The public at large learned something about the dangerous shortage of power in a number of our great industrial centers during the period of maximum production under the stress of war, but relatively few of us realized that that situation was an unmistakable sign of a state of affairs that year by year is going to become more acute, more critical. Therefore we see in the products which the Submarine Defense Association have made both possible and practicable a source of relief which will start us upon an era of reinvigorated self-sufficiency and save us many millions of dollars each year in our fuel bills.

Oil fuel is used extensively in the steel industry because of its complete combustion when ignited and because of the ease with which temperatures can be varied and maintained. In certain metallurgical processes only refinable petroleum and blends of oils low in sulphur can be used, for otherwise the sulphur would injure the copper, brass, steel and alloy steels. These grades of petroleum are high priced, and the yields from our own fields, which are commonly of this superior character, must be husbanded so that they can be made to give up all of their valuable constituents in passing through the various refining processes.

And yet our steel mills must have a sufficiency of oil fuel, and especially is this necessary in order to carry through promptly and correctly the different heat treatments which radically affect the physical properties of the finished metal. Not only is this demanded for the steel that is worked into guns, armor, armor-piercing projectiles, the shells of torpedoes and the hulls of submarines but equally so by the automobile manufacturer, the builder of high-speed engines and scores and scores of other fabricators. One great steel plant during the period of the war, by reason of the superior oil burned in its heating and annealing furnaces, cut down the measure of its rejected materials to less than five per cent of its tremendous output, while another kindred concern, all because of imperfect heat treatment, had something like sixty per cent of its products thrown back on its hands.

Now, Mexico is in a position to supply us with enormous quantities of nonrefinable oil which is high in sulphur content and utterly unfitted for fuel use either in our steel mills or aboard ship. Just the same, this relatively cheap combustible can be so modified in the mixing of a composite fuel that its sulphur constituent can be averaged down so as to make the ultimate oil-coal fuel fit for any service, no matter how exacting. Likewise coals high in sulphur can be tempered, and when combined as a liquid power producer will answer admirably.

Finally, cannel coal, lignites, of which we have vast deposits, and allied inferior fuels can be powdered and fixed in oil so that they can be burned in a manner to give a maximum of efficient utilization of their contained thermal units.

Mr. Bates and his associates have called the products they have devised colloidal fuels simply because the particles of pulverized coal are ground so fine that they acquire certain properties peculiar to colloids. It takes 50,000,000 of these tiny specks of carbon to fill the space of a cubic inch. And yet, as colloids go, this is relatively coarse. It is not the purpose of this article to go into the chemistry of colloids—a really wonderful realm of science—other than to say that minute bodies act in ways astonishingly different from the large masses from which they have been detached, or separated, by pulverizing. It suffices for us to know that one per cent of fixateur in a ton of colloidal fuel can keep the heavy particles of coal or coke suspended in the lighter oil for periods of many months, thus insuring the easy flow of the mixture through the pumps and pipes of any existing liquid-fuel installation. There is no sediment to clog the equipment.

Clearly the Submarine Defense Association and its scientific collaborators have not made their discovery and placed it upon a commercial footing a bit too soon In discussing the energy resources of the United States and considering them as a field for reconstruction, two of the technicists of the United States National Museum have said within the past few months: "While it is commonly known that our present utilization of fuel is wasteful, it is not generally appreciated how very serious and extensive this default has become, how many lines of progress the current practice in this field is blocking and how distinctly and heavily the whole matter is contributing to the cost of living."

We buy our coal by weight when its real value to us is the measure of thermal units stored away by Nature in its mass. We have to take what we can get and we shovel it into our furnaces, hoping that it will create the heat desired and yield us a commensurate return upon the prices we pay. In the vast majority of cases the amount of the B. T. U's developed is speculative—a gamble, in short. But the day is near when we are going to purchase fuel upon a scale of thermal units—get our money's worth, in other words—no matter what may be the primary source of the needful combustible.

Because of their very nature and the way in which they can be compounded, as it were, colloidal fuels are going to prove the means to well-nigh incalculable relief. In brief, their evolution is no less potentially significant than was the original discovery of petroleum here sixty years ago. They will make a wide variety of waste products of enormous economic service.

RACINE MULTI-MILE CORD TIRES

SERVICE records established by Racine Multi-Mile Cord Tires are proof-positive of the extra mileage value these tires represent.

Racine Rubber Company chemists, in developing the Racine Absorbing Shock Strip, found only in Racine Multi-Mile Cord Tires, have given tire users a new high standard by which to judge cord service. By creating a neutral zone between the tread and cord carcass, this Racine feature scientifically smothers all road shocks. Being graduated in resiliency, it equalizes flex of body and tread, preventing tread separation, and insuring longer life.

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For Your Own Protection Be Certain Every Racine Tire You Buy Bears the Name

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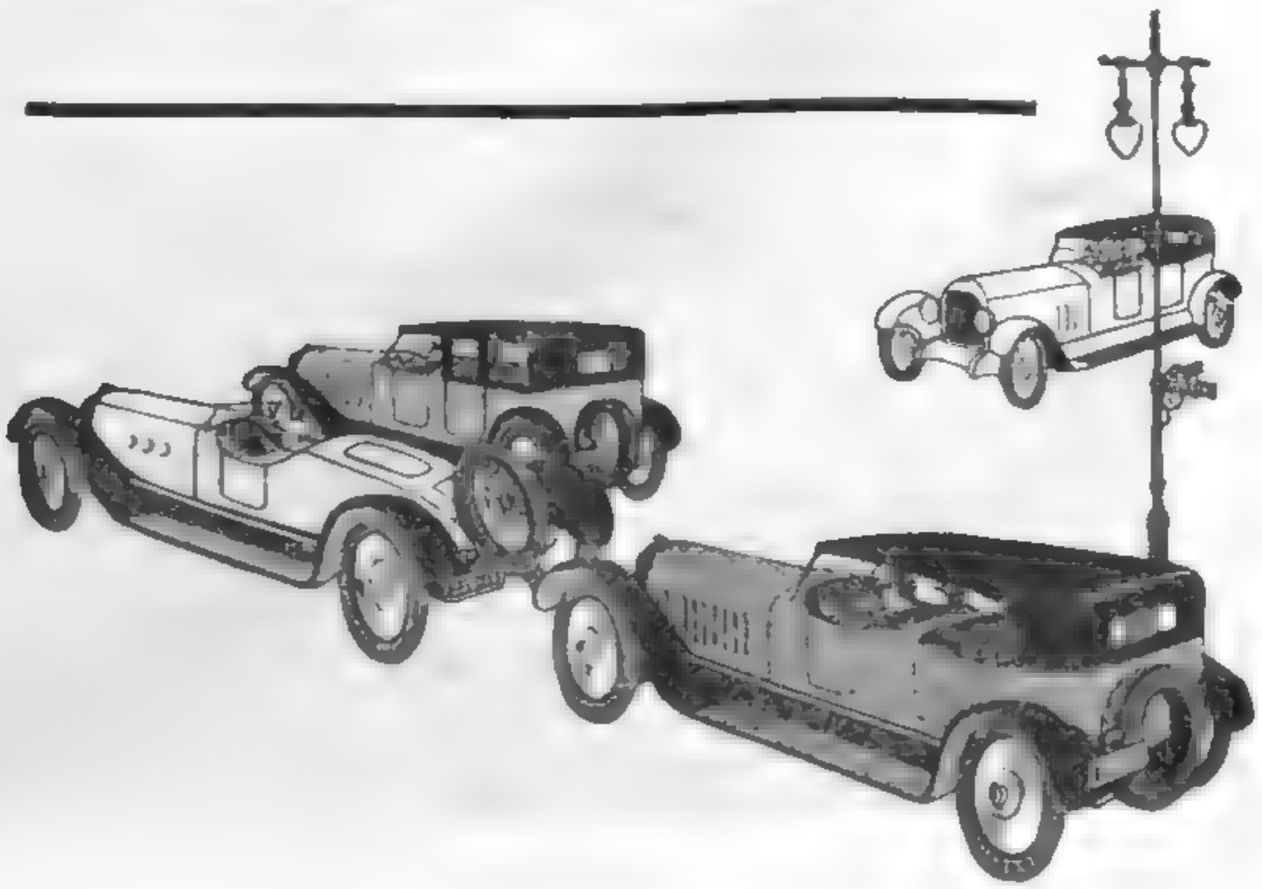


OUT-OF-DOORS

PIGEONS AND PIGEONS

Zion Canyon, Zion National Monument, Utah. A Bill Creating This Monument Into a National Park Has Passed the Senate Recently

WHENEVER mention is made in widely circulated public print regarding the disappearance of the passenger pigeon, invariably it is followed by many letters charging error on the part of the writer and declaring that wild pigeons still exist in many parts of America. It is quite natural that many such letters should appear, following recent publication in these columns of a résumé of the history of the passenger pigeon in America.

It would be joyous news could it be believed that specimens of the wild passenger pigeon actually had been seen, and it is not an impossibility that they should be seen. One actual and proved incident of that sort would outweigh all the negative evidence in the world. There must have been in the past some actual definite date on which the last wild pigeon died, or else that date still lies in the future. No one can tell absolutely as to that. All we can say is that the Nays appear to have it.

John Burroughs in 1906 insisted that there were wild pigeons in Sullivan and Dutchess Counties, New York—and Mr. Burroughs is known to be a good naturalist. All he really did, however, was to give the name of some other man who had seen flocks of the birds. He named Mr. Charles W. Benton, once familiar with the species, who said he had seen a large flock of passenger pigeons passing over the village of Prattsville, Greene County, New York, one afternoon about the middle of April, 1906. Mr. Benton cited others also who had seen these birds; and he reported a pigeon which was killed near that town in the fall of 1905. There were other details as to the evidence, which was all hearsay—none of it first-hand observation by Mr. Burroughs himself.

That is the side of the affirmative. The negative of it is that these reports never have made good later on; that the birds would not be so apt to appear both in the spring and in the fall near the same village in these days; that the so-called pigeon that was shot was never preserved, so far as known; that no actual, first-hand, absolute proof of the identity of these birds ever was produced.

This is not to say that the birds may not have been there. In 1905 six birds were seen near Vanderbilt, Michigan, by an old woodsman, George King, who once was familiar with the species. He did not, however, have one of them in his hand. That only shows that possibly the date of actual disappearance of this species may have been later than we supposed at first.

In September of 1900 I not only saw a specimen of the passenger pigeon, but actually held it in my hand. I skinned the specimen and had the skin identified—had I needed any identification. I was once familiar with the bird in my own youth. Now, that is positive first-hand evidence, and while I do not for a minute suppose that that was the last wild pigeon in America left alive, it is the last one which I know to have been killed and identified and reported at first hand. Since this is true, I might perhaps tell something of the actual circumstances surrounding the taking of this bird. It has been reported by some historians of the pigeon—as for instance by Mr. Neal Brown of Wausau, Wisconsin—that I killed this bird myself, which is not the case.

Mr. Neal Brown was of the party at Babcock, Wisconsin, where we were hunting prairie chickens in September, 1900. With us was Mr. Varney of that town, a former railway conductor. Varney and I were hunting together. He saw a tree full of mourning doves, among them one "awful big dove," as he reported it. He shot this giant dove and put it in his pocket. At eleven o'clock of that morning, in the shade of a haystack, he took out this bird and we both saw that it was a young wild pigeon—a passenger pigeon. Mr. Brown later saw the bird before I prepared the skin.

How False Reports Originate

Now, that is the last wild pigeon of which I know positively. It might as well have happened in 1906—or in 1919—as in 1900. All we can say is that the negative appears to have it as to these later dates. Science does not accept hearsay evidence.

Boiled down, most of these pigeon reports grew to be observations of two species of birds which very much resemble the passenger pigeon. The first and most common of these is the mourning dove, or Carolina dove. This bird is common over most of the Northern States, where the wild pigeons once were abundant. It feeds on the wheat fields, as once the pigeon did, and in the woods its habits are not unlike those of the wild pigeon. In certain lights birds look larger than in other lights. To unskilled eyes—or to the old and uncertain eyes of those who once saw pigeons in their youth—these birds may appear rather large. As a matter of fact, they are just about half the size of the wild pigeon, but the wild pigeon is not there with which to compare it. This is the most usual mistake in the Northern States.

Men who once knew the wild pigeon very well have mistaken flocks of curlews and flocks of golden plover for them. Other birds of irregular flock flights may have been mistaken for them. While it is not right to say that no man could have seen a wild pigeon within the past year, it is very probable that most of the reports from the Northern States are errors of the above nature. I give one letter to show how confident the observer usually is. This is written by Mr. J. P. Evans, of Painesville, Ohio:

"I am an old man in my sixty-ninth year. I want to say that the article headed 'Out-of-Doors' regarding Martha has been read by myself. I guess when I was a young fellow I shot more pigeons than the man that wrote that article and when he says there are no more passenger pigeons in the world he is talking about something he doesn't know anything about. If he will come up to Painesville in Lake County, Ohio, and call on Mr. Spink, the superintendent of the Infirmary Farm, I think we will convince him that there are still an odd few wild pigeons in Ohio.

"These are not mourning doves—an altogether different class of birds. Last fall there was a flock of five that Mr. Spink and I saw. I have seen an odd one or two together this spring. In about a week, when they cut a piece of wheat, I expect to see more of them. Four years ago I was walking along the road when a flock of at least eight or ten flew over my head. I have just got a little ten-dollar note that says I am right, and if that man will come and bring a net I think we can capture a wild passenger pigeon that is not the last one in Ohio."

I referred the above letter to Capt. Shoemaker in McElhattan, Pennsylvania, knowing that he has one of the old pigeon nets. But Capt. Shoemaker does not care to go to Painesville, as he says he is confident these birds are only mourning doves.

There remain the still more confident and concurrent letters from states on the Pacific slope, of which one or two ought to be given. One is from Mr. R. M. Hamilton, of Cloverdale, California:

"In your issue of June 21, under the heading Out-of-Doors, regarding Martha, the writer states that Martha was the last of the passenger, or wild pigeon; this is where I would like a little information. In California, where I live, and especially in Sonoma and Lake Counties, we have thousands of wild pigeons and in the fall and winter they have been so numerous that they have broken the limbs off of the big firs when they went to roost. Also in Kern County I have shot dozens of them before the law went into effect protecting them, which is still in force.

"Now what I would like to know is what the author of the article meant when he stated that Martha was the last of her family, her species and her race. Does he refer to one particular kind of bird? I was always under the impression that a wild pigeon was a wild pigeon. Any information you or the author can give me on the subject will be greatly appreciated."

Yet another letter comes from Mr. L. Wagner, Dorena, Oregon, inclosing a clipping from an Oregon newspaper which mentions the names of four men of Harrisburg, Oregon, each of whom had just been fined twenty-five dollars and costs for killing wild pigeons. Mr. Wagner writes:

"I have lived in the hills of Oregon for thirty-eight years and am as much of a sportsman as a poor man ever gets to be, and during that time there has been hardly a year that I did not see wild pigeons. At present the wild strawberries are plentiful here and in a five-minute walk from my home I can flush near a hundred from their feeding ground.

"My father was born in the state of Pennsylvania, 1845, and lived there until he joined the Union Army. After the war he moved to Indiana and Iowa. In 1874 he moved to Oregon. I have often heard him tell of the large flocks of pigeons in Pennsylvania, and base my statements on his saying these are the wild pigeons. They arrive here in May and stay until fall, but I never heard of anyone finding a nest. They are of a slaty-blue color and weigh about an even pound."

Says Large Flocks Attack Fruit

Yet another letter comes from Mr. C. D. Brooks, who writes from Fulton, Missouri, regarding observations he made in Oregon:

"I saw the article about Martha, the last of the passenger pigeons. Wild pigeons may not be of the same species; and if so this is one on me, but in my boyhood I have seen them in Missouri in great numbers and, as far as I know, they were exactly the same as we have now in the foothills of the Cascade Range in Oregon. I had a cherry orchard there for the last seven years and every year I killed a few to protect my fruit. They came in flocks of over one hundred at one time.

"In proof of my statement I am inclosing two feathers. I wish you would answer through THE POST explaining the difference, if any, as I am a sportsman and interested in such matters, and I think there are a great many others."

Mr. R. J. Neely writes from yet another locality, Harrah, Washington, with equal

positiveness: "I know these birds well, having killed them in the Mississippi Valley as late as the early eighties. Strange as it may seem to you, they are here in this state in considerable numbers. I do not know of their nesting places, but have seen them at all times of the season. I am not mistaken in them and would be glad to give you any information I can."

These letters are printed to show the sincerity of the writers and in order to make such reply to them as will prevent future unnecessary correspondence.

All of these reports from California, Oregon and Washington are without doubt of band-tailed pigeons, a species which is not yet extinct and which we may hope will not become so in this later and wiser day. This bird is far more like the passenger pigeon than is the Carolina dove, and to mistake it for the passenger pigeon is entirely natural.

In the summer of 1881, when I was living in Lincoln County, New Mexico, I heard that there were wild pigeons on Carrizo Mountain, and in the course of a bear hunt saw some of the birds, which I then took to be the passenger pigeon. I sent back to the States for a shotgun, and though I was unable to obtain any very good ammunition at that place and so blew off more feathers than I killed birds, I did kill and examine and eat some of these wild pigeons, though conscious at the time that they were not quite the same bird of my own boyhood days in Iowa.

I have never heard of the band-tailed pigeon's being killed east of Central New Mexico, where I saw mine, though the species may have lived much farther east than that. Neither have I ever seen any of the species in California or in Oregon; but taking my own experience and the reports of naturalists covering many years, I am very sure that these birds reported are not the passenger pigeon, but the band-tailed pigeon. I think if our Western friends will examine their birds they will find a chestnut-brown band across the tail and will find that the tail is not so long as that of the passenger pigeon; and will find that their bird is not so racy and long in outline as the old passenger pigeon, though its flight and its way of alighting in trees might easily deceive one into thinking that it was the passenger pigeon. This bird is reported from Mexico also. If you will examine the wild turkey of Mexico, New Mexico and Arizona you will find that it has transverse chestnut bars on the tail instead of white, as the Northern wild turkey has. This chestnut coloration seems to be a part of that Southwestern scheme.

What the Scientist Says

If it is so easy out of doors to mistake these different species, certainly it will be impossible to describe them in print so that one can tell them surely. I recommend all our Western friends to examine the colored plates of the great naturalists showing both species. The only other book within my knowledge which has good color plates showing both species accurately is that called the Passenger Pigeon, by W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Michigan. An examination of the colored plates in the latter book will very quickly show the difference between the true passenger pigeon and his several cousins. Finally, in order to be of the last possible assistance in determining the nature of these different birds so widely reported, I give the scientific description of *Ectopistes Migratorius* as given by Audubon.

Adult Male: Bill—straight, of ordinary length, rather slender, broader than deep at the base, with a tumid, fleshy covering above, compressed toward the end, rather obtuse; upper mandible slightly declinate at the tip, edges inflected. Head—small; neck, slender; body, rather full. Legs—short and strong; tarsus, rather rounded; anteriorly scutellate; toes, slightly webbed at the base; claws, short, depressed, obtuse.

Plumage—blended on the neck and under parts, compact on the back. Wings—long, the second quill longest. Tail—graduated, of twelve tapering feathers.

Bill—black. Iris—bright red. Feet—carmine purple, claws blackish. Head—above and on the sides light blue. Throat, foreneck, breast and sides—light brownish-red, the rest of the under parts white. Lower part of the neck behind and along the sides changing to gold, emerald green and rich crimson. The general color of the upper parts is grayish blue, some of the wing-coverts marked with a black spot. Quills and larger wing-coverts blackish, the primary quills bluish in the outer web, the larger coverts whitish at the tip. The two middle feathers of the tail black, the rest pale blue at the base, becoming white toward the end.

Length, 16¼ inches; extent of wings, 25; bill, along the ridge, ⅝; along the gap, 1 1/16; tarsus, 1¼; middle toe, 1⅓.

Adult Female: The colors of the female are much duller than those of the male, although their distribution is the same. The breast is light grayish-brown, the upper parts pale reddish-brown tinged with blue. The changeable spot on the neck is of less extent, and the eye of a somewhat duller red, as are the feet.

Length, 15 inches; extent of wings, 23; bill, along the ridge, ¾; along the gap, ⅝.

I wish that some of our friends on the Pacific Slope would, if it be legally permissible, kill two—and no more—specimens of these Western pigeons, preferably a male and a female, have a good taxidermist make a skin of each and send them to Capt. Henry W. Shoemaker, McElhattan, Pennsylvania, for verification. A few feathers do not serve as a means of determining a species. Lastly, let us thank all these gentlemen for their prompt challenge, now or at any time, of any statement herein which does not seem accurate.

Before the Days of Extinction

Mr. S. E. Wharton of Seattle, Washington, sends this interesting communication relative to the day of the passenger pigeon:

"I have read with much interest and considerable gratitude the article Regarding Martha. My interest rises out of boyhood recollections; my gratitude out of a coincidence. A couple of weeks ago, while on a day's outing with two friends who are middle-aged natives of this region, I told them of having seen the nesting of wild pigeons. That is, I tried to tell them, but didn't get further than the preliminaries; for when I swept my arm in an eloquent gesture to indicate that I had seen hundreds of thousands in flocks half a mile in length come hour after hour to the breeding place after their day's foraging for food, I was hooted down as a preposterous liar whose tale was too absurd to be entertaining. So I have had much pleasure in mailing copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of June 21 to them, with the corroborative passages suitably underscored. If I lie about it I find myself in distinguished company.

"But I know that all you have printed and all I have asserted in my reminiscences is less than the truth. I regret that I have nothing at hand but my boyhood recollections to draw upon for the little contribution I am offering. I cannot even positively give the year in which the colonization occurred in the vicinity of my home; but I can tell where definite information may be found by anyone interested.

"First, I note that Minnesota is not included in the area given in your article as the habitat of the wild pigeon. The omission is not important, however, for the nesting which I witnessed was in the woods on both sides of the Mississippi River, and four-fifths of the colony, I judge, was in the elm forest of the river bottom on the Wisconsin side. But the birds seemed to prefer the Minnesota side for feeding and flew out and back morning and evening across the river, which at the point where I lived was half a mile wide.

"Our house in Wabasha, Minnesota, was upon a ridge about thirty feet above the river and forty rods back from the stream. The year of the nesting was, I believe, 1871. The Wabasha Herald and every other paper published within hundreds of miles of the place told of the visitation. Files of the St. Paul daily papers in the possession of the Minnesota State Historical Society would yield definite reports. For several summers afterward I occasionally shot wild pigeons while hunting in the woods and I remember they appeared to be lost and wandering about.

"The river bottom on the Wisconsin side was a mile wide. The lowlands extend to the foot of steep bluffs several hundred feet high. On the Minnesota side there was but little river bottom, and the timber was mainly oak. Our side appeared to be merely an overflow of the main pigeon colony. The nesting extended at least ten miles up the river and about the same distance down. At places above and below Wabasha the river bottom on the Wisconsin side was more than a mile wide. In many of the elm trees there were dead branches, and these would give way under the weight of birds and crash down, adding this note of fracture to the pandemonium that began at earliest dawn and continued until late at night, subsiding somewhat during the day while the parent birds were going back and forth to the feeding places, fifty miles and even farther into the farming country. In the evening the living branches would bend under the weight of the roosting birds and dump them; eggs would roll out of nests and later the young squabs would fall upon the ground in the dusk. The ground would be smeared with broken eggs and the bodies of baby squabs. I vividly remember the commotion that continued during the season and the carnage and destruction that attended it.

"A field of clover perhaps forty acres in extent a mile below my home was leased by the netters. It was upon the ridge back from the river and was bordered on two sides by oak timber. The netters worked systematically. Pits were dug in which the men who threw the net were hidden. The net, as I remember it, was about seventy-five feet long and ten or twelve wide. At either end a light stick was fastened and one end of the stick was hinged to a stake driven solidly into the ground. A rope attached to the other end of the stick was pulled by the men in the pits to swing the net over. Corn and other grain were then scattered on the ground under the net and round it in places where the clover had been cut off so the grain could be seen by the birds flying overhead. The decoy birds—with their eyes sewed shut or otherwise blinded—were released to flutter above the net or upon it, and the grisly work soon began.

"A crew of men and women pickers were hidden in the woods at the edge of the field. The birds flocked down to feed. They came precipitately after the first ones had ventured, and in a few minutes the area for rods round was thickly covered with them. The feet of many of those upon the net went through the mesh and got tangled, but in their greed to gobble the grain the birds wallowed about, piled one upon another.

"It did not require quick action to swing the net to make a big catch, for with the feet of hundreds tangled in the net and hundreds of others coming down upon them a great number were sure to be trapped. Then the pickers rushed out of the woods and with sticks beat the birds on the heads or wrung their necks as they were taken from the net. The catch was carried to benches in the woods, plucked, drawn and salted in barrels for shipment. The net was reset and the pickers thus kept busy after the work began. Day after day this operation was continued and tons of birds were caught there. I do not think there were any other netters. One party seemed to have a monopoly."

Dropping Them From Doorstep

"At daylight the pigeons came streaking swiftly across the river on their way to the farming region beyond. They did not come in large flocks, but scatteringly, and instead of rising high in the air they flew across the river close to the water; so when they reached our side they rose sharply and swung from twenty to a hundred feet above our house. The noise after their wakening was unforgetable. The sound of breaking branches, the squawking and fluttering of millions came distinctly across the water and made sleep impossible. And then followed the whir of wings and the banging of guns as we and everybody else bagged our breakfasts and dinners and suppers, if we cared to, by shooting from our dooryards. On their return in the evenings the birds came in flocks of hundreds of thousands, flying much higher; but as they neared the river they swooped low and we could bring them down as long as we cared to stand in our dooryards and shoot.

"Everybody was soon surfeited with pigeon, and then I changed the course of my enterprise to leasing my rowboat or taking parties across the river to harvest the squabs that seemed to evolve magically out of the nests, helpless gobs of feathers and fat. Men, women and children went to the nesting place any time of the day after the squabs were old enough to eat and with poles knocked them off the branches and filled grain sacks with them—two and a half bushels to the sack! The Indians who lived along the river showed the white folks how to slit and smoke the squabs to preserve them for winter use; but the white folks did not fancy that kind of dainty, as it was a very greasy operation and a greasy and cindery product resulted.

"Even those living fifty miles from the river had a chance to shoot pigeons, and every home was supplied with pigeon wings for dusting and feathers for pillows and beds, if the people cared to gather them. The netters made their harvest, folded their nets and tents and went their way, evidently with untroubled consciences.

"As I look back now and visualize the vast flocks that returned each evening from their foraging, it does not seem possible that the annual slaughter could even have materially diminished them. But they are gone. No one knew where they went after the nesting season—no one cared.

"That has been the trouble with our country in many ways. Our game has been too profuse. It was so with the buffalo; it was so with the wild pigeon; it is so with the wild waterfowl, though we have begun their protection in time."

Buffalo Skulls as Property Markers

"In the spring of 1876 my father and older brothers went to Southwestern Minnesota to take up claims of government land. It is a prairie region and they located in a treeless section. The surveyors, who had platted the land several years before, carried square stakes of oak with which to mark the section corners and half-section lines, and for many miles at each section corner four buffalo skulls were set, horns upward, the white faces showing clearly to aid the settler in locating his claim. The grass never grew high enough to hide them. At each half-section line one skull was set at the stake. Thousands of skulls had been used in that way and we found others on the prairie, with bones everywhere.

"The slaughter of the buffalo in that region was so recent that the skulls and bones were still upon the surface and I found a number of horns in good condition upon the skulls. Crescents of buffalo grass, as distinctly marked and as symmetrical as though they had been made by a gardener, showed where herds had trampled out the original grass as they stood to face storms. Indians told me the buffalo used the same places many times, and this evidently was true, for the crescents were a few inches below the general level of the ground. Settlers who were near the railroad made some money by gathering the skulls and bones and selling them to buyers for refineries, we were told, to make bone charcoal for refining sugar; but I think the bones were used for cutlery handles and fertilizer.

"A few years later I drove across South Dakota and saw buffalo skulls and bones all along the way. In Montana even as late as 1900 the Indians found enough buffalo horns upon the ranges to give them considerable revenue out of making hat-racks and other souvenir atrocities to sell to Eastern tourists.

"Minnesota is known as the state of a thousand lakes and has more than that number. In the autumn of 1880 I was for several days a guide for a party of sportsmen from Chicago who were the guests of the traffic manager of a railroad. There were ten in the party and they came in the manager's private car, with a freight-car trailer full of supplies for their ten days' outing. The cars were sidetracked at Tracy. The evening of the second day the freight car was filled with ducks, geese and ice and started for Chicago to carry a feast to the sportsmen's friends. A second carload was shipped two days later; and when the party rolled away at the end of the last perfect day of sport the trailer carried another load. The total of that slaughter must have been thousands. There were hundreds of hunters in that region. But there were millions and millions of ducks and hundreds of thousands of geese and brant, and they seemed so innumerable that such wholesale and unrestricted killing did not bother the consciences of the sportsmen who annually went there from all parts of the country.

"Perhaps we ought to dig out and reproach ourselves with the cold truth about all of these creatures. They certainly had a right to live somewhere—if not among us. But if we don't concede this we must admit that it was stupid of us not to keep them for our use by protective conservation."

Packard First Cost and Final Economy

FINE automobiles were long made and sold as luxuries.

Some men cannot yet grasp the idea of economy and sheer utility-value beyond a certain fixed first cost.

Their motoring ideals are limited. Their car imagination stops about half way.

These men have not kept pace with engineering development as represented by the Packard Twin Six.

Leaving aside the factors of elegance, beauty, speed, riding comfort, they would not understand how the Packard, for example, would be worth a two-fisted man's money, even if he took care of it himself and, let us say, drove it in his shirt sleeves.

On the highroad, or in city traffic, it is the easiest car in the world to handle; the best car for either man or woman to drive; the most responsive, accurate and safe.

The natural life of the Packard Car is exceptionally long.

It costs less to maintain than many cars of lower price. It does not need the constant care of a mechanician.

Every part is accessible.

Adjustments are so simple, the whole mechanical lay-out so clean-cut, that any man or woman who has been about cars at all and knows enough to handle a wrench can keep it running sweet and strong as the day it was delivered.

The Packard does everything easily, without racking vibration, without effort, without strain. There is nothing inaccessible, awkward or amateurish about it.

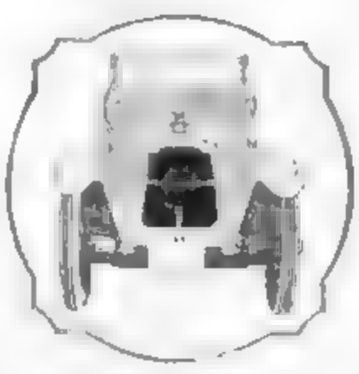
It is a developed car; professional through and through. All the power you can use, but never any wasted.

Any man could see the advantage of all this in relation, say, to the power equipment of his factory. Why should he think he can compromise successfully in his motor-car investment?

* * *

There is a new science of transportation — that of motor-vehicle performance, maintenance and cost. It has to do with your car and its duty, however limited its use.

The Packard people are transportation experts; they have more to tell you on this subject than any other organization in the world. You can ask them to discuss your car problem without obligation. It is to your interest and profit to do so.



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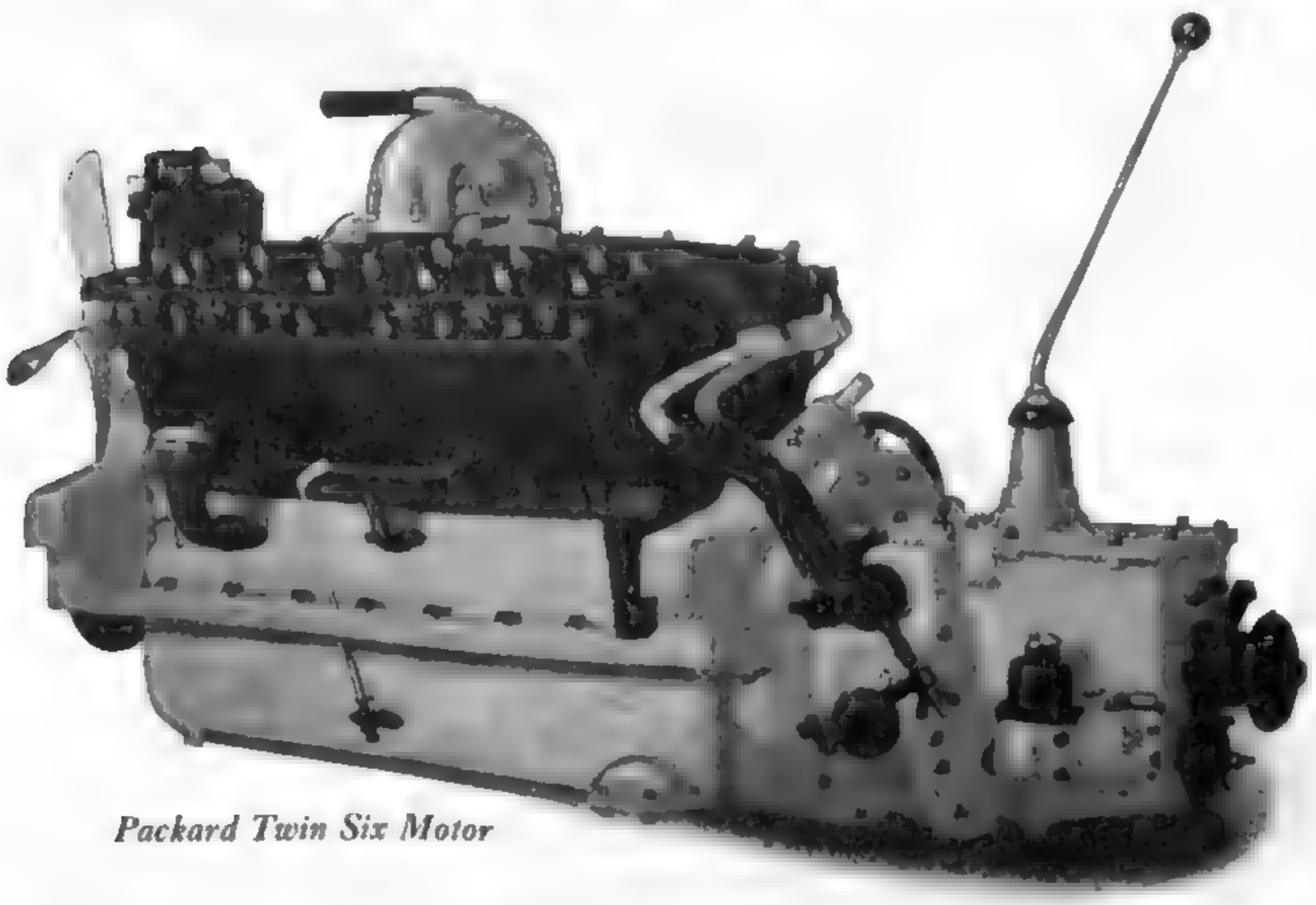
Judged by the number of years you will use the Packard, as against the life of another car—a Packard costs less than an ordinary automobile. The total cost includes not only the original cost, but supplies, repairs and upkeep—against which you can credit the assured high used-value of a Packard Car.



Packard Twin Six Motor

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Detroit*

Barbers and Improvements

Barbers as a class have always been quick to take advantage of all improvements. They were early users of open plumbing, hot-water heaters, electricity for facial massage, and compressed air for speedily drying shampooed hair.

And yet every barber today still shaves with one type of razor — the Genco type of razor. Professionals know. Two hundred thousand barbers realize that for one good shave, any blade ought to be stropped.

Genco Razors are all regular razors. The Safege is simply a slightly shorter professional blade, easily stropped, though made with a guard.

Anybody Can Strop a GENCO Razor

Some men have a notion that they can't successfully strop a professional blade.

The Genco is built to strop. It has a broad back; its blade is concave ground; it is ground with a slight bevel immediately behind the edge. These three features cause the blade to meet the strop at precisely the correct angle. Its business-like shaving edge can be renewed with a few easy strokes.

Drop in on your dealer and ask to see a Genco Razor. Every one is sold with our guarantee, "Genco Razors must make good or we will."

A regular razor at a reasonable price without comparatively heavy upkeep costs. If your dealer hasn't Genco Razors, we will supply you.

GENEVA CUTLERY CORPORATION 230 Gates Avenue, Geneva, N. Y.

Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of High-Grade Razors in the World

Have you ever stropped a blade scientifically designed to strop? A blade made with a broad, firm back, hollow ground, and swelling into a slight bulge to give back bone to the edge, this blade can be stropped by you as easily as by your barber. The blade meets the strop at just the correct angle to assure a perfect shaving edge.

Genco RAZORS

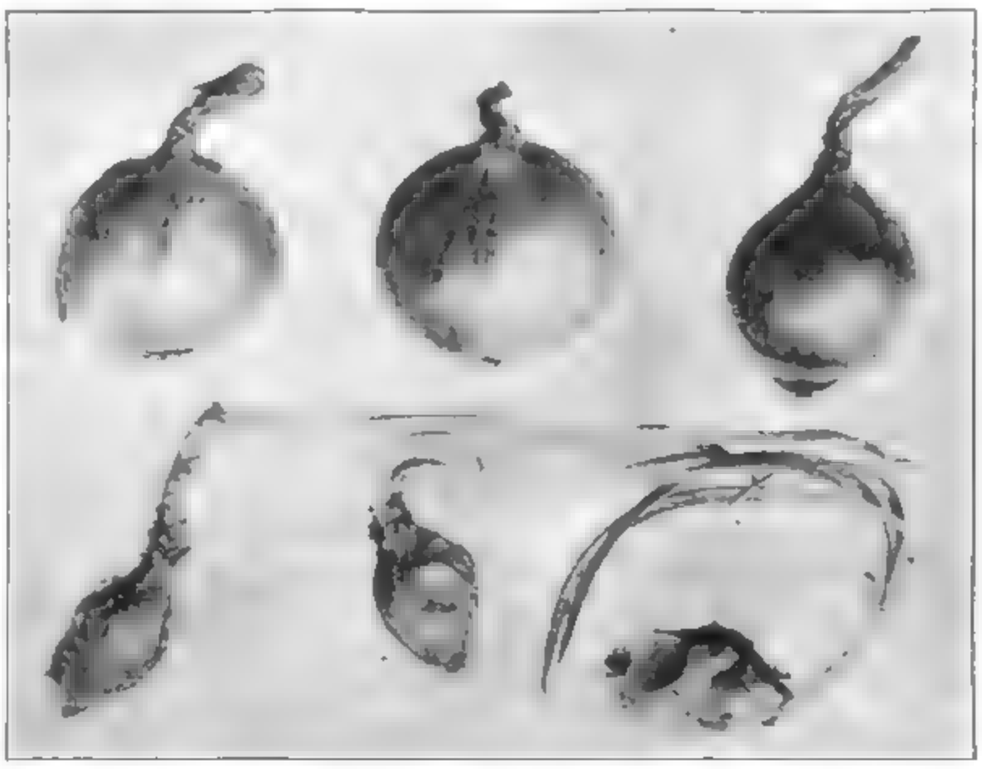
EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 32)

least one hundred employees' families. The building is generally constructed of wood and the interior is divided into individual bins of fifty bushels' capacity each. This would give a total storage capacity of approximately five thousand bushels. After the wooden framework of such a cellar has been constructed the sides, ends and roof are boarded with one-inch common lumber and covered with tarred felt to shed moisture. Six-inch round poles are then put on the sides and roof and earth is filled in to a depth of seven or eight feet. As a general rule at least two sides of the cellar are made to butt into a hill or embankment of some kind. Six or seven ventilators must be installed and these may be made of pipe or wood. The cellar entrance should be supplied with three or four wooden doors and a heavy screen door. In cool weather the heavy doors are left open and the screen door is locked. The bins are separated by a one or two inch partition and each bin has a slat door which can be locked.

In early winter in most localities the ventilators and doors may be left open. But when the thermometer falls to 41 degrees and colder weather is anticipated the cellar should be closed tight. On mild winter days the ventilators may be partially opened and the air freshened. In the spring when the potatoes show an inclination to sprout the sprouts should be rubbed off. Signs of rotting indicate that the products should be carefully picked over. In every cellar there should be instruments of precision for determining temperature, humidity and ventilation. In the matter of ventilation the simple rule is to admit the cool air at one end of the cellar near the floor and exhaust the warm air at the other end through an opening in the roof. Exposure to modified daylight injures vegetables, and for this reason it is best to light the storage house by electricity.

In view of the amazing fact that forty per cent of the nation's farm, garden and orchard produce is wasted, the vegetable cellar looms large as a remedy for this unnecessary loss. Though the wide application of the idea will not remove the complicated and expensive delivery curse of the city dwellers who reside in eight-by-ten apartments, there will be an indirect benefit which will act in positive fashion to reduce the cost of eatables and increase health by extending the season when supplies of fresh vegetables may be obtained.



Onions Improperly Kept Were Sprouted and Soft in April. Onions Properly Kept Were Perfectly Sound

Foreign Trade Via the Mississippi

PERMANENT utilization of the great fluvial highway offered by the Mississippi River is practically assured. This conclusion is supported by the successful showing made by the Government's barge line now operating between St. Louis and New Orleans. It is also a fact that the Director General of Railroads favors a continuation of government operation on that river, even when the railroads go back to their owners.

The present service on the Mississippi is being conducted with makeshift equipment, but even with that it is rendering a material service.

When the especially designed towboats and barges now being constructed are put in operation this fall a big improvement is predicted.

Evidently the Mississippi Valley is banking heavily on the resulting cheap freights to tidewater, and as a consequence is devoting much attention to foreign trade. Both the St. Louis and Memphis Chambers of Commerce are engineering negotiations for the operation of their own ocean-going merchant fleets out of New Orleans.

Moving Back to Town

CAREFULLY laid housing and welfare plans in many manufacturing centers are being interfered with by the public-utilities situation. In many industrial localities—Lynn, Massachusetts, is cited as a good example—wage earners in large numbers have established their homes at a distance of several miles from their work. There they have plenty of air and ground space, and living is wholesome. These residential sections were made available by cheap, frequent and efficient electric-car service. Now that fares have been increased, schedules curtailed and efficiency in operation lowered, the tendency on the part of the workers is to move back into the congested residential areas near the factories.

Higher rates for electric lights and artificial gas, and the increased expense of having them installed, also are having a bearing on the housing situation.

Uncle Sam—Storekeeper

GOVERNMENT ventures into business are not popular just at this time; nevertheless an experiment that appears to meet with general approval is under consideration in Washington by the Federal departments. The war came upon the national capital when its facilities were hardly adequate to care for the needs of its normal quota of citizens. Within a few weeks the population increased by a fourth. As a result there was profiteering on a scale rarely if ever paralleled.

Congress put a stop to excessive profits in rents by passing the Saulsbury Law, and now, after the need is past, as some say, eight of the executive departments are conferring with the idea of starting a great government commissary where goods will be sold at cost to government employees.

The Why and Wherefore of Poverty

IN UNDERTAKING a careful study into the causes of poverty among its people Baltimore has set a worthy example for other American cities. The investigation brought out that of 8663 cases studied, 4072, or 47 per cent, showed physical illness as the cause of poverty. Of this total 1470 were classified as temporary illness, while tuberculosis accounted for 708 cases. Of the remaining unfortunates, 2236 cases, or 25.81 per cent of all the cases studied, were in want because of something out of the way in somebody's mental or moral make-up. It is evident, therefore, that nearly three-quarters of the trouble was due to some mental, moral or physical weakness. Only 5.16 per cent of the needy were victims of labor conditions, while one per cent were in difficulty through a chronically insufficient income.

Among other facts revealed it appeared that in the 8663 cases dealt with there were 8568 subnormal or abnormal individuals. The literacy table showed that 4583 of the men and 4560 of the women could read, write and speak English. The common belief that the poor have large families is refuted, for nearly a half of the married couples had no children under sixteen years of age. It was also discovered that the majority of the cases were between the ages of eighteen and forty, only 199 cases being attributed to old age.

Baltimore offers the benefit of its experience to other cities desirous of undertaking similar studies.

THE PEACE AND PRESIDENT WILSON

(Continued from Page 15)

statesmen—and not all of them—understanding him. In addition to the four major Powers he sat with the little nations, who though they believed in Wilson as Santa Claus were none the less dubious, none the less hungry, always Europeans. This also must not be forgotten—that the President was playing one kind of a game, his Allies another. They desired certain concrete things. Occasionally these concrete things overlapped. But they never differed in kind. Europe sat at the table, for boundaries, for economic advantages, for military guaranties, for balances of power. One must keep that in mind. For the President's appeal did not reach the men who sat with him in the conference. It reached only public opinion, and though European governments are much more flexible than ours their public opinion does not seem to be so powerful as ours; and the fine phrases of the peripatetic philosopher, with his basketful of groceries and his walletful of I O U's, did not reach those in the conference—save and except always certain of the English, probably Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Balfour. But even they did not lessen the British feeling that the Peace Conference was ordained to dole out material rewards for the virtuous act of winning the war. So all the nations, little and big, at the conference desired material things, and America was playing for spiritual things.

But our player sat in the game and played a lone hand. He played with no one at his shoulder to check him. Time and again he has come out of the Council of Ten or out of the meeting of the Four or of the Five, realizing afterward and freely admitting in private that he had agreed or disagreed with something too hastily. Yet he is of the temperament that must play a lone hand. His relations with men are cordial but never fraternal; he attracts followers rather than friends; he has experts but he tolerates no partners. He can ask advice, but no one in the sacred circle of his acquaintance has the royal right to call him a fool and live. So he sat and played a lone hand in a game whose cards he knew but slightly; whose rules he did not comprehend; whose players, banded against him, he never could meet as cronies; and whose stakes he despised.

Yet he played a great game, and in the main a successful game.

It was a triumph of mind over matter. If only he could have put heart into the game as well as head he would have swept the table.

Early in the session of the Council of Ten the President saw that valuable time was passing foolishly. In addition to the Ten were their secretaries and experts and assistants. And Lloyd George being an

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Has Your Officer Hung Up His Coat?

Are you faced with the delightful necessity of furnishing a whole house—at a moment's notice—because the captain insisted on a wedding the minute he was mustered out?

Here's a little breakfast room to start a blithe day. There are English linen curtains on the windows—blue peacocks and gold sunshine. The light filters in across dull red tiles, and lights up creamy rough-cast walls, and winks morning cheerfulnesses from the bits of old pewter on the oaken Welsh dresser. . . .

Expensive? Not a bit. And yet—if you sat in that good-natured cottage chair, wouldn't there be an added flavor to the morning coffee?

House & Garden will show you how to build, decorate, furnish—how to make a garden. It will shop for you—and the Information Service will answer questions by mail, if you want expert advice.

These 5 Numbers of House & Garden, $1

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The year's most lovable number, all written for the soul with a hobby. You'll recognize the eager, leisurely, critical, tolerant atmosphere of collectordom, and be happy with it.

Autumn Furnishing — September
The new fabrics—interior architectural doorways—how to choose a paper for the bedroom, and decorate the hallway in relation to its connecting rooms.

Fall Planting — October
Winter gardens—what bulbs to plant in the fall—how to make a rock garden—the Fall Planting Tables, those invaluable pages that represent years of expert investigation, all collated.

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Getting together with the architect—collecting for building—how to make an intelligent plan for the furniture in the new home. And little houses, each perfect of its kind, with plans.

Christmas House — December
All the things the house wants for Christmas gifts, together with the newest and prettiest ways to hang the holly, dress the tree, plant Christmas at the heart of the dinner table.

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Every year our American master craftsmen give us something for her, every year the [illegible] bring us new quaintnesses. The best are here.

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JUST one trifling dollar—a tiny fraction of your loss on a single ill-chosen chair—will bring you House & Garden's staff of experts for five delightful months—six, if you mail this coupon now. Curtain-maker, architect, kennel expert, landscape gardener, interior decorator, salad-dressing specialist, shopping counselor and friend, all are packed between the covers of House & Garden. You need not send money now. Just mail the coupon today. Your subscription will begin at once.

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Send me the next FIVE numbers of House & Garden, beginning with the next issue. It is understood that you will send me an extra [illegible] necessary copy of the current number, making SIX in all. I enclose $1 (OR I will remit $1 on receipt of bill) for which you are to enter my subscription for SIX months to begin with the next issue. (Canadian, $1.25)

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S. E. P. 8-16-19

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ora'or could not help assuming the oratorical manner. He talked too much. Everyone talked too much, made speeches instead of getting down to business. The temptation was too great, with thirty-five or forty people sitting round as audience. Hence the Council of Ten was cut down to the Big Five. Then oratory vanished, and the conference speeded up; but also then unfortunately President Wilson met his greatest defeats. In the Council of Ten always someone was near who might possibly warn him if he asked for advice. But sitting in the room with only the four prime ministers the President had to go it absolutely alone. They were four to one. They beat him—sometimes. His great mistake was in not demanding absolute publicity for all meetings. Therein lay safety for the thing he desired. It could stand the light. And the things the others desired, if they were wrong, could not stand the light. But though he believes in the white light of publicity for the other fellow Woodrow Wilson cannot function under it. He goes blind. Again it's temperamental. He is what he is. The people chose him. He did his best, and his best was worth doing.

To go back and to be concrete about the aspirations of our Allies: It may be well to remember that those aspirations rise chiefly from the geography of the case. England is a fan center, a spider in a web. From her radiate great trade routes, vast commercial enterprises, world-long threads of financial power touching lands a world apart. England demanded two things—territory and ships to reach them. France with forty millions of people and a decreasing birth rate, lying next to Germany with seventy millions of people and an increasing birth rate, requires one thing—safety, a guaranty that she may go on living as a nation. Italy without coal and iron but with man power almost unlimited needs raw materials, trade regulations, eastern harbors, protection against encroachment from the north. Japan expanding in population by the millions with an awakening national consciousness, with a dream of domination in the Pacific, but without raw materials of industry must have sea power—"Shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax . . . cabbages—and kings." And each of the little nations about the board has its own little material problem, chiefly centered in the right to breathe. Across this tangle of material interests ran the secret treaties of 1915–16 and probably some sort of understanding between the British and the French just before we got into the war, or shortly afterward. Lloyd George seemed to be referring to it in utterances during the conference, and before the conference opened M. Clemenceau spoke confidently about it. Doubtless the President knew of it.

The Mandatory System Won

And that was the thing he faced; there he sat with one great aim in his mind. Almost we may say with one great passion in his heart—but not quite that! If he had had a passion in his heart he would have kicked over the table, failed magnificently for it, and gone home to wait until a mad world got its senses. Then he might have come back to realize his aim, the great aim in his mind, the thing for which he was willing to make any honest sacrifice to achieve—the League of Nations. Now one cannot conceal a great aim; and when the Four who were with him knew that aim they surely knew the President's measure. They began forcing him to trade.

The President had his way for the most part during the first five weeks of the conference, before he returned to America to settle up the loose ends of Congressional affairs. He was able to introduce the mandatory system of administering the German colonies, against the protest of Australia. He was able to quiet the demands of France for territorial occupation of the Sarre Valley. Fiume he kept off the boards. He fretted a good bit in those days about the interallied commissions arising from the war, and would have abandoned most of them. But gradually he came to see the economic basis of peace rather than the military basis, and wisely changed front on that notion. He and the British led in an attempt to formulate a Russian policy that should be nonmilitary, and which, by the way, the French quietly strangled. And in those days he considered that it might be possible to divide Asia Minor into mandatories which would guarantee gradual self-government to the torn and distraught people of those lands. But chiefly he was interested in his League of Nations.

The League of Nations in the very beginning, before the armistice, as early as 1916, was a British conception. The British put to work upon it a well-known pacifist judge, Lord Parmoor. Lord Robert Cecil wrote to Colonel House about it; the colonel wrote to the President. Each set down his own notion of the thing. They compared notes, locked up their two drafts until after the armistice, and no one knows just what was in the President's mind when he sailed for Europe in December, whether he had his ideas clearly thought out or whether—to use a phrase of his own—he was merely "thinking without language."

The French had their draft and their conception of a League of Nations when the President arrived. Their conception was that the league should be a superstate with a superarmy and a superstaff which should always be ready to scare the superdaylights out of Germany if she began mobilizing on the French frontier. The British draft was read to the newspaper correspondents early in January. Its chief feature was that of progressive disarmament. Italy had a draft, but it never figured in publicity.

The Presidential Imperative

And in the meantime no one knew what America wanted in the way of a League of Nations. No American peace commissioner could remotely guess. Then the President sat down at his typewriter and pounded out a draft. He passed it round to a few friends, to a few foreign statesmen; and the work of drafting the league covenant began. It began in Colonel House's room, 315, at the Hotel Crillon. The President and Colonel House represented America in the drafting committee, with a few experts always at hand to guide them. Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Balfour took more interest than any other British statesmen in the work of the draft, and M. Leon Bourgeois—not a member of the French peace commission—was delegated to represent France.

These were the citizens in carriages; the others were citizens on foot. The Japs modestly asked for race equality; and were gently refused, and sweetly acquiesced, biding their time. The Italians also passed. Thirty hours at different times of the day and night for three or four weeks were consumed in forming that first draft. Ten hours were taken to add the amendments. But when the first draft of the covenant was completed and was adopted the President, feeling that much had been accomplished, sailed away home.

Then his troubles began. The others about the board with him had his cards on the table. They knew his hand, understood his game, valued his stakes. In his absence they began trading amongst themselves. They decided to break the treaty into two parts—the peace terms with Germany and the League of Nations. The American peace commissioners agreed to this.

The Allies decided to establish a neutral republic in West Prussia, and they decided to give the Sarre Valley outright to France. Fiume also was to go to Italy.

Joseph's coat was fairly well divided among the brethren when the President returned from America. And then he witnessed a curious thing. During January the French press had sneered so openly at the President's aspirations that his friends wished to move the conference from Paris, and when the President returned in March the French press covered him with encomiums. No adjective was too saccharine for their uses. Evidently the powers that controlled the French press thought they had President Wilson's game beaten, so far as it affected Europe, and that he would take the League of Nations and they would get their boundaries, and all would live happily ever after.

Then the President began to fight. He made alliance with the British and secured the League of Nations as a part of the treaty. He restricted French territorial aspirations in the Sarre. He overturned the sterilized republic along the west bank of the Rhine, and did things to the arrangements about Dantzic. He changed his mood from the academic subjunctive to the presidential imperative. His disguise almost fell off. He nearly showed his groceries and his promissory notes. Then the French press became silent. And one fine morning in the meeting of the Big Five just as the President was prepared to introduce an amendment to the covenant of the League of Nations affecting the Monroe Doctrine he discovered that it would not pass. He fumbled, withdrew his motion, and began to consider many things. They had him. He realized that unless he could amend the league covenant it would be rejected in the United States Senate. Also our beloved Allies realized quite the same things. That was the trouble.

He came to the parting of the ways. He could fight or trade. He could go home passionate with indignation, or he could stay and get the best possible bargain out of the Allies. It was inevitable that Woodrow Wilson would stay and try to patch up the situation. He is not a revolutionist. He would have to come into the open and make his fight before all the world. He is as honest as daylight; but he just can't bear daylight. So he sat him down wearily to the long miserable task of trading the substance of European demands for the shadow of American ideals. He was just as much of a hero there in the room of the Council of Five with the cards fairly well stacked against him and luck running away from him, patiently plodding hour by hour, day by day, week by week, month by month, plodding tediously through details of things which he loathed to get the thing he hoped for—he was indeed as much of a hero as he would have been if he had sailed home with a gesture of defiance and scorn at the whole outfit, and had brought them to time by clapping down the lid of the grocery box and calling in the outstanding notes.

For a long time he sat patiently in the game, and saw the conference going round in circles, arriving nowhere. One day he would convince Clemenceau about the justice of a certain course in the Sarre Valley, only to find that the next day it had to be done all over again. So he called for his good ship the Washington and made a feint of starting home.

Then the conference speeded up and came to the Italian deadlock. There he really balked. Moreover, he had the support of Lloyd George and Clemenceau. There is no doubt whatever that they read his Fiume note and approved it. Very likely they did not know the hour it was to appear. As a matter of fact the President heard that Baron Sonnino was about to leave and issue a note, and the President issued his note first. And for a few days there was a fine tempest in a teapot.

Italy's Feint

But at the very moment when the Italians were fuming most gorgeously they had on the President's desk for his approval a request for a loan of fifty million dollars with which to buy coal for their furnaces. Without the money they could not get the coal, and without the coal Italy might be in a revolution in a week. And Sonnino and Orlando knew and everyone in Paris knew that the Italian journey to Rome was merely a ten days' leave. The Italian members of the peace conference committees—the member of the economic council, for instance—attended meetings, arranged for Italy's coal and food supply and functioned blithely while their superiors were gone.

There can be no doubt that the President's blast against the Fiume annexation afforded him satisfaction. For weeks he had been edging along, giving something every day, and getting precious little back. The Fiume protest released much steam. But the Italian protest made the Japanese compromise inevitable. And that broke the President's heart. The Japanese played their cards well. They knew—what everyone knew about the conference—that President Wilson would not give in to Orlando in the Italian demands for Fiume; the Japanese also knew that the Italians would leave the conference with a potential threat, a threat which would be important only if some other nation left the conference. So most deliberately and with Oriental calm Japan made it obvious that she would go if her aspirations in China were denied. There was the same basis for denying the Japanese aspirations that underlay the Italian denial. But to deny Japan would take her from the League of Nations and make it worth while for Italy really to stay out. With Japan and Italy out the League of Nations would fail. The President evidently felt that if the League of Nations failed there was no hope for the peace of the world and that our men had died in vain. It was plain that if the League of Nations were formed and if it became a vital force it could protect the rights of China which Japan insisted upon taking from her. Following the grant of the Shantung privileges to Japan financial arrangements were made under joint international control which seemed to take the material edge off the Japanese grant; but the thing was a moral surrender, and no one felt it more keenly than President Wilson.

For nearly five months he had been struggling with all his might for the league. He had indeed faced the beasts at Ephesus; not that our noble Allies in the persons of their accredited representatives were wicked; they were Europeans. Their ways were not our ways; their ideals not ours. To them we seemed mad; to us they seemed greedy. If ever an American statesman had a hard time in a valiant struggle for the ideals of his people it was Woodrow Wilson at Paris in the spring of 1919. No Jack the Giant-killer was he indeed; rather he was a lonely figure, made lonely largely because of his temperamental lack of broad emotional and dramatic appeal to his fellows; but still lonely. And in his isolation he seemed more like Prometheus bound to the rock with the vultures gnawing at his vitals than the hero of the beanstalk.

The Fight for the League

He fought on after the Chinese surrender, knowing that public sentiment at home was hardening against him, but confident that he had chosen wisely between the evils; never regretting his choice, but greatly saddened at the need for such a choice.

When the treaty finally was ready with its provision for years of vassalage for Germany and with the broad gesture of humiliation for the vanquished which France needed to wipe out the stain of 1870, no one so surely knew as the American President that it was weighted with severity and that it might not carry its own weight. But it did hold the League of Nations within it, and for that he and thousands like him among the Allies accepted it. They realized full well that the severity in it might breed wars; but they hoped strongly that the malice might be purged from the treaty by the League of Nations, and so let it pass on faith.

This is not the heroic attitude. It was indeed a sad anticlimax to the high emprise which carried us into the war; yet it was the only result that a man of Wilson's reserve, of his hermit habit could bring out of the clash between the ideals of the old world and of the new. Another man, deeply emotional, capable of dramatizing a situation, of illuminating the dark tragedy of the struggle with a lively and lovable personality, perhaps might have done better; certainly he would have done differently. But history has no if's. The record is the record.

Yet this also should be in the record, and Americans always must read with pride that their President more than any other man in the world is responsible for giving the world its first draft of a real League of Nations. If he had not come to Europe the idea would have been abandoned. Clemenceau publicly declared in January that he was for the old-fashioned idea of the balance of power. The British understanding to which he referred seemed to imply that Great Britain also favored a balance of power. Italy and Japan had no other thought. The League of Nations before President Wilson came to Europe was a pacifist's dream—iridescent but also evanescent. He made it real. For it he gave everything—even his good name. He sacrificed profoundly for the idea, and saved it to the world. He could not have done this by delegating his power. His influence from Washington would have been negligible. But in Paris—grotesque figure though he was in European eyes—he was powerful His words had weight. They prevailed. They have made a world league for peace and not for war one of the inevitable things which humanity will bring into being by the very act of longing for it.

It matters little what happens right now to the idea of the League of Nations. Time is long, and the deep aspirations of men will wait. But our American democracy may be honestly proud that it has raised up one who put into the hearts of all the world, because we sat him high where he could speak to all the world, the aspiration of our hearts for the coming of a peace of good will among men of good will.

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Concluded from Page 27)

Gerald Stanley Lee

had actually asked me for a little half column autobiography would say that I had already exhausted the subject.

I am always lugging in this same old willing g. s. l. when I write. I start writing about immortality, safety pins, stars—anything—and here is always this same old willing gerald stanley lee hanging around just outside acting as if he belonged in it!

Then he gets in. Many ideas mixed up in this way seem suddenly more interesting than they had looked!

Probably if I had been finished off and educated more it would be different, but I have never been interested in ideas as Ideas. What interests me is the people that go with them and what happens to people when they are getting them—even if it's only myself!

Almost any idea is interesting if there is somebody there.

I grab the first person handy—the one I can speak of offhand, of course, and as if I knew—and naturally being so handy when the idea comes I am considerably exposed to the idea and the reader is considerably exposed to me.

A friend of mine who is always thinking that something really ought to be done to keep me cooled off more and who thinks it's a perfect shame for me to be going round interested in so many things—nothing really safe anywhere from being written about—half a grapefruit, a dropped egg, a dropped handkerchief in a depot, a swamp maple leaf on Mount Tom, or a worm after a rain lying on the sidewalk—asked me one day why it was I was so fearfully interested in so many things.

I didn't seem to know exactly, or at least hadn't the nerve to plump out the truth at the moment, and he went on talking politely, but I could see something hankering round in his mind. Then I saw he knew! He didn't seem to like to break it to me in so many words—why I was interested in so many things—but I could see that he thought that if a thing happened to me—if any old thing came along and happened to Me—I didn't see how it could really help being interesting.

So of course anybody can see at a glance what a treat it must be to me to be asked—to be asked in cold blood and straight out by an editor in this way—and with a picture and all—to write a few graceful words about myself!

It is, after all that has happened, a most haunting, delicate and dangerous compliment that has been paid me, and all I can trust myself to do in expressing my appreciation for the touching way in which the Subject has been brought up is to do with the Subject what I have often tried to do before—drop it!

Rita Weiman

I was going to be an actress. I thought so too. My favorite dream, when I should have been studying, was to visualize myself bowing to a vast throng while American Beauties were hurled recklessly across the footlights. They were always American Beauties, and I always received them nonchalantly quite as a matter of course. In which ambition, at fifteen, I was not by any means original.

My first literary thrill came the year of my graduation, when I won the prize in a short-story contest held at school, and one of the judges advised me to make writing—mark me, I do not say literature!—my profession. However, with the aid of my classmates I chose the theater.

The following year when my family, consisting of father, mother and myself, moved to New York, I went so far as to apply for a job. A certain manager advertised that he wanted three young girls for parts in a society drama. No experience was necessary. I put on my longest dress and sat trembling for an hour in the outside office of a managerial suite getting my first glimpse of that kaleidoscopic world I've come to know and love so well. Presently the office boy ushered me through several rooms to a rear one. A pleasant-faced young man was sitting tipped back in a swivel chair. He explained that Mr. A—— was out of town and that he was engaging people. I mentioned the advertisement.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "but that play's been cast. However, we're putting on a musical show and I can place you in that."

"But I can't sing," said I.

"That don't matter," came promptly. "Can you wear tights?"

I did *not* accept the engagement. Not that the incident fazed my ambition. It was only after appearing some months later in one consecutive amateur performance that I realized Bernhardt had nothing to fear from me.

Shortly afterward my mother and I went abroad and remained a year. I am very grateful for that year in Europe. Not that my scribblings over there amounted to anything. I was at the age when one drifts into poetry on the slightest provocation. I wrote verses on the steamer and in Westminster Abbey and among the mountains of Switzerland, "pomes of passion" and cynical quatrains and blank verse. And knowing nothing whatever about love, I wrote an intense and burning love story. It was called Before the Shrine and had to do with a woman who was prevented from eloping with her brute-of-a-husband's friend by coming upon a shrine in the woods. Very original, as you may see. In it I spoke of the "æons they must endure away from each other."

The late William J. Lampton, whose kindness to a struggling young author makes his memory dear, read the story on my return to America. This was his criticism:

Æons of agonized absence
Separate thee and me,
But absence of agonized æons
Is what we are after—See!

Terse and to the point, it made me decide to pigeonhole passion and make an attempt to break into the newspaper game. I'd had several verses at fifteen cents a line published in a New York paper, so I went down to see the editor. He recognized my name, had me ushered into his office, and asked what I wanted.

"I want to write for your paper," I said.

"Well, go ahead and do it," he replied.

With this encouragement I went home and wrote an article on the summer rush to Europe—in longhand—and sent it in. Three weeks later I saw it spread across the page, illustrated in color, and almost died of joy. Of course it was unsigned, but that didn't matter, and my check of $12.75 looked as big to me as if there had been no period in it. For several years I contributed Sunday stories, interspersed with occasional publication in the magazines and more than occasional rejection slips.

Those years were pretty hard. For seeing my stuff in print, unsigned, soon lost its thrill, and I floundered round trying to find the sort of writing I could do best, and feeling in my soul that I'd never be able to write anything worth printer's ink. There were long months of nonproduction, following repeated rejections. There were periods when I'd write and destroy and weep with the certainty that I'd never be anything but an out-and-out failure. Often I wonder how I'd have come through without the inspiration and confidence of the blessed little mother who even now, when she is no longer with me, still smiles her encouragement.

The stories that found the light of day in various magazines were just crumbs of comfort to one hungry for success. After a time I was permitted to sign my articles and I wrote a series for them entitled The Story of a Society Girl.

Meanwhile I got the play bug. Everyone is bitten by it sooner or later. It's like the bite of the tarantula—there's no cure. I had an idea for a story which I related to a well-known actor. He advised me to make a play of it, and that's how the deed was done. If anyone thinks it's a task getting stories accepted, let him try to get a play produced. The disappointments connected with the former are as tears of water compared to tears of blood. And even when the managerial portals have been broken down and a producer casually affixes his signature to a contract, the author's worries have just about begun. I've spent the past four summers on the coast of Maine rewriting plays on which I'd worked for months in town—to prepare them for Broadway. I've changed and revamped and shortened and lengthened, hurrying to get them ready for autumn production. And then waited and sighed and spent sleepless nights and tried a few stories but couldn't concentrate on them and filled in the time writing vaudeville sketches, until the play was finally tried out, the following spring—perhaps. But in the waiting and the worry, in the long hours of rehearsal and nerve-racking hours of uncertainty, in the postponements and failures and final thrill of a New York opening, I've come to know the theater and the people of the theater—and to love them. I wouldn't dare write about them otherwise.

That's all, I guess. I have no fads—no household pets, save a little old Frenchwoman who bargains with the grocer and butcher and scolds me when I forget to eat at noon. While I am writing for the theater, I am writing of the theater for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—and what more could any author ask?

Kenneth L. Roberts

However, the elm tree that grows through the roof of the house in which I was born is beginning to show signs of weakening. I have hopes that if I live to be two or three hundred years old the elm tree may die. Or the barn may fall down, carrying the elm tree with it. In that case, I may be able to work up something of a reputation. Just now the elm tree has me shaded, as one might say.

And yet that tree, rival of mine though it is, has been a great help to me at times. When I get discouraged or depressed, I only need to think of that tree sticking out through the roof of its barn and getting a reputation by just sticking in one spot and doing nothing except produce one crop of leaves every year. That, I contend, is a very precious and helpful thought. But when summer residents of Kennebunk Beach, of which I am also a summer—and spring and autumn—resident myself, come to me and say "Oh, we saw the strangest thing to-day! A house in Kennebunk with a tree growing out of the barn of it!"—then I become a trifle morose and bitter, and know the inner feelings of an unknown man who has married a famous woman.

Having reached this point, I find that I have lost interest in my autobiography, and am almost overcome with a desire to write a biography of the tree that grows out of the barn. Controlling myself with difficulty, I continue:

My real residence is Boston, and not Kennebunk. I went to Boston at an early age, and soon steeped myself in the literary atmosphere of that well-known educational center by browsing among the works of such celebrated pundits as G. A. Henty, Old Sleuth, Harry Castlemon, Nick Carter, Oliver Optic, H. G. Wells, Jules Verne, Conan Doyle and Old King Brady. My wide reading was of great help to me after I became an undergraduate at Cornell University. At the beginning of my sophomore year the editorship of the Cornell humorous magazine, the Widow, became vacant. Being a sophomore, I saw no reason why I shouldn't be an editor, so I asked three other sophomores on the board of the magazine to vote for me for editor. Being sophomores, they did. And of course I voted for myself. There were four other members of the board, all upperclassmen, voting against me; but my three supporters and I voted together with such grim persistence that the other four finally wavered and split their votes. So my literary talents were recognized and I became an editor. I continued to be an editor for three years, occasionally varying the monotony of editing by studying and writing plays and football songs. The football songs and plays gave me a certain amount of wealth and local fame at the time; but as I look back at them now they give me nothing but a pain.

I came back to Boston after I had graduated from Cornell in 1908 and secured a position in a leather firm at four dollars a week. Boston makes a delicate distinction between a job and a position for a college graduate. If one gets a job in Boston, he gets fifteen or twenty dollars a week. But if a college graduate secures a position in Boston, he receives a salary of four dollars a week.

At the end of several months' hard labor, the president of the company summoned me to his office with an offensive buzzer, patted me on the back and called me "Ken," and raised me to six dollars a week. So with a wild, raucous laugh I donned my coat and hat, left my position and my six dollars a week and all the union-tanned, oak-tanned sides and scraps and rough bellies of leather flat on their backs, and went up to the office of the Boston Post and got a job as reporter at eighteen dollars a week.

After a few years of reporting I was switched to humorous work. I wrote a pageful of verse and wild-haired humor every week. I toyed with a daily column. Then Life started to buy my stuff. So did Puck and Judge. I found myself writing twelve thousand words a week, every week. Two years of it put me in such condition that I would bark like a dog whenever anyone said "Boo!" So, mindful of the gentleman in the Bible who was fed by the ravens, I decided to find out whether or not there was anything in that raven stuff. In short, I got out of newspaper work. But Life continued to buy; and then THE SATURDAY EVENING POST came to the rescue and played raven. I am passionately fond of that species of raven.

After I had called the Germans all the names I could think of, I succeeded in persuading the Military Intelligence Division that I was intelligent enough to wear the Intelligence insignia. I was even allowed to wear a set of captain's bars. And by giving the colonel at the head of the works no rest, I finally succeeded in forcing him to get rid of me by sending me with an Intelligence detachment to join the Siberian Expeditionary Forces.

So now you know all about me, except that my favorite fish is the nine-spined stickleback, my favorite pastime is keeping my wire-hair terrier from running away from home, and my favorite flower is the hop. With an eye to the future, I have a hop plantation at Kennebunk Beach. I expect to get almost two quarts of hops next autumn. I think the soil is sour or something.

Oh, yes: My favorite quotation is "Author's Revise: It is requested that desired changes be made, and that this proof be returned at the Author's earliest convenience to The Editors, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia, Pa."

And if there's anybody who likes my stuff and wants to do me a favor, I wish he'd come to Kennebunk and blow up the tree that grows through the roof of the barn of the house in which I was born. I want a chance to become famous without having a tree hanging over me all the time.

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LOOKING BACKWARD

(Concluded from Page 23)

been apologized for as a sort of 'cornfield musician,' a mere banjo strummer, a hanger-on at barrooms where minstrel quartets rendered his songs and sent the hat round. The reflection will react upon his country; it will not detract from the real Foster when the constructive critic appears to write his brief and unfortunate life. I am not contending that he was a genius of the highest rank, although he had the distinction that great genius nearly always achieves, of creating a school that produced many imitators and established a place apart for itself in the world's estimation. In ballad writing he did for the United States what Watteau did for painting in France. As Watteau found a Flemish school in France and left a French school stamped forever, so Foster found the United States a home for imitations of English, Irish, German and Italian songs, and left a native ballad form and melodic strain forever impressed upon it as pure American.

"He was like Watteau in more than that. Watteau took the elegancies and fripperies of the corrupt French court and fixed them in art immortal, as if the moment had been arrested and held in actual motion. Foster took the curious and melancholy spectacle of African slavery at its height, superimposed by the most elegant and picturesque social manners this country has known, at the moment the institution was at its zenith. He saw the glamour, the humor, the tragedy, the contrasts, the emotional depths—that lay unplumbed beneath it all. He fixed it there for all time, for all hearts and minds everywhere. His songs are not only the pictorial canvas of that time, they are the emotional history of the times. It was done by a boy who was not prophet enough to foresee the end, or philosopher enough to demonstrate the conditions, but who was born with the intuition to feel it all and set it forth in his art deeply and truly from every aspect.

"While Foster wrote many comic songs there is ever in them something of the melancholy undercurrent that has been detected under the laces and arabesques of Chopin's nominally frivolous dances. Foster's ballad form was extremely attenuated, but the melodic content filled it so completely that it seems to strain at the bounds and must be repeated and repeated to furnish full gratification to the ear. His form when compared with the modern ballad's amplitude seems like a Tanagra figurine beside a Michelangelo statue—but the figurine is as fine in its scope as the statue is in the greater.

"I hope you will think Foster over and revise him 'upward.'"

All of us need to be admonished to speak no evil of the dead. I am trying in Looking Backward to square the adjuration with the truth. Perhaps I should speak only of that which is known directly to myself. It costs me nothing to accept this statement of Mr. Allison and to incorporate it as an essential part of the record as far as it relates to the most famous and in his day the most beloved of American song writers.

Once at a Grand Army encampment General Sherman and I were seated together on the platform when the band began to play Marching Through Georgia and the general said rather impatiently: "I wish I had a dollar for every time I have had to listen to that blasted tune."

And I answered: "Well, there is another tune about which I might say the same thing," meaning My Old Kentucky Home.

Neither of us was quite sincere. Both were unconsciously pleased to hear the familiar strains. At an open-air fiesta in Barcelona some American friends who made their home there put the bandmaster up to breaking forth with the dear old melody as I came down the aisle, and I was mightily pleased. Again at a concert in Lucerne, the band playing a potpourri of Swiss songs, interpolated Kentucky's national anthem and the group of us stood up and sang the chorus.

I do not wonder that men march joyously to battle and death to drum and fife squeaking and rattling The Girl I Left Behind Me. It may be a long way to Tipperary, but it is longer to the end of the tether that binds the heart of man to the cradle songs of his nativity. With the cradle songs of America the name of Stephen Collins Foster "is immortal bound," and I would no more dishonor his memory than that of Robert Burns or the author of The Star-Spangled Banner.

Editor's Note—This is the twenty-first of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE HOTTENTOT BAZAAR

(Continued from Page 38)

By heck! Was that the best he could do? Verily, verily, Ananias had nothing on him.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" said Miss Janet Forbes. "Don't you want a pillow? I'm sure you are uncomfortable. Do lean back in the corner; you'll find it much better."

"Oh, no! Really. I'm quite all right," he protested. He could not lean back without showing his feet. "I always sit up straight. Doctor's orders, you know. Keeps the spine from bending."

"But isn't it awfully dangerous?" she asked. "Oughtn't you to wear something to strengthen it? My brother hurt his neck playing football and they made him wear a sort of harness."

"Oh, no," said Philip airily. It did not much matter what he said now. "I'm all right as long as I wear a collar, stiff collar, you know—keeps things in place—never wear a soft shirt, you know."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Miss Janet Forbes. "But what do you do at night?"

Yes, that was it, what did he do at night? Hell's bells, it would have to be something pretty good too!

"Oh, at night," Philip repeated. Sure, why not? "At night I sleep in a tin pillow—sort of groove you know, just fits my head—can't turn it from side to side—quite safe really." Whew!

"Mercy!" Miss Janet Forbes said, round eyed. "I never heard of such a thing. I think you're awfully brave."

"Oh, I never think of it," said Philip. He certainly had never thought of it until that moment. He moved one knee cautiously and wondered what had become of his feet. "You get used to anything, you know."

Sure, in time he might even get used to this excruciating sensation in the calf of what he supposed to be his left leg.

"Oh, I suppose so," Miss Janet Forbes remarked. "If you begin early enough. Tell me, when did you begin impersonating people, Mr. Murdoch?"

She said it very quietly too.

"Eh?" said Philip.

"I said, when did you begin impersonating people?" she repeated.

"When did I begin what?" he asked.

"Are you pretending you don't understand?" she said. "Perhaps the word is unfamiliar. Since when have you been passing yourself off for other people? Do you make a general practice of it, or is it just an occasional whim?"

"Eh?" said Philip again. It can be made to mean a great deal. It is all in the intonation.

"Oh, come, Mr. Murdoch!" said Miss Janet Forbes. "Of course you don't have to tell me, but you've been so obliging about your neck and all, I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me about the other."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Philip.

Yes, what the devil did she mean? He had a conviction that something peculiarly unpleasant was about to happen.

"I mean simply this," she explained: "You may be Mr. Murdoch; in fact, I dare say you are. But you are not the winner of the lottery!"

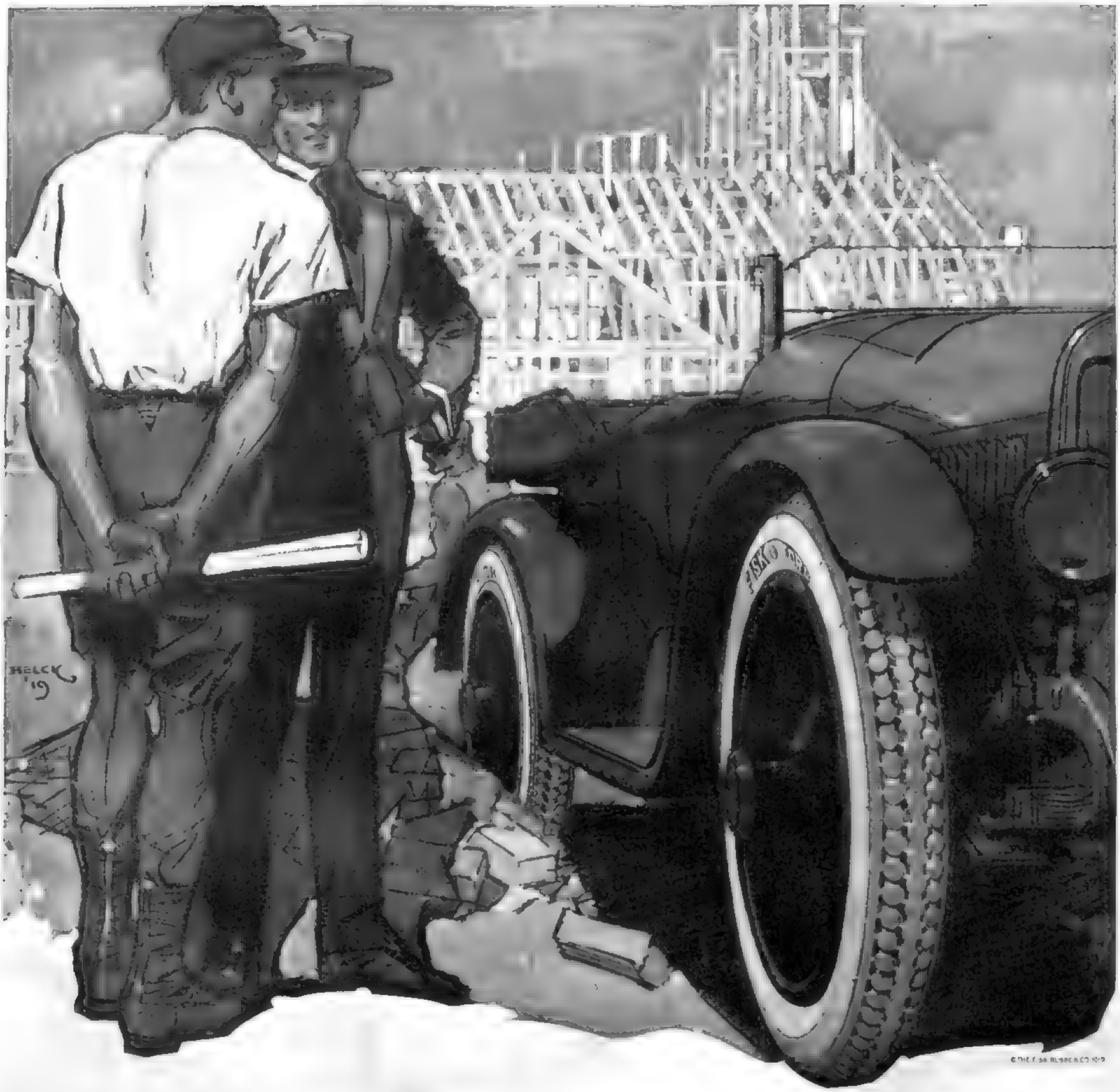
"Not the winner!" exclaimed Philip. "Why, certainly I'm the winner. Didn't I go to the Hottentot bazaar twenty-seven times—I mean, of course I'm the winner! Number 1267. It was in all the papers."

"Yes, I know it was in all the papers," she replied. "But you didn't buy it. I sold that number myself; and I didn't sell it to you."

"You remember selling it!"

Philip fairly beamed with joy.

(Continued on Page 65)



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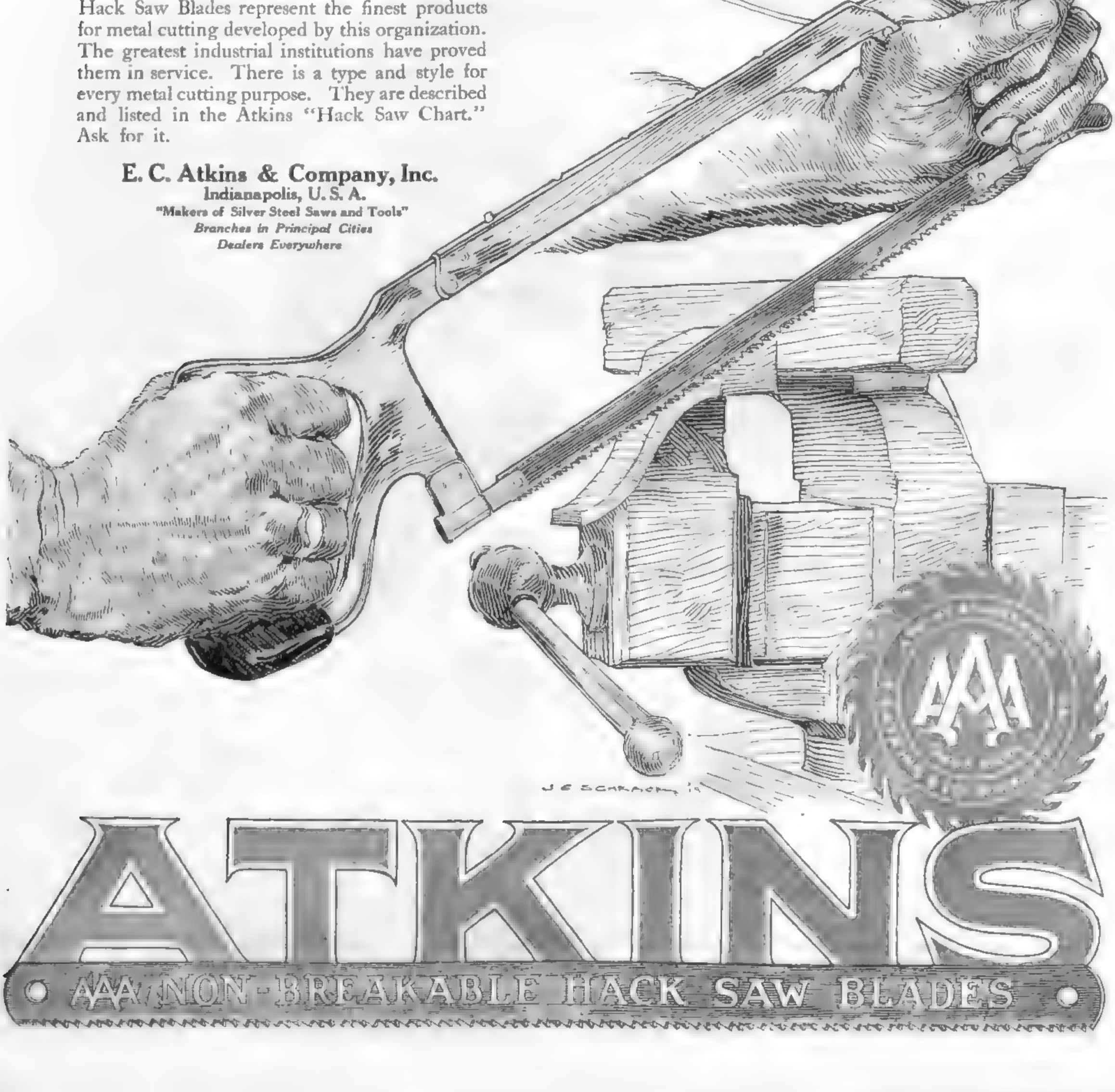

ATKINS
AAA NON-BREAKABLE HACK SAW BLADES

(Continued from Page 62)

"Yes. Why not? It was the only one I sold. I just happened to remember—curious number, you know—1267."

"Oh, very," said Philip. "One, two; and then six, seven. Why, the two middle figures and the two end ones both add up to eight! Numbers are curious things, aren't they? Do you know that all the digits added together make ——"

Nothing doing. Miss Janet Forbes was not interested in digits.

"You don't seem to understand, Mr. Murdoch," she said. "I happen to remember the number, and I know I didn't sell it to you. I sold it to a young man—I remember him because he was rather impudent. I saw him put it in his watch case. Oh, I see. Maybe you got his watch too!"

"You mean you think I'm a thief?" Philip shouted. "You think I stole the ticket!"

"It looks that way, I must say," she remarked placidly. "You just admitted a little while ago that you didn't care about lotteries, and that finding me here made all the difference. I suppose it did—you had counted on a clear field for whatever it was you came to do."

"But—but do I look like a thief?" Philip pleaded.

"I don't know, I'm sure," she replied. "I've never seen one before, you know. I suppose they look just like ordinary people."

Philip got very angry. He had never been quite so uncomfortable before in his life, either physically or mentally.

"Say, what are you trying to tell me?" he asked, and he was not acting. "Do you mean to say you think I'm an impostor?" Better keep off that subject though. "That I've stolen the lottery ticket and come down here to rob or beg or something? I—Ulysses Murdoch?" It did not sound very convincing. When he began he had meant to say "I, Philip Baxter," which certainly had a certain tone, but "I, Ulysses Murdoch" did not sound like much of anything. "Well, what are you going to do now?"

Philip positively snapped at her. Oh, there was something coming to a certain Buck for all this! To begin with, Buck would have to bail him out of jail.

These reflections and any answers which Miss Janet Forbes may have contemplated were interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. Paddington Browne.

"Well," she asked, "have you been entertaining each other?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Janet Forbes. "Mr. Murdoch has been telling me all about his neck. Oh, what is it?"

Philip had found it imperative to rise upon the entrance of his hostess. He had also found it quite impossible in the present condition of his pedal extremities to remain standing. So he sat down again very suddenly and displayed what is known in fiction as a sickly grin.

"It's nothing," he maintained. "My neck, you know."

"Oh, Mr. Murdoch has the most awful neck," Miss Janet Forbes explained. "It's loose."

"Loose?" said Mrs. Paddington Browne.

"Yes, loose," Philip assured her. "Quite loose—least thing sets it rocking."

He might as well hang for a whole flock and be done with it. He stood up with great care and suffered all the known tortures while his feet asserted themselves, but at least he succeeded in concentrating attention on his neck. Mrs. Paddington Browne, and in due course Augustus, were all for having a doctor, but Mr. Murdoch seemed so firmly set against the idea that they gave it up.

They went in to dinner. It was not a pleasant function for Philip. The subtle progressions of oysters, soup and entrée lose their fascination when one is expecting to be arrested after every mouthful. He sat opposite Miss Janet Forbes, waiting for her to tell her lottery story and wondering how he was to locate Buck when the police came. Meanwhile, the others discoursed enthusiastically about his neck. The tin pillow made quite a sensation. Did he always travel with it? Indeed, then he had it with him. But, thought Philip, why didn't Miss Janet Forbes tell her story and put an end to this? Would it be asking too much to have him show them the tin pillow? They were so interested! It was such an interesting case! Quite a pillow case, Philip ventured, going down for the last time with colors flying. Ha, ha, yes, that was very funny, they all thought.

It was a terrible meal.

The ladies had hardly left the dining room when there came a summons for Augustus. He was wanted on the telephone.

"Excuse me just a moment," he said. "I'll see what it is. Help yourself to cigars and make yourself at home. I'll be right back."

Philip did neither. He went to the French window and looked out. It gave on a glassed-in veranda. Undoubtedly Miss Janet Forbes had told her hostess about the alleged stolen ticket, and this call for Augustus was simply a blind, unless it was the police already. The prospect of being arrested suddenly struck Philip as highly undesirable. He turned his mind to flight. If he could get out of the house he would undoubtedly be able to make his way across country to a railroad station.

Philip opened the window very softly and stepped out, closing it behind him. He found himself in a long inclosed veranda, a hasty inspection of which revealed only one exit, at the farther end. He opened the door and passed through. He now found himself in a similar veranda, only thank fortune the other end seemed to be open. Indeed it was all very simple but for the fact that a patch of light on the veranda floor showed where an open door led into an occupied room, the drawing-room probably. Well, he would risk that. With cautious progress and a swift leap across the lighted space he would find himself at that much desired open outlet, and then over the railing—and good night!

Everything went very smoothly—progress, leap and all—except the over-the-railing part of it. It was quite broad, and alarmingly high off the ground on the farther side. It might almost have been considered as forming a highly efficient trap, only Philip did not stop to consider anything. He perched himself on top of the railing, looking for the most likely landing place. There was an ornamental bed of soft earth down there which ought to break his fall very nicely.

"Why, Mr. Murdoch, what are you doing?"

It was Miss Janet Forbes standing just behind him. Philip ought to have jumped, but he did not. There was an irresistible power within him which forced him to listen to that voice and to turn and face its owner.

"Oh, I'm just taking the air," he said glibly enough. "It's fine out here. Smell the sea? Us city fellers don't get the chance ——"

Smell the sea! Miss Janet Forbes laughed.

"Aren't you afraid of hurting your neck?" she asked. "Do come down from there. You know, I thought you were preparing to jump off."

"Jump off?" Philip repeated. "Oh no, not at all. I—shall we go in and wait for them?" Might as well make the best of it.

"Them? Who?" asked Miss Janet Forbes.

"Why, the police," he said. "You've sent for them, haven't you?"

"Oh, the police," she exclaimed. "So that was it! Did you really think you could get away like that? Without any hat—and with your neck?"

"Look here," Philip cut in, "if you haven't sent for them yet, perhaps I can convince you. I'm not what you think. I didn't steal the ticket. I bought it. If you'll only give me a chance I'll explain everything to you. You said you saw him put the ticket in his watch when you sold it. Well, here it is. Look."

He pulled out his watch and opened the case. Miss Janet Forbes took it eagerly and Philip suddenly felt a ghastly chill spread over him. Yes, it was too late; he had done it now.

"Dear me, Mr. Murdoch," she said, turning the watch over in her hand, "why do you have the initials P. B. on your watch? Is it an heirloom?"

Heirloom, heirloom? Well, any port in a storm.

"Yes," he said. "Belonged to my grandfather—on my mother's side, you know. Very fine old watch; let me show you ——"

"Yes," observed Miss Janet Forbes, "very; 1916 model, I see. Your grandfather must have lived to be a very old man. Oh, what's the use? I thought you probably stole the watch at the same time as the ticket."

"Oh, no, no, no!" groaned Philip. "Do you think I'd have shown it to you if I'd

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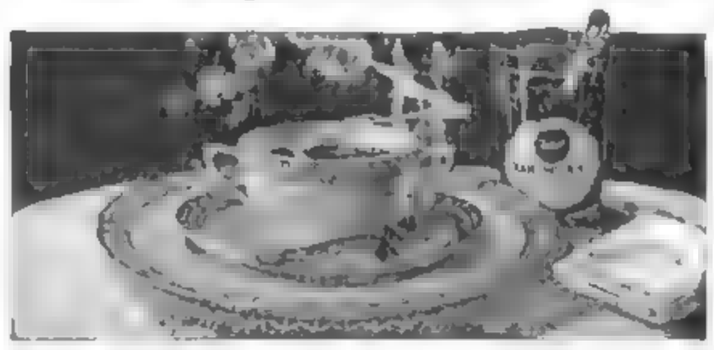

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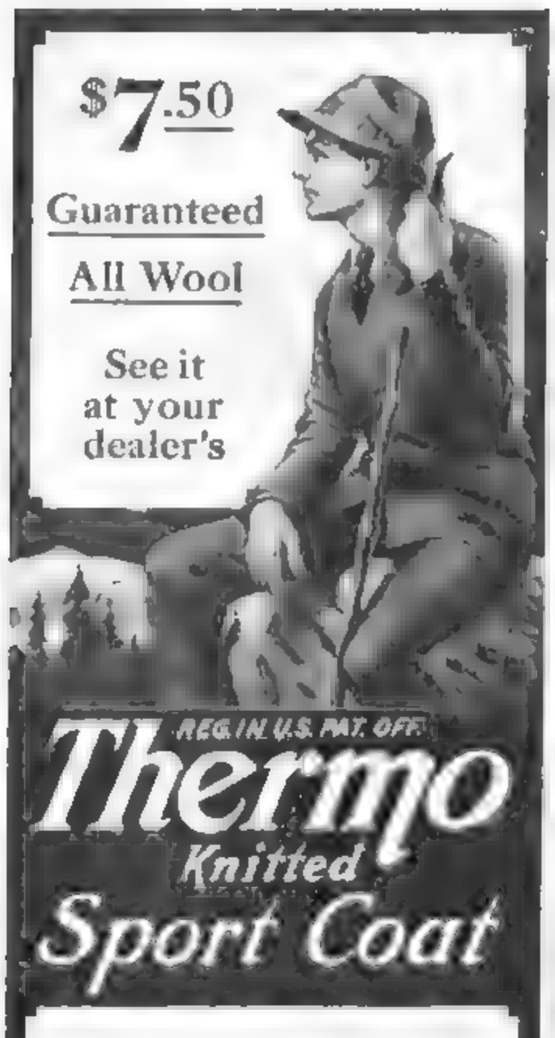

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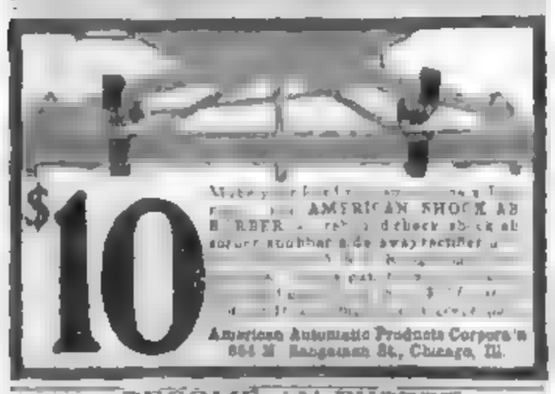

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stolen it?" Masterly, masterly! But of course the game was up.

"Look here, that's my watch. I can prove it forty-six different ways. I've been an utter fool and I don't know what you'll think of me. I'm not Ulysses Murdoch at all. I'm Philip Baxter, and that's my watch, and I bought the ticket from you—and my neck's all right, too," he added. Nothing in the world like a good wholehearted confession.

"Go on," said Miss Janet Forbes.

"I didn't expect to use the ticket if I won," he stumbled on. "I only bought it because—because you were selling it. You spoke to me and asked me to help you, and so I bought the ticket. You see, I went twenty-seven times to the Hottentot Bazaar just to see you ——"

"I don't believe it's necessary for you to tell me that part," she said very coldly.

"Oh, but it is," he insisted. "It was on your account I bought the ticket, and it was on your account I went to the bazaar. Don't you see? I—I ——"

"You what?" asked Miss Janet Forbes pitilessly.

"Oh, nothing," said Philip. "I'm Philip Baxter, that's all; and I'm not a thief. I can't tell you why I used the other name. It was supposed to be a joke. It was unpardonable, I know, but I'm not the only one to blame."

"Have you quite finished?" she asked.

"Yes, I've finished," he replied. "Go ahead and tell them if you want to, only it will offend the Paddington Brownes. I had made up my mind they should never find out."

"No, I dare say not," she said. "No, I won't tell them that. You don't think they'd believe me any more than they'd believe you, do you, with such a ridiculous story?"

"You mean you don't believe me?" Philip asked.

"Why, of course not!" she replied. "Who would? You've done nothing but lie since you came here, and now that you're caught with stolen goods you've invented this story to square yourself. No, Mr. Murdoch, you'll have a difficult time explaining—to the police."

So she had sent for them after all. She was merely stalling now to keep him there.

"Very well," said Philip. "There's only one way I can convince you, and that's by telling the Paddington Brownes the whole story. I can prove it, you know; every word of it. I went twenty-seven times—I mean I can prove it."

"Well, then, why don't you?" she laughed at him. Obviously she did not believe a word of it. Philip lost his temper.

"I may be a fool," he said with great dignity, "but I'm not a thief."

"Oh, you needn't admit the former, but you'll have to prove the latter," said Miss Janet Forbes very sweetly.

Philip turned on his heel without a word. After all it would be over and done with and they would send him away. As for Miss Janet Forbes, there would be an infinity of time afterward in which to think about her. He stepped into the room.

Mrs. Paddington Browne was reading Mr. Britling. Augustus was engaged with the evening paper with more than a suggestion of somnolence. Neither of them looked up. He came to a stop near the piano and cleared his throat. The rustle of a skirt confirmed his conviction that Miss Janet Forbes was standing in the door behind him.

"I beg your pardon," he began.

Mrs. Paddington Browne looked up from her book.

"Oh, Mr. Murdoch," she said, "is there anything you wish?"

The sound of voices roused Augustus.

"Who—what?" he exclaimed. "Ah, Murdoch, is that you? What is it? Anything wrong with your neck? You were going to show us that tin contraption."

"No," Philip replied. "There isn't any contraption, and there's nothing the matter with my neck at all. That was just a joke."

"Oh, a joke?" said Augustus. "How disappointing—I mean of course I'm glad to hear you're not in trouble, but you had us tremendously interested, you know; yes indeed."

"Well, I am in trouble though," Philip began again. It was not so easy. "Mr. Browne—Mrs. Browne—I've made an everlasting fool of myself, and I've come to apologize ——"

"Oh, Mr. Murdoch," Mrs. Paddington Browne interrupted him, "you mustn't say that. We've simply loved having you. We've only been afraid you weren't having a good time. Things are pretty dull out here in the country. To-morrow we'll go for a long ride in the car—perhaps that will be fun."

"Oh, Mrs. Browne, please" Philip was getting redder and redder—"it isn't that. You've been too kind. That's just it; I don't deserve it. I'm not what you think I am at all. I don't know if I can ever explain. It was supposed to be a joke."

"You're fond of jokes, aren't you, Mr. Murdoch?" This from Augustus.

"Not after this one," Philip answered. "And my name isn't Murdoch—my name is Philip Baxter. And these clothes aren't mine either!" It was a relief to have that fact established anyway.

"Not yours!" exclaimed Augustus. "What do you mean?"

"I'm all dressed up," Philip explained in confusion.

"It was a joke. There was a letter from the bazaar we thought came from you—it was a rather peculiar letter—I see now you couldn't possibly have written it, but at the time we thought—my friend and I—we thought it would be funny for me to come down here under an assumed name, dressed to look different from what I really am." It was all very rocky going.

"Well, and just what are you?" inquired Augustus.

"I'm—I'm just a perfect fool," said Philip; and Mrs. Paddington Browne took temporary refuge behind Mr. Britling.

"Well, but why do you come and tell us this now, Mr. Mur—well, whatever your name is?" asked Augustus. "It seems to me that you have taken an unpardonable liberty, which might very well have been rectified earlier!" Augustus was really tremendously imposing.

"Oh, I know," said the miserable Philip. "I thought of that right away, but then it seemed best for me to stick it out. I thought if you never found out about this fool trick there'd be less harm done."

"Very thoughtful of you, I'm sure," commented Augustus. "And may I ask how you came to change your mind?"

"Well, you see," Philip confided plaintively, "it was Miss Forbes I had to tell you. She thinks I'm a thief!"

Mrs. Paddington Browne was seized with a violent fit of coughing.

"Thief!" exclaimed Augustus. "I dare say! Was that what you meant when you said those clothes were not yours?"

"Oh, no," said Philip. "The clothes are mine, but they're not my regular ones—and I didn't choose these either."

"Oh, but they're very becoming," Mrs. Paddington Browne assured him, and she began to cough again.

"No, Miss Forbes thinks I stole the lottery ticket," Philip went on. "She thinks I stole this watch too. You see, it has my initials on it—P. B. She was going to send for the police; or perhaps she has already. And I really am Philip Baxter. If you'll let me use your phone I can call up any number of people to identify me."

There was a silence while Augustus frowned, and Mrs. Paddington Browne recovered from her coughing fit. Miss Janet Forbes made no sound, and Philip was afraid to turn and look at her.

"I hardly think that will be necessary," Augustus finally remarked very stiffly.

"You—you mean you don't believe me?" Philip cried. "I'm telling the truth really I am. I can prove it any number of ways—I'm Philip Baxter!"

Philip really had tears in his eyes.

"All right, all right," said Augustus. "I know it!"

"You—you ——"

"I've known it all along," he went on.

"But—but—I don't understand," Philip stammered. "What does it all mean?"

"Why, it simply means the joke is on you, that's all!" Augustus informed him, frowning violently.

Mrs. Paddington Browne came to the rescue.

"Perhaps I can explain," she said. "No, Augustus, it's our turn now. Mr. Baxter has made his *amende honorable*, and I shall die laughing in a minute. You see, Mr. Baxter, we knew who you were and all about the great joke, before you came. Your friend Buck happens to be my nephew ——"

"Your nephew!" Philip shouted.

"Yes," said Mrs. Paddington Browne. "I blush to admit it, but he is. When they drew the numbers for my lottery he called up and found out you had won, and substituted a letter of his own for mine. I have a copy of it, and under the circumstances I think you were perfectly justified. I really do."

"Did—did he know Miss Forbes was staying with you when he sent me down here?" Philip asked somewhat irrelevantly.

"No, he didn't," Mrs. Paddington Browne told him.

"That was our contribution to the joke. You can take Buck out and do anything you want to him to-morrow with my full approval. He's coming down with some clothes for you."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Philip. "Oh, I'm so ashamed of myself, it's wonderful of you to take it that way."

Mrs. Paddington Browne began to laugh again, and Augustus was not really frowning at all.

"You and your loose neck!" he chuckled. "So Janet thinks you're a thief, does she?"

"By jinks," exclaimed Philip, "that reminds me!"

He turned, and Miss Janet Forbes fled to the veranda. A few seconds later he found her leaning against the railing, shaking with laughter.

"Well?" said Philip.

"Well?" said Miss Janet Forbes

"Suppose you think it's pretty funny?" he stormed.

"Oh, I do," she assured him. "My goodness—I should say so. I can't grant you much on your joke—Mr. Philip Baxter."

"But you've got to grant me something on my get-up," he retorted. "And on my nerve too."

"Oh—about a dime's worth," she conceded.

"You're awfully vindictive," Philip complained. "I think you might give me a chance. Buck's coming down to-morrow with some more clothes for me."

"Oh, that will be fun!" she put in innocently.

"Won't you let me tell you—won't you let me tell you why I went twenty-seven times to the Hottentot Bazaar?" he asked.

Miss Janet Forbes moved away slowly toward the door.

"Well," she said, "I'm not crazy about Mr. Murdoch. I'll have to see what I think of Mr. Baxter—to-morrow."

It was not so terribly encouraging, but it would have been even less so if she had not stopped in the doorway to look at him.

"Is a dime's worth of nerve your limit, Mr. Baxter?" she asked him, and fled.

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TRIMMED WITH RED

(Continued from Page 25)

laughter, something that seemed to undignify him in the eyes of Bolshevism.

"Well, you said you wanted to be out of sight overnight ——"

"My dear young lady, I did want to be out of sight overnight, but I had not even considered the police."

"Then who in the deuce were you trying to get away from?"

Professor Syle lowered his voice to a confidential pitch:

"You've heard, possibly, of Mrs. Ballymoore?"

"That woman!" exclaimed Aunt Carmen. A great bond of sympathy had arisen between herself and the radical.

"I am not saying that she is not sincere in her convictions ——"

"I am," broke in Aunt Carmen eagerly. "Go on."

"But the social program she has been working out for me has been—might I say it?—a trifle trying. She has been a great power for good in her way. Several of the meetings she has organized in order to teach communism to the upper classes have been helpful indeed. I have done all I could to spread the new gospel at her receptions, teas and meetings, but yesterday, before my lecture at Mrs. van Laerens', she called me up and quite insisted that I should come to her house that evening to give readings from the Life of Trotzky. I suppose one in my position should not be weak; but I was quite outworn with overwork.

"After the lecture one of the Comrades warned me that Mrs. Ballymoore was looking for me at the Pilsen School."

"She's a perfect man-grabber," intimated Aunt Carmen, who could never forgive her for having married Bodfrey Shallope before she did. "She'd do anything to get people interested in Vera. Only last year a famous mural painter ran away out West to avoid one of her receptions."

"I can sympathize with him. And, Comrade Rosamonde"—Rosamonde blushed at this almost affectionate address—"it seemed so remote here ——" A quaint description of Vallant's apartment! "It occurred to me that, since there is no such thing as private property, you would not hesitate to secrete me in a place where Mrs. Ballymoore would not think of coming ——"

"You bet she wouldn't!" exclaimed Aunt Carmen with more force than elegance.

Professor Syle had shuffled to his feet and was now reaching for his shoes. But Aunt Carmen had no idea of letting him go so easily. The one living passion in her withered heart, social rivalry, was burning fierce and bright.

"Please don't go!" she urged.

Syle resumed his seat, perching stiffly on the edge of his chair.

"That Ballymoore woman makes everything absurd," she went on. "But can't you teach us—seriously?"

"I should be very glad, Comrade ——"

"Comrade Carmen!" the old lady fairly gasped.

"—— to include you in my classes." He turned just an instant and looked at Rosamonde. His look would have been sentimental had it not seemed so clouded in theories.

"Or"—he looked away self-consciously as soon as her glance met his—"might it not be helpful to bring together several leaders in our soviet for a general discussion here?"

"No, no!" Rosamonde was sorry as soon as her hasty veto was uttered. But this could not be. "Somewhere else—it wouldn't do here"

"Why, Rosa!" cried old Carmen. "This would be a splendid room for speaking, wouldn't it, Comrade ——"

"Comrade Walter," supplied the radical.

"I know," Rosamonde demurred. "It isn't that—it's Merlin."

"Oh, I forgot Merlin," agreed Carmen in a mournful tone. Then to Comrade Walter: "He's her husband."

"The gentleman who keeps the alligator?" asked the professor, rubbing the calf of his leg.

"He hates 'em," said Rosamonde, referring equally to soviets and alligators. "He says the Bolsheviki are going to wreck our government."

"In that I quite agree with him," smiled Syle in his gentle way. "But I see where meetings here might cause embarrassment."

He folded his arms and looked, at the moment, as though the blood were leaving his head and an immediate foot bath would be indicated.

"Ah!" he gasped, coming as suddenly out of the silence. "You have a very simple remedy. A studio."

And again he went into the silence.

"A studio?" echoed Aunt Carmen and Rosamonde in the same breath.

"In Pomander Place," he particularized. "Possibly you have never heard of it; it is quite obscure to capitalist society—Greenwich Village—a short *cul de sac* just behind the Washington Market. It is quite convenient to the center of the revolution, and quite charming."

"We could take it in your name," said Carmen, her ancient talent for intrigue reviving.

"And you could go there, say, in the afternoons—or have luncheons served for the more needy of the Comrades."

"Wouldn't it be heavenly!" cried Rosamonde, clasping her useless little hands. "And so quaint and ——"

"I know a studio which is, I think, still vacant. It was occupied by Comrade Odoroskavitch, who was, as you remember, martyred to jail by a capitalistic judge. His furniture has been distributed among the Comrades."

"I've got quantities of furniture in several storage warehouses somewhere in the city," came in Aunt Carmen, her generosity knowing no bounds. "Some of the chairs are upholstered in red—just the color. The curtains, I think, are mostly yellow, but we could have them dyed."

"And we needn't let Merlin know a thing about it ——"

A slight shuffling sound in the dining room brought Rosamonde out of her dream of Utopia and caused her to glance nervously round. The tallest, widest man she had ever seen was standing next to the pantry door and Agnes was fluttering in the foreground, the hysterical picture of a good servant in a bad fix.

"Agnes," her mistress called out in angry tones, "who is that man and what does he want?"

"He's Detective Cafferty from the police," said Agnes, approaching on unsteady legs.

"Well, how in the world did he get in here?"

"He come up be th' service elevator, Mrs. Vallant. He says he always comes that way so he can look the job over from behindlike ——"

"That will do, Agnes. Why did you let him in?"

"He would come, Mrs. Vallant. He says Mr. Vallant says ——"

Rosamonde cast a frightened glance at her Bolshevik, who remained perfectly calm, sitting stiffly upright with his shoes on his knees.

The official sleuth came shambling forward. He wore the collar of his coat turned up; his hair was plastered in a cowlick above a square forehead and his flat, smooth-shaven, blank face betrayed him for what he was—a person who had failed as a policeman and had therefore been promoted to the detective force.

"Excuse me, miss," he began.

"I am Mrs. Vallant," she corrected him, presenting that icy surface which she reserved for her social inferiors.

"Mrs. Vallance, I'm Detective Cafferty from police headquarters."

Rosamonde lifted her haughty eyebrows. Comrade Walter never budged an inch.

"And we are informed of a joolry robbery in your flat last night."

"Nothing was taken, Mr. Cafferty," chimed in Aunt Carmen in the most amiable of voices; in a pinch she was the diplomat of the family. "You see we were at dinner and the burglar must have entered by way of the fire escape running up to the spare-room window."

"Then you seen him, lady?"

"Oh, yes, we all saw him. He ran directly past the dining-room door with the alligator biting his ankle."

"The ally-gator," grunted Mr. Cafferty, apparently deciding that the peevish saurian had something to do with the plot. "And did the gentleman here see the ally-gator?"

"Surely!" upspoke Syle in his refined voice. "Quite plainly."

"Mr. Alexander was one of our guests."

"I see."

Mr. Cafferty fished for a blue notebook, took notes and proceeded.

"Mrs. Vallance, if you don't mind I'll go over the job. Where was this spare room that the burglar run into when he escaped?"

"He didn't run into it, he ran out of it," prompted Emily, falling back upon a primal instinct for truth telling. "I'll show you the room."

"Then you know somethin' about this robbery?" Mr. Cafferty had fixed his china-blue eyes on Emily.

"Oh, yes; I helped to ——" She was going to say that she helped to hide the burglar, when she remembered and amended—"to arrange for the dinner party."

Detective Cafferty took his time about examining the spare room while Rosamonde and Emily fluttered after him. He seemed to have an almost childlike passion for getting his fingers into dusty corners. He rubbed dust from behind bureaus and discovered nothing more relevant than that Rosamonde was a poor housekeeper. He opened the window leading to the fire escape, and ere he craned his fat head into the area space he produced several sheets of sensitized paper and rubbed samples across the sill.

These he examined critically.

"I know somethin'," he said at last slyly.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed Emily.

"The crook never come be way of the fire escape—unless he dropped in by an airyoplane."

"Oh, then you think ——"

"Where do ye keep that there ally-gator?"

Rosamonde led him to the bathroom and showed him the luxurious tub wherein Eustace maintained the long sleep of ancient lineage. Mr. Cafferty poked him in the back and withdrew his broad finger with superhuman rapidity, for Eustace had opened his froglike eyes and had given one of those sudden flips to his tail.

"Hm!" said Mr. Cafferty, and put more notes into his blue book.

"And now," said he, "how do ye account for the burglar gittin' bit by the ally-gator? Did he come into the flat be way o' the hot-water spigot?"

"I wonder if he did!" was Emily's helpful comment.

"Well," said Mr. Cafferty, putting away his notebook, "in my opinion it's an inside job."

"It's very nice of you to help us," Rosamonde complimented.

But Mr. Cafferty still lingered.

"Of course, if it's worth yer while, we can put special men on the case ——"

"My husband has notified several agencies already."

"Don't fool wid the agencies, lady."

"Then I suppose we'll never find the man."

"Ye might and ye might not. It depends."

Something very curious had happened to Mr. Cafferty's hand. It had formed itself into a cup and was wagging nervously behind his back.

"There will be a grand lot o' trouble in this job, owin' to the circumstances and the lack of evidence. But if ye really want to run down the burglar ——"

"I don't know what you mean," said Rosamonde haughtily.

The nervous hand behind Mr. Cafferty's back continued to flutter so hungrily that none but a professional diplomatist could have misinterpreted its meaning. It filled Emily Ray with a strange fascination and prompted her to something which she should never, never have done. Against the bureau mirror there snuggled a small pincushion, a hard, handy object; and before she had time to reconsider she had picked it up and placed it carefully in the center of Mr. Cafferty's palm. But Mr. Cafferty did nothing so unworldly as to look at it. He merely relaxed his hand and permitted the pincushion to drop to the floor.

"Ye're all right, young lady," said he.

"And you're a sweet old-fashioned soul," said she.

"And I'll report this job to headquarters, but I can't give ye no encouragement because there's no evidence. Good day to ye, Mrs. Vallance and Miss Vallance."

But Emily, returning to the living room, was not attentive to where Detective Cafferty was going or what he would report. What principally intrigued her was the appearance of the stage she had so recently quit.

Aunt Carmen, Professor Syle and the ideal shoes had taken their departure.

VIII

AN ACID test must result in one of three things: It may discover a world benefit, it may discover nothing, or it may blow up the laboratory.

Emily Ray's test, applied to Oliver Browning, neither benefited the world nor resulted in nothing.

They met in the drawing-room of a downtown hotel, preparatory to a lunch which was never eaten, and almost the first thing Emily brought out the news with a dramatic flourish:

"I'm not going back to Aunt Carmen."

"Well, why not?"

This response brought a chill of apprehension; furthermore, Oliver's cherubic features were stern as stern could be.

"My word!" said Emily, drawing herself up. "I thought you'd be glad to hear it."

"What's the idea?" asked Oliver.

"Mule!" said Emily, quite without good nature.

"I know. But Aunt Carmen was keeping you in great style out there on Long Island. Have you quarreled out or something?"

"I don't think you understand the price I had to pay for that great style, as you call it."

"I'm sorry, dear ——"

"Don't!" she cried, snatching her hand away.

"But, Emmy, there's a lot of grind to everything you do. Lord knows I'm not crazy 'bout Aunt Carmen. But will you be any better off in New York, living with the wild Rosa and the alligator and the barefoot burglar?"

She looked at him with a strange hardness in her eyes. Could this be possible? Where was her romantic dream of a lover who, despite hotel regulations, would gather her into his arms and whisper: "Come, dearest! There is always someone who wants you more than Aunt Carmen."

"I guess it's hard out there all right," he agreed, but he had fallen to pacing the rug and to looking as tragic as a fat boy can. "But all I ask of you is to stick it out until ——"

"Well?" said Emily, having also risen.

"Can't you see, Emmy, the way I'm fixed?" He had faced her, his hands spread imploringly. "I can't live decently now without stealing some mules. Please don't look at me that way, honey. I haven't done anything ——"

"Nothing," she agreed.

"The thing I want most in all the world is to marry you and have a home."

"I see."

"Well, what in hell's the matter?"

"Nothing. But I must go."

"Where?"

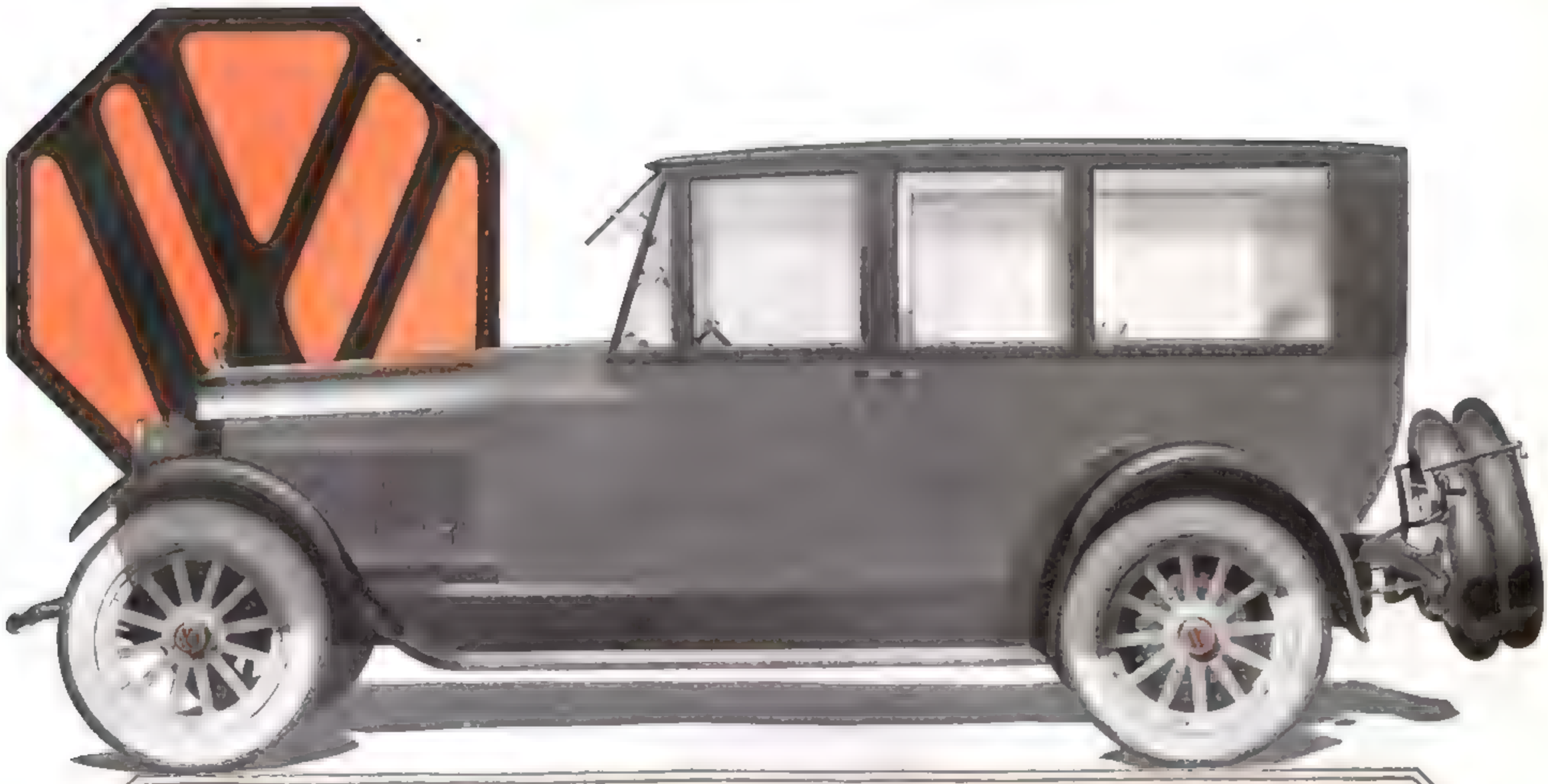
"To tell Aunt Carmen that she was right."

"I guess the Bolshies have got you good!" he murmured, but made no move to prevent her as she hurried out of the room.

Emily went back to Rosamonde's apartment, and finding that her cousin had already departed with Professor Syle to hunt up a studio in Pomander Place, she had no trouble in packing her traveling bag and going forth on the adventure which, in so far as we are concerned, lost her for the space of a fortnight.

It was a few days past April's foolish first when Emily Ray, a rough ready-made cloak now taking the place of the coonskin coat she had sold at a bargain, came down from the Eighth Street station of the Elevated road and proceeded to guide herself through Greenwich Village without the aid of stars or compass. Behind the peaked clock-tower of a municipal building she at last came upon a little toy street with little toy sidewalks, little toy trees, little toy houses and a little toy lamp-post placarded Pomander Place. Emily gasped as one is apt to when one comes upon the quaint and fanciful in New York. The lane was out of Dickens or Hans Christian Andersen; Professor Syle was to be congratulated in his choice of such a spot for Rosamonde's experiment in Bolshevikia.

(Continued on Page 71)



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Phez

Pure Juice of the Loganberry

(Continued from Page 68)

Emily found the number eighteen on the door of a toy house halfway down the lane. There was no bell and her knocks were unheeded; therefore, she entered into a bare gray hall and was guided up a doll's staircase by the sound of many voices. A door, standing ajar at the first landing, bore a large card handsomely labeled "Our Community" in red letters. Here she knocked and here again her knock was unheeded; nor did her entrance upon the strange scene make any difference for the moment.

The room was full of violent color, tobacco smoke, noise, the odor of fried food. Emily recognized Aunt Carmen's old red carpet; the windows were hung with pinkish curtains—apparently an attempt had been made to dye Aunt Carmen's yellow ones; the chairs, tables and bookcases had been painted the orange tint that one associated with art in the vicinity of Washington Square.

Dimly through the smoke many heads became visible, mostly bushy, some bald, all animate with the passion of argument. Above a long untidy table, which bore the relics of much food, there loomed a hideously painted square of canvas; it might have been the work of a child of ten and it was plainly intended to be a portrait of a serious, hirsute middle-aged reformer.

"Why, Emily Ray!" Out of the smoke barrage somebody leaped toward her, and a moment later Emily found herself panting in the arms of her cousin Rosamonde. Only it was a strangely altered Rosamonde; somehow she had tucked her hair in underneath to give the prevailing Buster Brown effect and she wore a smock frock embroidered in green medallions and baggy Turkish trouser-things of noisy Japanese silk—heaven knows what she didn't wear!

"Emmy, darling!" she was rejoicing. "I'm so glad you've come at last. I've been so worried about you. Where have you been?"

"Hunting a job, finding it and quitting," was Emily's brief version of her adventures.

"You simply left the apartment without a word and I've been telephoning almost every day to Aunt Carmen and to Oliver—you've been lost without a trace. What in the world's come over you?"

"I was going to ask the same thing about you," said Emily.

"Don't you like it?" Rosamonde gestured toward the decorations and pouted prettily as she did when anybody found fault.

"Of course I haven't got used ——"

"Oh, you must. You haven't any idea how soon you will. Come over here and meet the Comrades."

Poor, rich, overfed, undeveloped Rosamonde! Rapturously she guided her untutored cousin by the hand and brought her face to face with Bolshevikia, or at least that section of the Red Republic which lolled together on a divan and hungrily inhaled Rosamonde's gold-tipped cigarettes.

The free citizens, presented to Emily one at a time, differed from the rest of New York as much, say, as the Czechs differ from the Moros. Smock frocks, of course, were vogue for all the women and some of the men. But their variety was infinite. There was a Miss Felda Drigg, who wore her hair close-cropped and had the face of a dissolute Roman senator; she had a small rabbit-faced husband whose name, it seemed, was Mr. Eldred Smole. By profession he was paragrapher on the Outburst. Comrade Alfonzo, the bright-toothed Mexican bandit, shook hands with a snarl, and Comrade Tony, who was plotting a national barbers' strike, greeted her greasily and challenged her on several subjects which his point of view and his Italian accent rendered quite unintelligible. Then there was Comrade Epstein who, though most certainly not Irish, proclaimed his conversion to the Sinn Fein movement.

Rosamonde had no doubt been busy. Emily intimated as much when at last they found themselves isolated behind the untidy luncheon table.

"It's been the most mar-velous success from the first!" crowed Rosamonde. "We now have twenty Comrades in to lunch every noon and we're trying to extend the table space."

"And what do you do with the surplus?" asked Emily.

"What surplus?" asked Rosamonde.

"Why, from the luncheons."

"Oh, my dear, you don't understand the system at all. We don't do anything for money down here. When the revolution is over we can all pay on a—what you call it?—*quid pro quo* or something."

"I see. I suppose Merlin's perfectly charmed."

"Oh, Merlin! He's in California. Isn't it providential? He'll be gone till the middle of the month, and I hope it improves his temper."

"It should," suggested Emily drily. "What's that picture?"—indicating the impressionistic canvas.

"That's a portrait of Lenine. Isn't it charming? It was done by one of the Pilsen School."

"One of the kindergarten pupils?"

"How you talk! It's a vibratist picture and was painted by Miss Drigg ——"

"The married maiden with the short hair? How much did it cost you?"

"Only a hundred and fifty. The poor things are always hard up—you know, that's the penalty of being emancipated. But tell me, Emmy, what are you going to do?"

"I've come here to ask you," confessed her cousin. "I got my old place back at Beltman's—but something's happened to me, Rosa. I don't seem to stick to things. I think life at Plainview has made me soft—I can't do anything without a servant to wait on me. And the boarding-house food—whew!"

"It's strange the way you're treating Oliver," mused Rosamonde. "He can't understand it."

"I think he can," replied Emily, quite without warmth.

The Comrades on the divan were now going it with the energy of competitive auctioneers. "Land distribution," "The right to live," "The total eradication of wage slavery" were but a few of the many phrases hurled in falsetto, basso and soprano, snarled, shrieked, roared and growled from the soft-padded forum of free opinion.

"Do they go like that all the time?" asked Emily.

"Most of the time," admitted Rosamonde. "Aren't they lovely?"

"You always did like noisy pets," said the poor relation.

"I'm going to Madame Bleriot's," said Rosamonde, looking down at those silken trousers, "to select some costumes. I want something really good."

"You're dressing the part, I see."

"One must, you know. I've got several costumes ready-made in the village. Bleriot is fairly swamped with orders. But I mustn't wear this thing out in the street. Come in while I change and let's talk."

A little room off the studio had been partially outfitted with bureau and chairs. The parts of an iron bed lay piled against the wall and a dressing table stood conveniently near the window.

"I just use it as a place to change in," explained Rosamonde, already divesting herself of Bolshevikia's odd garments. "You see that door beyond is sealed up now, but it leads into another bedroom where two of the dearest old maids—Comrade Elsa and Comrade Hattie—stay. Elsa's a teacher in the Pilsen School of Radical Culture, you know."

"Of course," said Emily. "But do you ever see Professor Syle any more?"

"Ever see him! Why, my dear, he's here almost every afternoon. He's the very spirit of the place."

"How splendid!"

Poor Emily was thinking of making a humble request, but she decided to withdraw it.

"Emmy," cried young Mrs. Vallant, turning as she adjusted a conventional walking skirt, "why couldn't you come and take this room?"

"Well, I could."

"There wouldn't be the least danger in all the world. We could have Comrade Elsa's door unsealed and you'd be just as chaperoned as a girl could be."

"How about Professor Syle?"

"He's a wonderful person. He'd never bother you. Of course Comrade Niki comes in to cook the lunch."

"For the good of the cause?"

"I pay him a nominal sum—nine dollars a week, I think it is. He never complains. He's a remarkable reformer and is going to do wonders with Japan."

Emily was almost convinced when they entered the Vallant car—conveniently waiting at the corner of Eighteenth Street and Fifth Avenue—and they were merrily whirling toward Madame Bleriot's fashionable *atelier*. Emily wanted no more of Aunt Carmen, nor did she fancy the life of a wage-earner which had once seemed her destiny. She could slip into Rosamonde's mad studio where, for the matter of that, she could accomplish much toward paying her board. At any rate it would give her a certain shelter until she could look toward something better.

Since Mrs. Vallant was one of Bleriot's best customers it was small wonder that the madame herself greeted the ladies smilingly, and offered them chairs at a confidential corner of the elegant Empire room, where ruinous plots were hatched against half the wealthy husbands in America.

"We can now offer you so many beautiful things, Madame Vallant," cried Madame Bleriot, the sweet generous soul. "So many *ateliers* of Paris have again opened."

"I was thinking of something for inside wear, for ——" Rosamonde hesitated to show embarrassment before a mere trades person.

"Nicolette!" Madame clasped her plump hands and the slave of the lamp appeared. She rippled something about *robe de la rose* then, rolling her bulging brown eyes again toward Rosamonde: "Of soisette, madame, with something *nouvelle*—everybody will rage about it in the spring. A bodice of plaited straw. *Très sauvage!*"

"It must be lovely," Rosamonde agreed for agreement's sake. "But, Madame Bleriot, you see I've taken a studio ——"

"Ah-h-h-h!" Madame Bleriot upheld her hands and uttered a long snarling sound indicative of sympathy and understanding. "They are in vogue now—we have provided for that. Just this week Mrs. Winslow Husk"—madame counted them off on her fingers—"Mrs. Kilman Trencherley, Mrs. Hezekiah Ammon—all have ordered something for studio wear. What is your *métier*, madame, sculpture or dancing?"

Rosamonde paused just a moment, then whispered:

"Bolshevism."

"Ah-h-h-h!" The same snarl, only longer this time. "We have provided for that also. You see, Madame Vallant, it is our beezness to anticipate styles."

Without even rising madame reached to the shelf of a tiny gilt desk and picked up a brown portfolio, which she rested precariously on her sloping lap.

"Designs by Henri Stuck," she said descriptively, and turned the pages slowly before Rosamonde's and Emily's astonished gaze.

The drawings were colored violently by hand, and although the poses were ladylike in the extreme the costumes were suggestive of Bakst in a lilting mood. A lady wearing what appeared to be red rubber boots below a violet gingham pinafore with an Elizabethan collar of stiff gold lace was among a few of the more conventional. There was also a one-piece munition worker's costume, the material being apple green with short leggings of gold, accentuating white, square-toed slippers. The ladies depicted almost invariably wore their hair bobbed and many had red skull caps.

"How won-derful!" cried Rosamonde, her breath taken away.

"No, no!" protested madame with a shrug. "We must look forward. And we have had so many calls for costumes among ladies who are going in for—what do you call it?—radicalism."

"Not really!"

"Madame!" Bleriot bridled as though her honor had been questioned. "In any great movement you must have uniforms suitable to it—not so? Behold afternoon dancing! Was not that a cause for short-skirt style? And does not skating require its costume? And so much wealth in America—among ladies—has gone into La Bolshevique."

"And there has been a demand?"

"So great we can hardly fill it. Already Mrs. Chauncey Huggensinger has ordered three—I shall show you."

Madame Bleriot turned to three of the most fantastic designs. Rosamonde, obviously sensing the pang of disappointment which a New Yorker must feel after any attempt to be original, thumbed the cards, confused. Should she resort to a Greenwich Village dressmaker after all?

"Tacky!" said she as if to herself. Rosamonde loathed the tacky as nature loathes a vacuum. She sat considering.

"Just look at this!" cried Emily, holding up a card illustrating a lady with a jockey cap, bare limbs and a tunic of ermine. "A riding habit for the Ostrich Show!"

But Madame Bleriot's eyes were roving toward the door, where apparently customers of more importance even than Mrs. Vallant were entering.

"Pardon!" she exclaimed, and dashed across the room.

Stung in her vanity as a spoiled customer is apt to be when another and more spoiled appropriates the shopkeeper's attention, Rosamonde looked savagely up. Emily's eyes followed those of her cousin. The newcomers were two, and by their appearance, mother and daughter. The elder offered the appearance of a withered Venus whose Grecian profile had sharpened to a wedge; but when you looked at the younger you could see that the wedge had always been there. For the younger's face was beautifully regular, but hard and chisel-sharp; she was dressed in wintry gray to match her wintry gray eyes.

"Who?" asked Emily, seeing her cousin's lips moving.

"Mrs. Ballymoore and Vera," whispered Rosamonde.

Emily took a curious look at Aunt Carmen's lifelong enemy; but her curiosity was more, perhaps, for that daughter who had been pictured in every Sunday supplement as a reigning beauty, yet who never seemed able to get a man interested to the marriage point. Emily saw why. The only obstacle to Vera's success was Vera Ballymoore, who was ice.

The spying eyes of the opposing camps met midway, for Mrs. Ballymoore smiled stiffly and bowed. Miss Ballymoore put a trifle more of condescension into her manner as she also recognized Mrs. Vallant.

"How-do-you-do?" she asked, with a sweetness that stung like a blizzard wind.

They then concentrated their attention on the good Bleriot who was bustlingly at their service.

"But yes, madame, mademoiselle's trousers will be gathered at the ankles and the smock frock without a belt, as you suggest—but no! The belt would be gauche. Henri Stuck is making special drawings including those admirable changes mademoiselle was suggesting. . . . Ah, as you say, it is very poor form, madame, to appear at these radical meetings in a broadcloth street costume. Let me show you what I mean."

Madame Bleriot came over to where Rosamonde sat spitefully sketching with her gold pencil on the back of an envelope. She had dropped the portfolio to the floor.

"Pardon! Might I take just one of the drawings—only the one with the red medallions."

"Take them all," replied Rosamonde generously, as she kicked the portfolio along the rug. "They are all stupid. I'm working out a design for myself."

It was at that moment that Emily decided to try her luck with the Comrades of Pomander Place.

IX

ROSAMONDE took Emily down to No. 18 next morning in time for her to become acquainted with the environment that was to be hers from then on. In the hours preceding lunch, during and after, she found out much more about Bolshevikia than poor Rosamonde could possibly dream of in her philosophy.

The community luncheons—for so they were called—had become almost overwhelmingly popular in the Quarter and for a reason at once appreciated by the Comrades: The food was free. Mrs. Finnessey had first thought of the idea, which Comrade Walter Syle had heartily indorsed, although he ate there only occasionally. A long rough table had been knocked together in the rear room of the studio and upon this a red cloth was forever spread. It was the only lunch room in New York which, utterly without advertising, seemed to turn away customers from the first day. Miss Felda Drigg and her husband, Mr. Eldred Smole, of the Outburst, were, I might say, among her steadiest customers, and with them usually coming early in order to get good seats were Comrade Alfonzo, of Villa's way of thinking, Comrade Tony the barber, the advanced Sinn Feiner named Epstein and the dangerous Japanese Bolshevist, Comrade Hanako Niki.

Comrade Niki, yellowest of the Reds, was four feet eight inches of untranslatable emotion. He enjoyed over the other Comrades the advantage of saying things which nobody but himself could understand. There was always a Russian or an Italian or a Balkan or a Finn present to translate

(Continued on Page 73)

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from the inspired remarks of compatriots; but Comrade Niki went it alone.

It had been Professor Syle's suggestion that since the luncheons were an experiment in communism the Comrades should all pitch in together and do the cooking. It had worked pretty well for one or two enthusiastic days, but after that came chaos. It seemed that Comrade Felda and Comrade Alfonzo had different ideas about cooking coffee, which led to words; Comrade Tony had insisted that there should be spaghetti with every meal, but Comrade Epstein, the Sinn Feiner, grew bitter at the thought and pointed out that the Internationale would protest against every suggestion of provincialism.

On the third day it had looked as though there would be no lunch, but Comrade Niki had solved the situation in his artless Japanese way. The Comrades were quarreling noisily among themselves. Rosamonde, who had got herself into one of her village creations, was running hither and thither, quite hysterically planning to break a number of eggs into a frying pan and to add butter and to stir it over a hot fire and to bid the Comrades help themselves and be still. Then she had found that the gas stove wouldn't work; the stove was one of those automatic quarter-in-the-slot affairs and the mortgage had foreclosed itself, mechanically speaking.

The Comrades had deserted the kitchen and were assembled about the dining room, a soviet about to be born.

"I object to coercive measures either in public or private life!" Miss Drigg had snapped, her complexion yellowing over her orange-colored collar as she glared at Comrade Alfonzo, who was showing his teeth.

"It's de princi-*pal!*" the Villista had growled. "An' you call America free!"

"Who ever called America free?" Miss Drigg's husband had challenged, quick to avenge the insult.

Daggers had filled the air. Doom had impended. Poor Rosamonde had been about to open a window and call vulgarly for the capitalistic police, when like a yellow little streak with a wiry black topknot Comrade Niki had got himself on a chair and clapped his babylike hands.

"Yes, Yes. I say it!" He had grinned terrifically and made a peculiar hissing sound as his black pompadour bobbed innumerable times. "How can you start that thing without doing anything? I ask. Everybody be comfortable, please, for future revolution. I cook."

And without another word he got down and took possession of the kitchen.

Emily got most of these facts out of Rosamonde, the same being related in Rosamonde's own scatterbrained style in the hour before lunch when Emily had a chance to look round and study the peculiarities of Bolshevik decoration. She thought she would get used to everything except the portrait of Lenine, and that would always offend her with the information that poor Rosamonde had paid a hundred and fifty dollars for a comic valentine.

Out in the little galley they called a kitchen she could catch a glimpse of tiny Niki, surrounded by fruits and vegetables, loudly chanting something which he seemed to think was the Japanese international ode. It sounded like:

Ichi ko-ko!
Washi nero.
Can! Can!
No! No!
Go banzai!
Go sago.
Go kaliko.
Nichi-nichi
Ko-ko!

She complimented him on his song, whereupon he stopped singing and looked at her with a flat calculating eye.

"How muchly you pay me per weekly?" he asked.

She was somewhat taken aback. Then she put to him the question which is usually disastrous in dealings between an Oriental and an Occidental.

"How much do you want?"

"Eleven dollars sufficient."

"I no boss," she tried to make herself plain. "Mrs. Vallant boss."

"No boss in world some more," Comrade Niki voiced his version of Trotzky.

"Maybe not."

"You new Com-er-ar?" he asked, smiling and bowing with a loud hiss.

"Much new," she agreed, returning bow for bow, hiss for hiss.

"Mrs. Finnessey's away for a week; but, of course, you'll have to dodge Aunt Carmen," said Rosamonde as soon as a few of the more eager Comrades had strolled in to obtain free cigarettes before the free food.

"My word! Does she come here?"

"She's been only once. Then she scolded me because I was selfish, running the place all for my own benefit, and she threatened to take away the furniture and everything till I had to call in Comrade Walter to soothe her. Comrade Walter swore up and down that the community lunch was entirely for Aunt Carmen's benefit, but I couldn't see how, as she hates spaghetti. Finally we compromised by promising her that we would hold a soviet of the soviets just to show her how wonderfully we were getting on."

"What's a soviet of the soviets?" asked Emily.

"It's like a house of bishops or something," replied Rosamonde vaguely. "So we promised Aunt Carmen one and she said she had the Knickerbocker ball Monday and bridge at Mrs. Jeckyl's Tuesday, so Professor Syle settled on Wednesday night."

"That's to-morrow!" Emily was horrified.

"Don't worry, dear, we can poke you away somewhere."

"Oh, how I should love to be there!" cried Emily, picturing in her mind how Aunt Carmen would look in a soviet of the soviets.

The luncheon, which was fully attended as usual, consisted of spaghetti, a sample of Niki's nourishing stew, and much thin red wine. Thin red conversation, too, added mild stimulation. When a Comrade wanted an extra helping, as he usually did, he went out to the kitchen with his plate, cafeteria fashion, and helped himself. Emily sat next to Comrade Alfonzo who, as he suavely explained, had been exiled from Mexico—which he pronounced Me-hic-o—for murdering a schoolmistress. He seemed much distressed by the injustice done him by his fellow men. Comrade Epstein, occupying the place at her other hand, had gone to Ireland to stir up trouble against the English Government, but how he had fared seemed to be a mystery locked in the breast of Comrade Epstein.

Revolution was discussed pro and con, the word being a stock one, employed about as frequently as election is in ordinary party caucuses. But the difference between revolution and election was that election comes on a set day, whereas revolution seemed to be a will o' the wisp now here, now there. As the lunch waxed and some grew sleepy Comrade Alfonzo was more and more for immediate bloodshed.

"I kill," he said at last, and went staggering down the stairs.

"Great heavens!" murmured Emily. "Whom will he kill?"

"Nobody," replied Comrade Epstein easily. "He always goes that way."

Comrade Hattie, Comrade Elsa's meek, wizened little roommate, wanted Fifth Avenue divided into zones and policed by women with powers to stop and arrest all persons with fortunes over two thousand dollars. Emily didn't meet Comrade Elsa, who was away somewhere attending a class in something. Comrade Niki went right on with his job, singing war songs as he worked, and at about half past two he began clearing off the table with a loud clatter.

The afternoon had reached its doldrums and the comrades had gone back to their caves in order to sleep off the effects of the community lunch when Professor Walter Syle called. He arrived while Emily was trying to make something humanly habitable out of the dungeon which was henceforth to be her bedroom; from the studio room she caught his unmistakable lecturing tones. Through a crack in the door she could see him lolling on the divan, his auburn eyes regarding Rosamonde, who sat in the attitude of a woman who disapproves and, disapproving, smiles. She caught an occasional sentence and gathered that Professor Syle was distraught and was blaming it all to economic conditions.

"Under the system of state marriages," she could hear him say—"and state marriages are the only scientific arrangement—please observe how well the plan has worked in Russia under the soviet constitution—" Little Niki could be heard clattering pans

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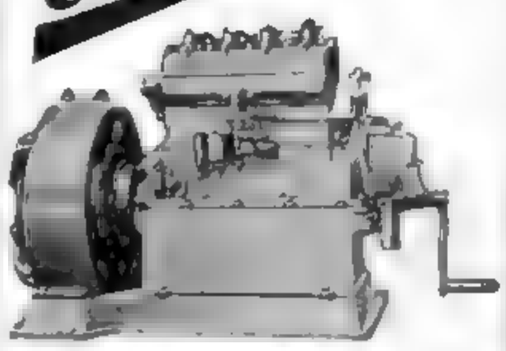

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and singing the Japanese Marseillaise out in the kitchen—"there would be no chance for the absurd domestic arrangement you have made with that capitalist, Vallant. Under the new states such a union would be regarded as both immoral and illegal."

"You might leave my husband out of the argument," she replied, turning upon him for the first time.

"Your husband! My dear child, you can't possibly be trying to support private ownership after all I have taught you."

Emily laughed. She couldn't help laughing at the thought of Merlin in the light of a public husband.

"He's privately owned by me, I don't care what you say," Rosamonde replied.

Comrade Walter stroked his yellowish hair and would have declared himself forthwith no doubt had not the pitpat of little feet on the painted slivery studio floor startled him out of his mood.

"Oh, yes, we've met," smiled Emily at Rosamonde's attempted introduction.

"Not really?" Comrade Walter's affability was beautiful to see. Apparently he had forgotten her.

"Oh, yes, at Mrs. van Laerens'—and then at the dinner party. I don't suppose you remember poor little me—you were just leaving when I saw you."

"Alone?" asked the confused one.

"No, I couldn't say that. You were arm in arm with an alligator, as I remember it."

"Good gracious!" Syle came out of his Utopia a moment and was natural. "Were you another one of those abominable capitalists?"

He moved a step toward the door, but paused and looked again at Emily. Rosamonde, it was plain, rather wished that he would go.

"Mottoes and red flags and everything," said Emily, looking round the place. "I suppose you keep the bombs under that divan."

"No," corrected Professor Syle. "Literature."

"And literature and vodka and everything." Emily beamed over the spectacle. "I want to have a seat in the dress circle, not too near the stage, and see what happens when Merlin Vallant comes back. I do love a bullfight."

"If we stopped to consider the capitalists," announced Comrade Walter, pacing back and forth, "there would be no revolution."

"You've said something, professor," beamed the little intruder.

Rosamonde, nervously conscious of this false note in the song of songs, hurried to change the subject.

"It will be lovely of you to stay and look after things."

"Lovely for me, I should say; I've got plenty of time." Then in the way of explanation to Syle: "You see I was fired last night."

"Ah!" His look gained interest.

"From Beltman's. They took me back, but it seems that life on Long Island completely spoiled me for the glove counter. I had a swelled head, I'm afraid. Anyhow the floorwalker told the manager and I got mine inside a week."

"Just one of a million instances of capitalistic injustice," Comrade Walter argued passionately.

"Fudge!" said Emily. "I got what was coming to me. If you run a department store as a working girls' tea party you've got to close up or move to Sixth Avenue where customers don't seem to care whether they're waited on or not. The trouble with me was I'd got so used to being waited on that I couldn't wait on anybody else. So I was fired. I went across to Sixth Avenue, to Stacey's, and was taken on in the kitchenware department. I defy any girl trained to handle kid gloves to learn a stock of agate ware in a week and get away with it. I sold a sixty-seven-cent dishpan for a quarter and—well, the Wage Woman's Home got my wages last night and here I am again."

"That's a remarkable story!" exclaimed Professor Syle, who had been lowering in the shadows.

"Not so very," said Emily Ray.

"Would you mind coming to the Pilsen School and telling it to them just as you've told it to me?"

"I didn't tell it to you," replied Emily, ever so sweetly. "But if you want to put it in the Raw Deal I'm willing to write it at regular rates."

Comrade Walter was smoking alone under the portrait of Lenine when Rosamonde, explaining that she must dress for the street, led her little cousin away to the bedroom.

"I wish I could stay to help set up the bed," said Rosamonde, ever ready to flee when real work impended. "But I must hurry home to dress for dinner—Judie Annister, you know."

"It must be awfully lonesome here after dark," Emily could not help saying.

"With Comrades Elsa and Hattie on the other side of the wall? Don't be silly, my dear. Just knock on their door and have them take the nails out."

"And that nut?"

By the gesture of Emily's eyes it was easy to see that the nut was Comrade Walter.

"He's never here except in the afternoon. You can't imagine how harmless he is."

"Rosa, you're the sweetest thing in the world," cried Emily, gratitude overcoming her qualms.

"Have you any money? I can lend you enough to ——"

"I've got nearly a hundred dollars in the savings bank. I hocked everything I owned, you see."

Taking advantage of the momentary softening young Mrs. Vallant asked:

"Emily, won't you ever see Oliver any more?"

"Oliver?" She stood back a pace and asked stiffly: "Why should I?"

"It seems so queer, Emmy. You left Aunt Carmen because you insisted on seeing him, and now that you're free you've absolutely dropped him."

"It's he that did the dropping, I'm afraid," she said, again using that hushed voice. "Rosa, he as much as told me that I was a fool, that I was born to be a rich woman's niece, that I was giving up all my chances."

"Well, we all thought that, I'm afraid," said her cousin as kindly as she could.

"He more than thought it. And you know, Rosa, I can't entirely forget a terrible thing Aunt Carmen once said."

"About Oliver?"

"She called him a fortune hunter."

"Well, Emmy, when you live in the world, as we do"—strange forgetfulness of the circumambient smell of Bohemia, of the prophet of discontent smoking cheap cigarettes under Lenine's portrait in the next room—"we've got to consider where our bread and butter's coming from. I think you're a bit proud, my dear, and imaginative."

"Why doesn't he marry Aunt Carmen?" asked Emily bitterly.

"Emmy!"

"He knew she couldn't bear the sight of him, but the moment I broke from her he changed the burden of his song."

So Rosamonde kissed her good night and went forth with Professor Syle, who was escorting her as far as her car, conveniently lurking on Fifth Avenue.

"Were there ever more wonderful eyes?" Emily thought she heard him murmur somewhere below on the creaky stairs. "And such independence of spirit. Turned to the public good what could it not accomplish?"

"Speaking of Emily?" came Rosamonde's distant, rather asperate response.

Emily Ray found some cold spaghetti in the little ice box, and when she had warmed this over and made herself tea and a slice of toast on the quarter-in-the-slot gas range she ate in solitude and enjoyed it. Two seasons with Aunt Carmen had turned her into a parasite; that she was obliged to acknowledge. Her strivings against the hard competition of the commercial world had sickened her of the game. Here in this Mad Hatter's Shop she could make herself useful enough; she could even pretend to believe in their ravings a little. What was the difference, when all was said? Surely it would be less humiliating than polite serfdom in Mrs. Shallope's white palace at Plainview.

After supper she washed the dishes, then repaired to her bedroom and set to work assembling the mysterious skeleton of her iron bed. Those who have tried this without expert instruction will sympathize. She managed, after pinching her fingers in the socket of the headpiece, to get a heavy side rail fixed in place; but when she sought to join it to the foot it came loose at the other end and permitted the headpiece to descend with a horrible crash to the floor. She picked it up and, amidst a weird clanking of iron, was starting all over again.

"You'd better let me help you with that."

The blood had all gone to her head when she looked up toward the voice, but it rushed rapidly back to her heart after a moment's realization. Oliver Browning, plump, young, wholesome and accusing, stood in the doorway.

"No, thank you," she said coldly; "I don't need any help."

And to prove her economic independence she again permitted the headpiece to fall with an earthquake roar. This time its jagged edge scraped a yard of paper off the wall.

"Of course, you don't," grinned Oliver, reaching for the disjointed sections and putting them together with marvelous dexterity. "Free women never need anything."

"Don't you dare call me a free woman!" she commanded, squaring her elbows.

"All right." He had just thrown the springs in place with a vibrant crash. "I suppose you're perfectly happy here far away from the sinful rich."

"I didn't ask you to come, Oliver," she informed him.

"No, but your cousin seems to have a little sense left in spite of the Red Rag Sisterhood. She rang me up and told me where you were."

"I thank her."

"And I've come here to get you out of this den and take you back to—decent society."

"That's almost insulting, Oliver. I'm alone here, but I can call for help."

"Start a Bolsheviki uprising, I suppose?"

Suddenly he sat down on the crashing springs and ran his fingers desperately over his forehead and through his hair. Emily had always thought of it as nice hair; the sort she would have liked to stroke, but his wild attention rumpled it to a headdress as comic as any that showed in the Pilsen School of Radical Culture.

"Emily," he moaned. "Poor little Emmy! Please forget the way I've talked. But can't you see—can't you understand how I feel?"

"One style of conversation for a drawing-room and another for a studio, I suppose."

"What do you mean by that?"

"About as much as you mean by that," she drawled. Even then, standing with her back to the wall, her knees weak, she longed to cry and beg him be kind to her and forgive and take her away. "I've gone down in your estimation—I'm poor and—and I'm a criminal."

"If you only knew the world!"

She laughed. Since her entrance into Utopia she had twice been requested to remember the world.

"Of course it sounds romantic and all that sort of thing to be free and independent and wear circus clothes. But it's rot, I tell you.

"This Bolshevik business isn't a philosophy; it's a disease. It's going through the country like flu."

"Rich people have the flu too," she suggested.

"You'd be protected in your aunt's house. She doesn't like me, but I'll give her credit for one thing—she isn't flirting with these putrid Greenwich Village ideas. You could have stayed there until I got on my feet and we could have ——"

"I can stay here till you get on your feet," she found herself arguing, just as though her marriage with this man were still possible.

"Emily!" He had come up bouncing like a rubber ball. "You'll not stay here another night."

"Who's to prevent me?" she asked, and held on to the little iron bed as though to an anchor.

He looked at her a full minute with his round eyes, which managed to convey much melancholy.

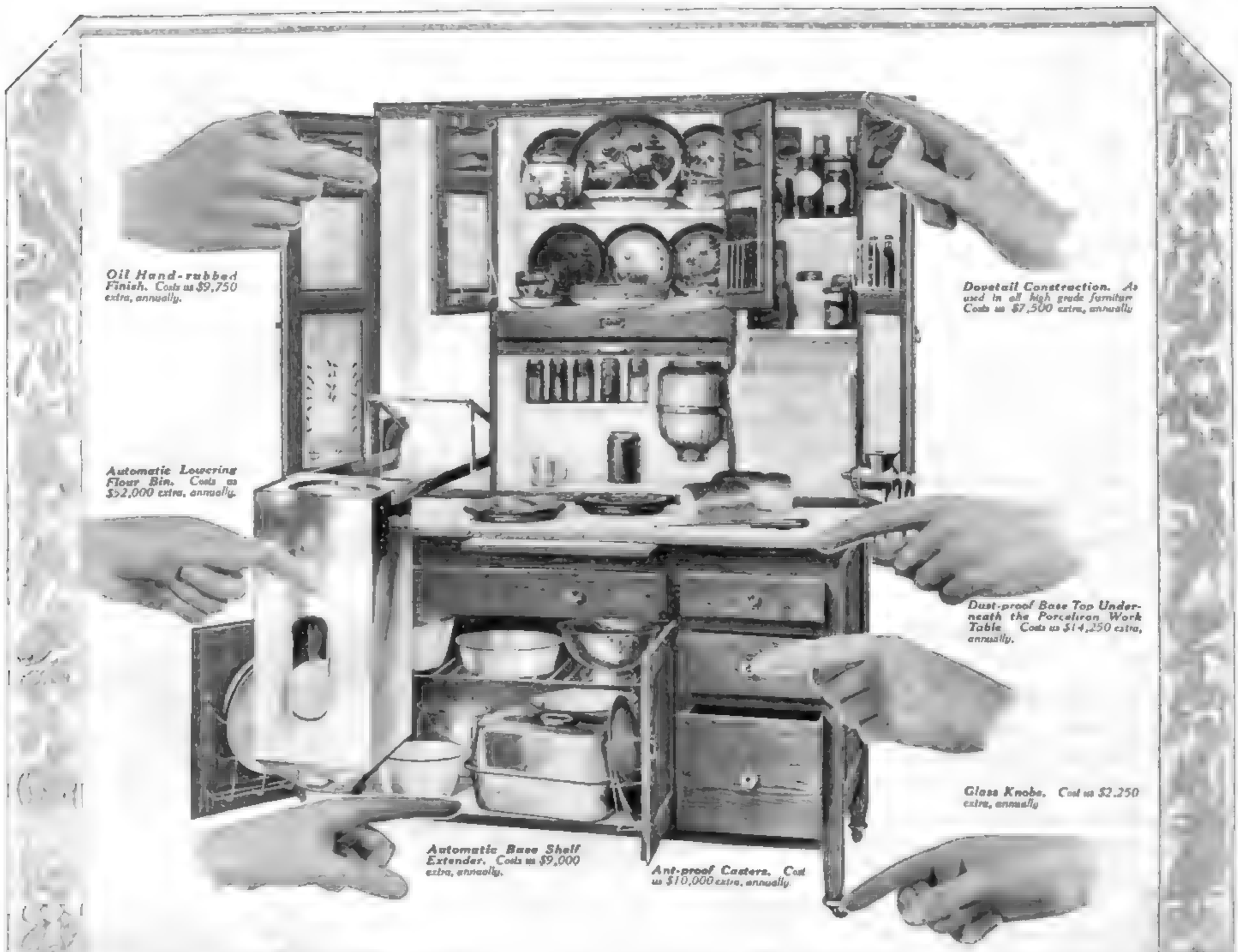
"Oh, I won't," he said quite gently, and turned precisely on his heel to limp out of the place.

She could hear his retreating footsteps through the echoing studio. She heard the door bang resonantly, then his uneven lame man's tramp-tramp down the crazy little stairs.

How deserted the place seemed! How it smelled of smoky incense burned to false gods!

The ill-painted portrait of Lenine gleamed foggily by a single lamp in the big room. Beyond the partition an unhappy, fanatical, nasal soprano seemed to be chanting forever the wrongs of humanity. Emily Ray shuddered and turned to flee into the street. But where? After all there was open to her no better place than here.

(TO BE CONTINUED)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McGREGOR DECIDES IT

(Concluded from Page 11)

very simply, almost as if Lord Algy were not there. "And then I met you. You were so—dear! So different! You made me feel so young!"

Lord Algy squared his shoulders.

"I don't want to live in New York, Courty! I don't think I'd like—the Fifth Avenue! No Englishwoman does! I—I haven't the temperament for the Fifth Avenue, Courty!"

"You'd have to live in New York part of the time, Lady Julie," said Courty quite firmly.

Lady Juliet laughed.

"I adore you for saying that!" She turned to Lord Algy. "Don't you see what a lamb he is, Algy, you old darling? What am I going to do with both of you!"

"You're going to say good-by to one of us to-night," repeated Lord Algy.

"Oh, am I, child of the bulldog breed?" she cried. "Perhaps you're both going to say good-by to me!"

And before either man realized what was happening, light as a gull on the wing, she was at the side of the yacht, poised on the rail for the fraction of a second, was over and out of sight in the glistening trail of moon on sea.

As I said before, this is not a sad story.

Two magnificent dives—up, out, down, two strong overhand swimmers across the quiet water suddenly roused to gentle murmurs—both men reached her at the same moment.

"I've got her, old man," called Lord Algy.

"So've I," spluttered Courty.

A man's voice ringing through the night, clear and sharp. An answering cry from the bridge of the Nemesis, feet pattering, the rattling of a boat being lowered.

And the sound of a woman laughing.

"How delicious moonlit water is! I never knew! But you both got to me first! What bores you are!"

The next morning Lady Juliet spent in a deck chair, sipping hot milk at intervals, submissively, Lord Algy and Courty at her side, Mrs. van Sinderen tenderly solicitous, Jillesby with shawls and a smelling bottle hovering in the background. And the Nemesis churning through the violet blue of summer Mediterranean—homeward bound. The cruise was over.

"'Rent cordage, shattered deck! And only not a wreck!'" sang Lady Juliet sweetly and slipped her hands into Lord Algy's and Courty's with a fine impartiality. "Dear, dear things! Oh, do let's be friends!"

After all, it was McGregor who decided.

Flushed with a tactfully concealed triumph, her hair in dank and tired wisps about her face—for the nine boxes were being packed at last—Jillesby appeared, two letters in her hand—one a notification from Jillesby's bank in Edinburgh; the other a brief but extremely well-worded epistle from "yours always faithfully, Angus McGregor."

Jillesby did try not to look self-conscious as she handed both communications to Lady Juliet; for Jillesby was a "lady's lady" in the language of belowstairs.

"I knew your ladyship would be pleased," she said gently, putting the letters away in her apron pocket and passing on to things of real import. "I'm leaving out the blue serge and the black-and-white check and the pink tea gown and black-lace dinner gown. Is there anything else you will need, m'lady, before we arrive?" There was a positive purr in Jillesby's voice at the word "arrive."

"You old hypocrite, no!" retorted Lady Juliet. "I owe you eighty pound, and you know it! Hand me my check book, please! You can send the check on to Mr. McGregor, Jillesby. You'll feel safer about it if you do!"

But to Courty she held forth:

"Never again shall I believe in human nature! Never!

"The man was perfectly honest—and she picked him up in a pew! It's horrible! I'm going to give my pearls to the first man I meet in the Corso! Ask him please to take them to the hotel for me—that it gives me a headache to walk in the sun with them!"

"Bet you hundred dollar you'll find them waiting for you at the office when you come in! Bet you thousand dollar! Oh, Julie ——" and his arms closed round her.

Lady Juliet Had Suddenly Bethought a Book She Had Left on Deck; She Had Slipped Out of Her Cabin in Quest of It

"Julie—Julie! No, you're not going to get away—ever! Listen, Julie! I don't want to kiss you—yet. I want to talk to you. About our bet! Have you forgotten, darling?

"McGregor's turned up! And you promised to marry me if McGregor turned up! You've got to marry me, Julie! Oh, how I love you!"

"Let me go, you ridiculous boy! You don't mean to say you took that nonsense about McGregor seriously?"

Lady Juliet smoothed a lock of hair and gave Courty a gentle push. But he raved on happily, holding on to a little bow that tied the frill of her blouse.

"Seriously? Not take McGregor seriously?

"Why, Julie, I've taken to religion because of McGregor! McGregor has brought me to prayer! I've burned candles at every little old church we've looked at the last ten days because of McGregor! There isn't a saint in heaven that doesn't know about him. There's nothing else talked of up there, Julie! And you ask me if I take him seriously!"

Courty stopped suddenly. He grew white as he loosened his hold on the little ribbon.

There was a great silence in the room.

And then the world flamed into beauty and purpose for Courtlandt van Sinderen.

"Poor Algy!" said Lady Juliet, and put her arms round Courty's neck.

But Algy wasn't "poor." He was really rather magnificent about it all. He seemed to grow an inch or two taller as he wrung Courty's hand. And he stooped and kissed Lady Juliet on the top of her head.

She clung to him and wept a little.

"Oh, Algy, I've behaved so badly!"

"You have, my dear! Try to behave better now and you'll be forgiven."

"I do love him, Courty," she sobbed from Lord Algy's shoulder.

"So do I," said Courty.

Lord Algy patted her on the back.

"You need a big brother. That's what I've been to you all these years. Only I didn't know it!"

"And I need a best man," said Courty.

Lord Algy looked very tall and calm and interested.

"When?" was all he said.

"Not for ages and ages!" cried Lady Juliet.

"Next week at the Embassy," replied Courty. "I've got a cousin there."

"I shall hate the Fifth Avenue! I know I shall!" wailed Lady Juliet.

"It'll adore you, Julie," replied Courty.

Lee Yanke

(Though the A. E. F. goes, it leaves much of its slang behind.—Recent News Note.)

ACROSS the little furrowed field
Where duds and shell holes, half concealed
By healing grass, disturb her course,
Mère Marie plods behind her horse.
And "Vite, mon choul" she cries, "Marche-lu!"
Or "Blanchette, get un move on you!"

Wee Fifi, waif from racked Nazaire,
Plays wanly on the terrace stair,
Upon her lips the ghost of joy,
And soothes her doll with "Attaboy!"
Or croons "Some baby!" and "Gee-whiz!
Plus chère, plus belle—I'll say it is."

Old Papa Jean within his shop,
Discussing sagely cow and crop,
Reiterates: "Oui—c'est la stuff!"
Or "Mille diables! Treat zem rough!"
And splits a bottle feefty-feefty
Whenever patronage is neefty.

Full soon the shell holes fill with grass
And battlefields and shell holes pass
Into the mist of yesterdays;
But still there lingers word or phrase—
A touch of Western breezy slang
To lend Provençal speech a tang.

Stern battles, though the flags be furled,
Will boom in "Say—I'll tell the world!"
And sparks of many a valiant fight
Will flash in "Listen!" and "Good night!"

Boy faces grinning, wistful, kind,
With each brisk phrase will come to mind;
Boy faces, grim and gray and drear,
That still could manage "Whoops, my dear!"
Who called the world's worst war "the fuss,"
In vivid speech incongruous;
Who joked like boys and fought like gods,
And caroled: "Blooey! What's the odds?"
Reduced the hell of Marne and Roye
To crisp and long-recalled patois
Those boys who said "So this is France!"
And, gayly gallant, "took a chance."

—Jessie E. Henderson.

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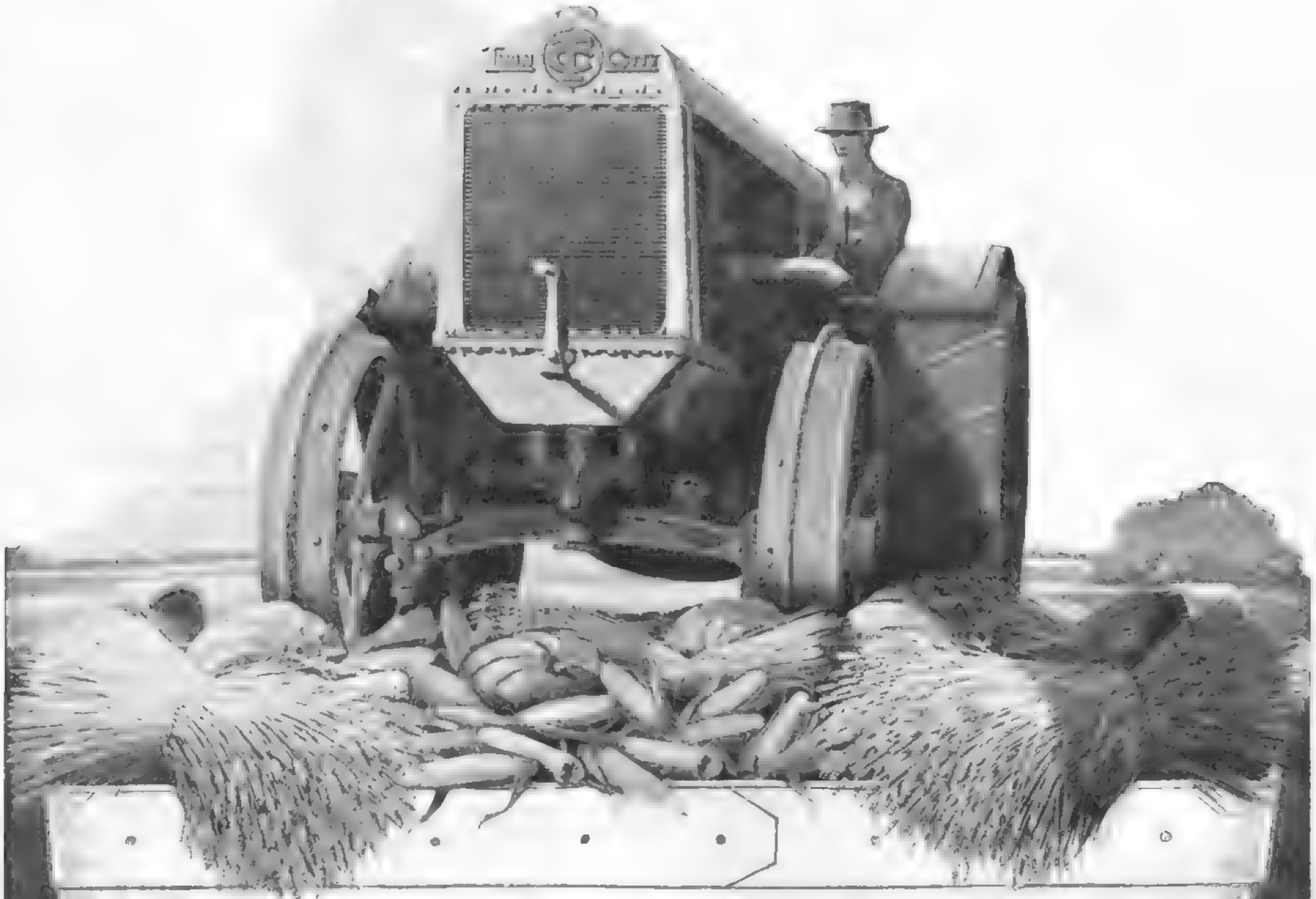

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TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 19)

It was clear that he held an intimate relationship to Tutt & Tutt from the familiar way in which he returned their cordial, if casual, salutations.

"Well, here we are again," remarked Mr. Doon pleasantly, seating himself upon the corner of Mr. Tutt's desk and spinning his bowler hat upon the forefinger of his left hand. "The hospitals are empty. The Tombs is as dry as a bone. Everybody's good and every day'll be Sunday by and by."

"How about that man who stole a razor?" asked Tutt.

"Discharged on the ground that the fact that he had a full beard created a reasonable doubt," replied Doon. "Honestly there's nothing doing in my line—unless you want a tramp case."

"A tramp case!" exclaimed Tutt & Tutt.

"I suppose you'd call it that," he answered blandly. "I don't think he was a burglar. Anyhow he's in the Tombs now, shouting for a lawyer. I listened to him and made a note of the case."

Mr. Tutt pushed over the box of stogies and leaned back attentively.

"You know the Hepplewhite house up on Fifth Avenue—that great stone one with the driveway!"

The Tutts nodded.

"Well, it appears that the prisoner—our prospective client—was snooping round looking for something to eat and found that the butler had left the front door slightly ajar. Filled with a natural curiosity to observe how the other half lived he thrust his way cautiously in and found himself in the main hall—hung with tapestry and lined with stands of armor. No one was to be seen. Can't you imagine him standing there in his rags—the Weary Willy of the comic supplements—gazing about him at the *objets d'art*, the old masters, the onyx tables, the statuary—wondering where the pantry was and whether the housekeeper would be more likely to feed him or kick him out?"

"Weren't any of the domestics about?" inquired Tutt.

"Not one. They were all taking an afternoon off, except the third assistant second man who was reading The Pilgrim's Progress in the servants' hall. To resume, our friend was not only very hungry but very tired. He had walked all the way from Yonkers and he needed everything from a Turkish bath to a manicuring. He had not been shaved for weeks. His feet sank almost out of sight in the thick nap of the carpets. It was quiet, warm, peaceful in there. A sense of relaxation stole over him. He hated to go away, he says, and he meditated no wrong. But he wanted to see what it was like upstairs.

"So up he went. It was like the palace of The Sleeping Beauty. Everywhere his eyes were soothed by the sight of hothouse plants, marble floors, priceless rugs, luxurious divans ——"

"Stop!" cried Tutt. "You are making me sleepy!"

"Well, that's what it did to him. He wandered along the upper hall, peeking into the different rooms, until finally he came to a beautiful chamber finished entirely in pink silk. It had a pink rug—of silk; the furniture was upholstered in pink silk, the walls were lined with pink silk and in the middle of the room was a great big bed with a pink silk coverlid and a canopy of the same. It seemed to him that that bed must have been predestined for him. Without a thought for the morrow he jumped into it, pulled the coverlid over his head and went fast asleep.

"Meanwhile, at tea time Mrs. De Lancey Witherspoon arrived for the week-end. Bibby, the butler, followed by Stocking, the second man, bearing the hand luggage, escorted the guest to the Bouguereau Room, as the pink-silk chamber is called."

Mr. Bonnie Doon, carried away by his own powers of description, waved his hand dramatically at the old leather couch against the side wall, in which Weary Willy was supposed to be reclining.

"Can't you see 'em?" he declaimed. "The haughty Bibby with nose in air, preceding the great dame of fashion, enters the pink room and comes to attention. 'This way, madam!' he declaims, and Mrs. Witherspoon sweeps across the threshold." Bonnie Doon, picking up an imaginary skirt, waddled round Mr. Tutt and approached the couch. Suddenly he started back.

"Oh, là, là!" he half shrieked, dancing about. "There is a man in the bed!"

Both Tutts stared hard at the couch as if fully expecting to see the form of Weary Willy thereon. Bonnie Doon had a way of making things appear very vivid.

"And sure enough," he concluded, "there underneath the coverlid in the middle of the couch was a huddled heap with a stubby beard projecting like Excalibur from a pink silk lake!"

"Excuse me," interrupted Tutt. "But may I ask what this is all about?"

"Why, your new case, to be sure," grinned Bonnie, who, had he been employed by any other firm, might have run the risk of being regarded as an ambulance chaser. "To make a long and tragic story short, they sent for the watchman, whistled for a policeman, telephoned for the hurry-up wagon and haled the sleeper away to prison—where he is now, waiting to be tried."

"Tried!" ejaculated Mr. Tutt. "What for?"

"For crime, to be sure," answered Mr. Doon.

"What crime?"

"I don't know. They'll find one, of course."

Mr. Tutt swiftly lowered his legs from the desk and brought his fist down upon it with a bang.

"Outrageous! What was I just telling you, Tutt!" he cried, a flush coming into his wrinkled face. "This poor man is a victim of the overzealousness which the officers of the law exhibit in protecting the privileges and property of the rich. If John De Puyster Hepplewhite fell asleep in somebody's vestibule the policeman on post would send him home in a cab; but if a hungry tramp does the same thing he runs him in. If John De Puyster Hepplewhite should be arrested for some crime they would let him out on bail; while the tramp is imprisoned for weeks awaiting trial, though under the law he is presumed to be innocent. Is he presumed to be innocent? Not much! He is presumed to be guilty, otherwise he would not be there. But what is he presumed to be guilty of? That's what I want to know! Just because this poor man—hungry, thirsty and weary—happened to select a bed belonging to John De Puyster Hepplewhite to lie on he is thrown into prison, indicted by a grand jury and tried for felony! Ye gods! 'Sweet land of liberty'!"

"Well, he hasn't been tried yet," replied Bonnie Doon. "If you feel that way about it why don't you defend him?"

"I will!" shouted Mr. Tutt, springing to his feet. "I'll defend him and acquit him!"

He seized his tall hat, placed it upon his head and strode rapidly through the door.

"He will too!" remarked Bonnie, winking at Tutt.

"He thinks that tramp is either a statesman or a prophet!" mused Tutt, his mind reverting to his partner's earlier remarks.

"He won't think so after he's seen him," replied Mr. Doon.

It sometimes happens that those who seek to establish great principles and redress social evils involve others in an involuntary martyrdom far from their desires. Mr. Tutt would have gone to the electric chair rather than see the Hepplewhite Tramp, as he was popularly called by the newspapers, convicted of a crime, but the very fact that he had become his legal champion interjected a new element into the situation, particularly as O'Brien, Mr. Tutt's arch enemy in the district attorney's office, had been placed in charge of the case. It would have been one thing to let Hans Schmidt—that was the tramp's name—go if after remaining in the Tombs until he had been forgotten by the press he could have been unobtrusively hustled over the Bridge of Sighs to freedom. Then there would have been no comeback. But with Ephraim Tutt breathing fire and slaughter, accusing the police and district attorney of being trucklers to the rich and great, and oppressors of the poor—law breakers in fact—O'Brien found himself in the position of one having an elephant by the tail and unable to let go.

In fact it looked as if the case of the Hepplewhite Tramp might become a political issue. That there was something of a comic side to it made it all the worse.

"Holy cats, boys!" snorted District Attorney Peckham to the circle of disgruntled police officers and assistants gathered about him on the occasion described by the reporters as his making a personal investigation of the case, "why in the name of common sense didn't you simply boot the fellow into the street?"

"I wish we had, counselor!" assented the captain of the Hepplewhite precinct mournfully. "But we thought he was a burglar. I guess he was, at that—and it was Mr. Hepplewhite's house."

"I've heard that until I'm sick of it!" retorted Peckham.

"One thing is sure—if we turn him out now Tutt will sue us all for false arrest and put the whole administration on the bum!" snarled O'Brien.

"But I didn't know the tramp would get Mr. Tutt to defend him," expostulated the captain. "Anyhow, ain't it a crime to go to sleep in another man's bed?"

"If it ain't it ought to be!" declared his plain-clothes man sententiously. "Can't you indict him for burglary?"

"You can indict all day; the thing is to convict!" snapped Peckham. "It's up to you, O'Brien, to square this business so that the law is vindicated—somehow. It must be a crime to go into a house on Fifth Avenue and use it as a hotel. Why, you can't cross the street faster than a walk these days without committing a crime. Everything's a crime."

"Sure thing," agreed the captain. "I never yet had any trouble finding a crime to charge a man with, once I got the nippers on him."

"That's so," interjected the plain-clothes man. "Did you ever know it was a crime to mismanage a steam boiler? Well, it is."

"Quite right," agreed Mr. Magnus, the indictment clerk. "The great difficulty for the perfectly honest man nowadays is to avoid some act or omission which the legislature has seen fit to make a crime without his knowledge. Refilling a Sarsaparilla bottle, for instance, or getting up a masquerade ball or going fishing or playing on Sunday or loitering about a building to overhear what people are talking about inside ——"

"That's no crime!" protested the captain scornfully.

"Yes it is too!" retorted Mr. Magnus, otherwise known to his fellows as Caput, because of his supposed cerebral inflation. "Just like it is a crime to have any kind of a show or procession on Sunday except a funeral, in which case it's a crime to make a disbursing noise at it."

"What's a disbursing noise?" demanded O'Brien.

"I don't know," admitted Magnus. "But that's the law anyway. You can't make a disbursing noise at a funeral on Sunday."

"Oh, hell!" ejaculated the captain. "Come to think of it, it's a crime to spit. What man is safe?"

"It occurs to me," continued Mr. Magnus thoughtfully, "that it is a crime under the law to build a house on another man's land; now I should say that there was a close analogy between doing that and sleeping in his bed."

"Hear! Hear!" commented O'Brien. "Caput Magnus, otherwise known as Big Head, there is no doubt but that your fertile brain can easily devise a way out of our present difficulty."

"Well, I've no time to waste on tramp cases," remarked District Attorney Peckham. "I've something more important to attend to. Indict this fellow and send him up quick. Charge him with everything in sight and trust in the Lord! That's the only thing to be done. Don't bother me about it, that's all!"

Meantime Mr. Hepplewhite became more and more agitated. Entirely against his will and, so far as he could see, without any fault of his own, he suddenly found himself the center of a violent and acrimonious controversy respecting the fundamental and sacred rights of freemen which threatened to disrupt society and extinguish the supremacy of the dominant local political organization. On the one hand he was acclaimed by the conservative pulpit and press as a public-spirited citizen who had done exactly the right thing—disinterestedly enforced the law regardless of his own convenience and safety as a matter of principle and for the sake of the community—a moral hero; on the other, though he was president of several charitable organizations and at least one orphan asylum

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he was execrated as a heartless brute, an oppressor of the poor, an octopus, a soulless capitalist who fattened on the innocent and helpless and who—Mr. Hepplewhite was a bachelor—probably if the truth could be known lived a life of horrid depravity and crime.

Indeed there was a man named Tutt, of whom Mr. Hepplewhite had never before heard, who publicly declared that he, Tutt, would show him, Hepplewhite, up for what he was and make him pay with his body and his blood, to say nothing of his money, for what he had done and caused to be done. And so Mr. Hepplewhite became even more agitated, until he dreamed of this Tutt as an enormous bird like the fabled roc, with a malignant face and a huge hooked beak that some day would nip him in the abdomen and fly, croaking, away with him. Mrs. Witherspoon had returned to Aiken, and after the first flood of commiserations from his friends on Lists Numbers One, Two, Three and Four he felt neglected, lonely and rather fearful.

And then one morning something happened that upset his equanimity entirely. He had just started out for a walk in the park when a flashy person who looked like an actor walked impudently up to him and handed him a piece of paper in which was wrapped a silver half dollar. In a word Mr. Hepplewhite was subpœnaed and the nervous excitement attendant upon that operation nearly caused his collapse. For he was thereby commanded to appear before the Court of General Sessions of the Peace upon the following Monday at ten A. M. as a witness in a criminal action prosecuted by the People of the State of New York against Hans Schmidt. Moreover, the paper was a dirty-brown color and bore the awful name of Tutt. He returned immediately to the house and telephoned for Mr. Edgerton, his lawyer, who at once jumped into a taxi on the corner of Wall and Broad Streets and hurried uptown.

"Edgerton," said Hepplewhite faintly as the lawyer entered his library, "this whole unfortunate affair has almost made me sick. I had nothing to do with the arrest of this man Schmidt. The police did everything. And now I'm ordered to appear as a witness! Why, I hardly looked at the man. I shouldn't know him if I saw him. Do I have to go to court?"

Mr. Edgerton smiled genially in a manner which he thought would encourage Mr. Hepplewhite.

"I suppose you'll have to go to court. You can't help that, you know, if you've been subpœnaed. But you can't testify to anything that I can see. It's just a formality."

"Formality!" groaned his client. "Well, I supposed the arrest was just a formality."

Mr. Edgerton smiled again rather unconvincingly.

"Well, you see, you can't always tell what will happen when you once start something," he began.

"But I didn't start anything," answered Mr. Hepplewhite. "I had nothing to say about it."

At that moment Bibby appeared in the doorway.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "There is a young man outside who asked me to tell you that he has a paper he wishes to serve on you—and would you mind saving him the trouble of waiting for you to go out?"

"Another!" gagged Mr. Hepplewhite.

"Yes, sir! Thank you, sir," stammered Bibby.

Mr. Hepplewhite looked inquiringly at Mr. Edgerton and rose feebly.

"He'll get you sooner or later," declared the lawyer. "A man as well known as you can't avoid process."

Mr. Hepplewhite bit his lips and went out into the hall.

Presently he returned carrying a legal-looking bunch of papers.

"Well, what is it this time?" asked Edgerton jocosely.

"It's a suit for false imprisonment for one hundred thousand dollars!" choked Mr. Hepplewhite.

Mr. Edgerton looked shocked.

"Well, now you've got to convict him!" he declared.

"Convict him?" retorted Mr. Hepplewhite. "I don't want to convict him. I'd gladly give a hundred thousand dollars to get out of the—the—darn thing!"

Which was as near profanity as he had ever permitted himself to go.

III

UPON the following Monday Mr. Hepplewhite proceeded to court—flanked by his distinguished counsel in frock coats and tall hats—simply because he had been served with a dirty-brown subpœna by Tutt & Tutt; and his distress was not lessened by the crowd of reporters who joined him at the entrance of the Criminal Courts Building; or by the flashlight bomb that was exploded in the corridor in order that the evening papers might reproduce his picture on the front page. He had never been so much in the public eye before, and he felt slightly defiled. For some curious reason he had the feeling that he and not Schmidt was the actual defendant charged with being guilty of something; nor was this impression dispelled even by listening to the indictment by which the Grand Jury charged Schmidt in eleven counts with burglary in the first, second and third degrees and with the crime of entering his, Hepplewhite's, house under circumstances not amounting to a burglary but with intent to commit a felony, as follows:

"Therefore, to wit, on the eleventh day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nineteen in the nighttime of the said day at the ward, city and county aforesaid the dwelling house of one John De Puyster Hepplewhite, there situate, feloniously and burglariously did break into and enter, there being then and there a human being in said dwelling house, with intent to commit some crime therein, to wit, the goods, chattels, and personal property of the said John De Puyster Hepplewhite, then and there being found, then and there feloniously and burglariously to steal, take and carry away one silver tea service of the value of five hundred dollars and one pair of opera glasses of the value of five dollars each with force and arms ——"

"But that silver tea service cost fifteen thousand dollars and weighs eight hundred pounds!" whispered Mr. Hepplewhite.

"Order in the court!" shouted Captain Phelan, pounding upon the oak rail of the bar, and Mr. Hepplewhite subsided.

Yet as he sat there between his lawyers listening to all the extraordinary things that the Grand Jury evidently had believed Schmidt intended to do, the suspicion began gradually to steal over him that something was not entirely right somewhere. Why, it was ridiculous to charge the man with trying to carry off a silver service weighing nearly half a ton when he simply had gone to bed and fallen asleep. Still, perhaps that was the law.

"You Have Been Sued by My Client for One Hundred Thousand Dollars, Haven't You?" Demanded Mr. Tutt

However, when the assistant district attorney opened the People's case to the jury Mr. Hepplewhite began to feel much more at ease. Indeed O'Brien made it very plain that the defendant had been guilty of a very grievous—he pronounced it "greevious"—offense in forcing his way into another man's private house. It might or might not be burglary—that would depend upon the testimony—but in any event it was a criminal, illegal entry and he should ask for a conviction. A man's house was his castle and—to quote from that most famous of orators and statesmen, Edmund Burke—"the wind might enter, the rain might enter, but the King of England might not enter!" Thus Schmidt could not enter the house of Hepplewhite without making himself amenable to the law.

Hepplewhite was filled with admiration for Mr. O'Brien, and his drooping spirits reared their wilted heads as the prosecutor called Bibby to the stand and elicited from him the salient features of the case. The jury was vastly interested in the butler personally, as well as his account rendered in the choicest cockney of how he had discovered Schmidt in his master's bed. O'Brien bowed to Mr. Tutt and told him that he might cross-examine.

And then it was that Mr. Hepplewhite discovered why he had been haunted by that mysterious feeling of guilt; for by some occult and subtle method of suggestion on the part of Mr. Tutt the case, instead of being a trial of Schmidt, resolved itself into an attack upon Mr. Hepplewhite and his retainers and upon the corrupt minions of the law who had violated every principle of justice, decency and morality in order to accomplish the unscrupulous purposes of a merciless aristocrat—meaning him. With biting sarcasm Mr. Tutt forced from the writhing Bibby the admission that the prisoner was sound asleep in the pink silk fastnesses of the Bouguereau Room when he was discovered, that he made no attempt to escape, that he did not assault anybody and that he had appeared comatose from exhaustion; that there was no sign of a break anywhere, and that the pair of opera glasses "worth five dollars *apiece*"—Tutt invited the court's attention to this ingenuous phraseology of Mr. Caput Magnus, as a literary curiosity—were a figment of the imagination.

In a word Mr. Tutt rolled Bibby up and threw him away, while his master shuddered at the open disclosure of his trusted major-domo's vulgarity, mendacity and general lack of sportsmanship. Somehow all at once the case began to break up and go all to pot. The jury got laughing at Bibby, the footmen and the cops as Mr. Tutt painted for their edification the scene following the arrival of Mrs. Witherspoon, when Schmidt was discovered asleep, as Mr. Tutt put it, like Goldilocks in the Little, Small, Wee Bear's bed.

Stocking was the next witness, and he fared no better than had Bibby. O'Brien, catching the judge's eye, made a wry face and imperceptibly lowered his left lid—on the side away from the jury, thus officially indicating that, of course, the case was a lemon but that there was nothing that could be done except to try it out to the bitter end.

Then he rose and called out unexpectedly: "Mr. John De Puyster Hepplewhite—take the stand!"

It was entirely unexpected. No one had suggested that he would be called for the prosecution. Possibly O'Brien was actuated by a slight touch of malice; possibly he wanted to be able, if the case was lost, to accuse Hepplewhite of losing it on his own testimony. But at any rate he certainly had no anticipation of what the ultimate consequence of his act would be.

Mr. Hepplewhite suddenly felt as though his entire intestinal mechanism had been removed. But he had no time to take counsel of his fears. Everybody in the courtroom turned with one accord and looked at him. He rose, feeling as one who dreams that he is naked in the midst of a multitude. He shrank back hesitating, but hostile hands reached out and pushed him forward. Cringing, he slunk to the witness chair, and for the first time faced the sardonic eyes of the terrible Tutt, his adversary, who looked scornfully from Hepplewhite to the jury and then from the jury back to Hepplewhite as if to say: "Look at him! Call you this a man?"

"You are the Mr. Hepplewhite who has been referred to in the testimony as the owner of the house in which the defendant was found?" inquired O'Brien.

"Yes—yes," answered Mr. Hepplewhite deprecatingly.

"The first witness—Bibby—is in your employ?"

"Yes—yes."

"Did you have a silver tea set of the value of—er—at least five hundred dollars in the house?"

"It was worth fifteen thousand," corrected Mr. Hepplewhite.

"Oh! Now, have you been served by the defendant's attorneys with a summons and complaint in an action for false arrest in which damages are claimed in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars?"

"I object!" shouted Mr. Tutt. "It is wholly irrelevant."

"I think it shows the importance of the result of this trial to the witness," argued

(Concluded on Page 85)

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(Concluded from Page 80)

O'Brien perfunctorily. "It shows this case isn't any joke—even if some people seem to think it is."

"Objection sustained," ruled the court. "The question is irrelevant. The jury is supposed to know that every case is important to those concerned—to the defendant as well as to those who charge him with crime."

O'Brien bowed.

"That's all. You may examine, Mr. Tutt."

The old lawyer slowly unfolded his tall frame and gazed quizzically down upon the shivering Hepplewhite.

"You have been sued by my client for one hundred thousand dollars, haven't you?" he demanded.

"Object!" shot out O'Brien.

"Overruled," snapped the court. "It is a proper question for cross-examination. It may show motive."

Mr. Hepplewhite sat helplessly until the shooting was over.

"Answer the question!" suddenly shouted Mr. Tutt.

"But I thought ——" he began.

"Don't think!" retorted the court sarcastically. "The time to think has gone by. Answer!"

"I don't know what the question is," stammered Mr. Hepplewhite, thoroughly frightened.

"Lord! Lord!" groaned O'Brien in plain hearing of the jury.

Mr. Tutt sighed sympathetically in mock resignation.

"My dear sir," he began in icy tones, "when you had my client arrested and charged with being a burglar had you made any personal inquiry as to the facts?"

"I didn't have him arrested!" protested the witness.

"You deny that you ordered Bibby to charge the defendant with burglary?" roared Mr. Tutt. "Take care! You know there is such a crime as perjury, do you not?"

"No—I mean yes," stuttered Mr. Hepplewhite abjectly. "That is, I've heard about perjury—but the police attended to everything for me."

"Aha!" cried Mr. Tutt, snorting angrily like the war horse depicted in the book of Job. "The police 'attended' to my client for you, did they? What do you mean—for you? Did you pay them for their little attention?"

"I always send them something on Christmas," said Mr. Hepplewhite. "Just like the postmen."

Mr. Tutt looked significantly at the jury, while a titter ran round the court room.

"Well," he continued with patient irony, "what we wish to know is whether these friends of yours whom you so kindly remember at Christmas dragged the helpless man away from your house, threw him into jail and charged him with burglary by your authority?"

"I didn't think anything about it," asserted Hepplewhite. "Really I didn't. I assumed that they knew what to do under such circumstances. I didn't suppose they needed any authority from me."

Mr. Tutt eyed sideways the twelve jurymen.

"Trying to get out of it, are you? Attempting to avoid responsibility? Are you thinking of what your position will be if the defendant is acquitted—with an action against you for one hundred thousand dollars?"

Ashamed, terrified, humiliated, Mr. Hepplewhite almost burst into tears. He had suffered a complete moral disintegration—did not know where to turn for help or sympathy. The whole world seemed to have risen against him. He opened his mouth to reply, but the words would not come. He looked appealingly at the judge, but the judge coldly ignored him. The whole room seemed crowded with a multitude of leering eyes. Why had God made him a rich man? Why was he compelled to suffer those terrible indignities? He was not responsible for what had been done—why, then, was he being treated so abominably?

"I don't want this man punished!" he suddenly broke out in fervent expostulation. "I have nothing against him. I don't believe he intended to do any wrong. And I hope the jury will acquit him!"

"Oho!" whistled Mr. Tutt exultantly, while O'Brien gazed at Hepplewhite in stupefaction. *Was* this a man?

"So you admit that the charge against my client is without foundation?" insisted Mr. Tutt.

Hepplewhite nodded weakly.

"I don't know rightly what the charge is—but I don't think he meant any harm," he faltered.

"Then why did you have the police put him under arrest and hale him away?" challenged Mr. Tutt ferociously.

"I supposed they had to—if he came into my house," said Mr. Hepplewhite. Then he added shamefacedly: "I know it sounds silly—but frankly I did not know that I had anything to say in the matter. If your client has been injured by my fault or mistake I will gladly reimburse him as handsomely as you wish."

O'Brien gasped. Then he made a funnel of his hands and whispered toward the bench: "Take it away, for heaven's sake!"

"That is all!" remarked Mr. Tutt with deep sarcasm, making an elaborate bow in the direction of Mr. Hepplewhite. "Thank you for your excellent intentions!"

A snicker followed Mr. Hepplewhite as he dragged himself back to his seat among the spectators.

He felt as though he had passed through a clothes wringer. Dimly he heard Mr. Tutt addressing the court.

"And I move, Your Honor," the lawyer was saying, "that you take the counts for burglary in the first, second and third degrees away from the jury on the ground that there has been a complete failure of proof that my client broke into the house of this man Hepplewhite either by night or by day, or that he assaulted anybody or stole anything there, or ever intended to."

"Motion granted," agreed the judge. "I quite agree with you, Mr. Tutt. There is no evidence here of any breaking. In fact, the inferences are all the other way."

"I further move that you take from the consideration of the jury the remaining count of illegally entering the house with intent to commit a crime and direct the jury to acquit the defendant for lack of evidence," continued Mr. Tutt.

"But what was your client doing in the house?" inquired the judge. "He had no particular business in it, had he?"

"That does not make his presence a crime, Your Honor," retorted the lawyer. "A man is not guilty of a felony who falls asleep on my haycock. Why should he be if he falls asleep in my bed?"

The judge smiled.

"We have no illegal entry statute with respect to fields or meadows, Mr. Tutt," he remarked good-naturedly. "No, I shall be obliged to let the jury decide whether this defendant went into that house for an honest or a dishonest purpose. It is clearly a proper question for them to pass upon. Proceed with your case."

Now when, as in the case of the Hepplewhite Tramp, the chief witness for the prosecution throws up his hands and offers to repay the defendant for the wrong he has done him, naturally it is all over but the shouting.

"There is no need for me to call the defendant," Mr. Tutt told the court, "in view of the admissions made by the last witness. I am ready to proceed with the summing up."

"As you deem wise," answered the judge. "Proceed then."

Through a blur of sight and sound Mr. Hepplewhite dimly heard Mr. Tutt addressing the jury and saw them lean forward to catch his every word.

Beside him Mr. Edgerton was saying protestingly: "May I ask why you made those fool statements on the witness stand?"

"Because I didn't want an innocent man convicted," returned Mr. Hepplewhite tartly.

"Well, you'll get your wish!" sniffed his lawyer. "And you'll get soaked for about twenty thousand dollars for false arrest!"

"I don't care," retorted the client. "And what's more, I hope Mr. Tutt gets a substantial fee out of it. He strikes me as a lawyer who knows his business!"

The oldest and fattest court officers, men so old and fat that they remembered the trial of Boss Tweed and the days when Delancey Nicoll was the White Hope of the Brownstone Court House—declared Mr. Tutts' summation was the greatest that ever they heard. For the shrewd old lawyer had an artist's hand with which he played upon the keyboard of the jury and knew just when to pull out the stops of the *vox humana* of pathos and the grand diapason of indignation and defiance. So he began by tickling their sense of humor with an ironic description of afternoon tea at Mr. Hepplewhite's, with Bibby and Stocking as chief actors, until all twelve shook with suppressed laughter and the judge was forced to hide his face behind the Law Journal; ridiculed the idea of a criminal who wanted to commit a crime calmly going to sleep in a pink silk bed in broad daylight; and then brought tears to their eyes as he pictured the wretched homeless tramp, sick, footsore and starving, who, drawn by the need of food and warmth to this silk nest of luxury, was clubbed, arrested and jailed simply because he had violated the supposed sanctity of a rich man's home.

The jury watched him as intently as a dog watches a piece of meat held over its nose. They smiled with him, they wept with him, they glared at Mr. Hepplewhite and they gazed in a friendly way at Schmidt, whom Mr. Tutt had bailed out just before the trial. The very stars in their courses seemed warring for Tutt & Tutt. In the words of Phelan: "There was nothing to it!"

"Thank God," concluded Mr. Tutt eloquently, "that in this land of liberty in which we are privileged to dwell no man can be convicted of a crime except by a jury of his peers—a right sacred under our Constitution and inherited from Magna Charta, that foundation stone of English liberty, in which the barons forced King John to declare that 'No freeman shall be taken, or imprisoned, or disseized, or outlawed, or exiled, or in any way harmed . . . save by the lawful judgment of his peers or by the law of the land.'

"Had I the time I would demonstrate to you the arbitrary character of our laws and the inequality with which they are administered.

"But in this case the chief witness has already admitted the innocence of the defendant. There is nothing more to be said. The prosecution has cried '*Peccavi!*' I leave my client in your hands."

He resumed his seat contentedly and wiped his forehead with his silk handkerchief. The judge looked down at O'Brien with raised eyebrows.

"I will leave the case to the jury on Your Honor's charge," remarked the latter carelessly.

"Gentlemen of the jury," began the judge, "the defendant is accused of entering the house of Mr. Hepplewhite with the intent to commit a crime therein ——"

Mr. Hepplewhite sat, his head upon his breast, for what seemed to him several hours. He had but one thought—to escape. His ordeal had been far worse than he had anticipated. But he had made a discovery. He had suddenly realized that one cannot avoid one's duties to one's fellows by leaving one's affairs to others—not even to the police. He perceived that he had lived with his head stuck in the sand. He had tried to escape from his responsibilities as a citizen by hiding behind the thick walls of his stone mansion on Fifth Avenue. He made up his mind that he would do differently if he ever had the chance. Meanwhile, was not the jury ever going to set the poor man free?

They had indeed remained out a surprisingly long time in order merely to reach a verdict which was a mere formality. Ah! There they were! Mr. Hepplewhite watched with palpitating heart while they straggled slowly in. The clerk made the ordinary perfunctory inquiry as to what their verdict was. Mr. Hepplewhite did not hear what the foreman said in reply, but he saw both the Tutts and O'Brien start from their seats and heard a loud murmur rise throughout the court room.

"What's that!" cried the clerk in astonished tones. "What did you say, Mister Foreman?"

"I said that we find the defendant guilty," replied the foreman calmly.

Mr. Tutt stared incredulously at the twelve traitors who had betrayed him.

"Never mind, Mr. Tutt," whispered Number Six confidentially. "You did the best you could. Your argument was fine—grand—but nobody could ever make us believe that your client went into that house for any purpose except to steal whatever he could lay his hands on. Besides, it wasn't Mr. Hepplewhite's fault. He means well. And anyhow a nut like that has got to be protected against himself."

He might have enlightened Mr. Tutt further upon the psychology of the situation had not the judge at that moment ordered the prisoner arraigned at the bar.

"Have you ever been convicted before?" asked His Honor sharply.

"Sure," replied the Hepplewhite Tramp carelessly. "I've done three or four bits. I'm a burglar. But you can't give me more than a year for illegal entry."

"That is quite true," admitted His Honor stiffly. "And it isn't half enough!" He hesitated. "Perhaps under the circumstances you'll tell us what you were doing in Mr. Hepplewhite's bed?"

"Oh, I don't mind," returned the defendant with the superior air of one who has put something over. "When I heard the guy in the knee breeches coming up the stairs I just dove for the slats and played I was asleep."

Leaving the courthouse Mr. Tutt encountered Bonnie Doon.

"Young man," he remarked severely, "you assured me that fellow was only a harmless tramp!"

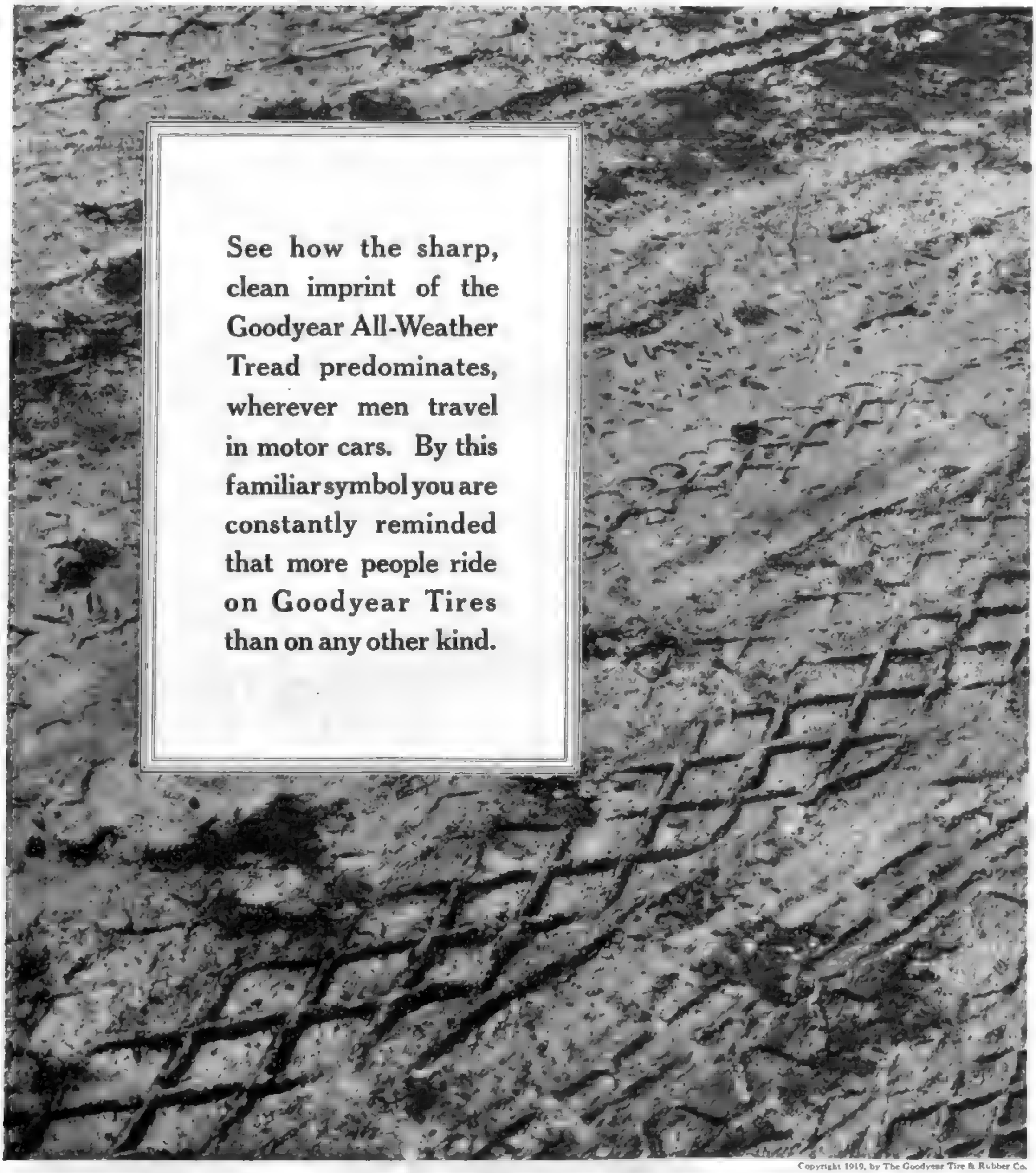
"Well," answered Bonnie, "that's what he said."

"He says now he's a burglar," retorted Mr. Tutt wrathfully. "I don't believe he knows what he is. Did you ever hear of such an outrageous verdict? With not a scrap of evidence to support it?"

Bonnie lit a cigarette doubtfully.

"Oh, I don't know," he muttered. "The jury seems to have sized him up rather better than we did."

"Jury!" growled Mr. Tutt, rolling his eyes heavenward. "'Sweet land of liberty'!"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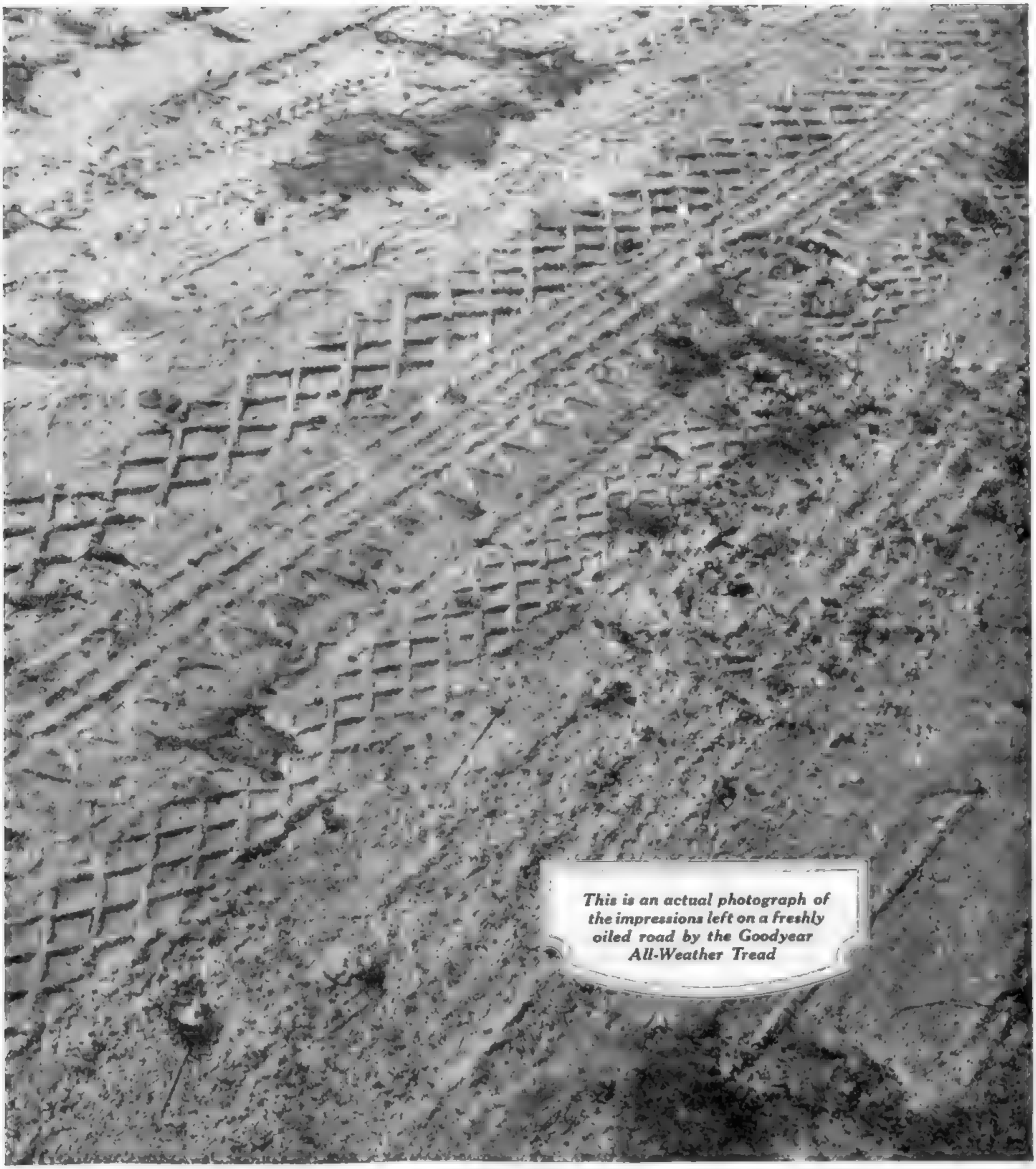
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HUNKINS

(Continued from Page 5)

work much. I was busy doing what you boys were doing and what you seem to be preparing to do again—nothing that amounts to a tinker's dam!"

"We went into the Army, didn't we?" asked Fred.

"We did. We went into the Army, and that is what I am coming to. We have three service stripes each. Those mean eighteen months in the service. What I want to know is this: Are those three service stripes and the little rank we got the only things the Army did for us?"

"Brushed up my French," put in Jimmy.

"Mine too," said Fred.

"Is that all? Well, the Army did more for me than that—a heap more!"

"Made a politician of you, for instance?" Jimmy was laughing at me.

"It gave me a kind of slant on just the sort of citizen of this republic I was before the war, and showed me the sort of citizen I may be—if I've got the nerve—after the war."

"Your tale moves me strangely, my brave young lad. Proceed, I prithee!" Fred was laughing at me now.

"Dammit!" I cried, pounding the table so hard that the coffee cups rattled and Peter pursed his lips and held up a warning finger. "Dammit! Isn't there anything you fellows will take seriously? Do you mean to sit there and let me believe that this war has taught you nothing—nothing at all? That you are the same sort of useless excrescences on society you were before you joined? Can't you get a bigger, broader, saner view of what your duties are, now that you have been in the greatest game that ever was? Didn't you learn anything?"

"Sure!" said Fred. "The war taught me a lot of things: All about cooties, and trench feet, and how to be happy though wet through for six weeks straight, and what to do when gassed, and how to exist for ten days straight on bully beef, and the correct way to exterminate Huns; and a great quantity of other information useful at the time but not of much value at the club or at home."

"That's what I thought," I said. "Exactly what I was hoping against. You might as well have been at the top of Pike's Peak as in the Argonne for all the vision it gave you. Why, man, don't you realize the opportunities you have for service now, right here in this city?"

"In what way?"

"In the way of getting into politics, of doing something to clean up this City Hall gang, making this city a better place to live in, of driving Bill Hunkins and Tom Pendergrast and the rest of them out of business, and putting decent men in their places."

"Excuse me," said Fred. "I'm not taking any."

"Well, I am!" I asserted vehemently. "I'm going to make a try at it and want you chaps to string along. It will give you a real interest and incentive in life. It will continue the man-making of you that the Army began, but that will be all wasted in a year's time if you go on as you have started, now that you have your uniforms off."

"George," said Jimmy, who was serious now, "I don't quite get you. Do you mean you are going into politics and run for office and all that sort of stuff? Do you mean you are going out canvassing in the saloons, and making speeches, and putting up money to buy votes, and mixing in all the muck and filth of this rotten game here? I'd have thought you had enough dirt in France!"

"That's what dad said."

"Oho!" put in Fred. "So you have talked it over with Old Ironsides Talbot, have you? And what does he say?"

"He says it's a fool proposition."

"Always was a man of great discernment. Anything else?"

Fred Daskin is a most offensive person when he wants to be. I felt like hitting him.

"Wait a minute," soothed Jimmy. "No need of getting all fussed up about this. So you are going to organize the soldiers, George? With what?"

"What do you mean—with what?"

I was fast losing coherency. It girded me to find that two of my best friends were so unresponsive about this important matter.

"I mean how are you going to organize them? What inducements will you make? What will you tell them they can get out of it?"

"There you go," I shouted, "putting it on that low level of selfish personal interest! I shan't tell them they can get anything out of it except a consciousness of service of the highest kind to their city and to their country—the same sort of service they gave when they went and fought in this war. That's what I shall tell them and that's how I shall get them."

Jimmy looked at Fred, and both laughed.

"Poor old chap!" said Fred. "Must be shell shock. Mind broken under the strain. Ought to go to California or Florida and do nothing but count sea gulls for six months. Pitiful case, really."

I rose from my chair and said: "I thought the war might have stirred something in you besides an appetite for beefsteak and pie, pulled you away from golf and polo and bridge and the shimmy dance, but I must be wrong. Is it possible that you are not awake to the tremendous problems pressing on our people—on the whole world—for solution—reconstruction, readjustment, self-determination and the spread of democracy and—and—everything?"

I was impressed by an editorial article I had read that had these ideas in it and I thought I could remember the language but it got away from me. So I had to quit right in the middle of my peroration, but I believed it, just the same.

Fred and Jimmy grinned amiably. I saw I was getting nowhere. So I changed my tactics.

"Boys," I appealed, "think it over! It really is a big opportunity to do something. These soldiers are ripe for it. We can form them into an organization that will be a great political power, and if we succeed here we can spread out over the state, maybe over the whole nation. It's a great game, I tell you. A big chance. Come on with me!"

"George," asked Fred, "are you serious about this? Do you mean it? Or are you only spouting?"

"I never was more in earnest in my life."

"That doesn't get us anywhere. You never were very earnest about anything. Do you mean this?"

"I do."

"Are you going into it?"

"I am."

Fred beckoned to Peter and asked for his hat.

"Will you go in with me?" I asked.

"No," Jimmy replied as he lighted another cigarette, "but we'll stick round and be ready to give you first aid when you come out."

III

WE PARTED in front of Short's.

"Give me a job when you get to be mayor," Fred jeered at me as he and Jimmy moved away.

I didn't reply. No rejoinder that I could think of fitted the situation. I was furious with my friends because they received my ideas so lightly. I would show them! I made a new and firmer vow to that self-satisfying effect every ten feet I walked.

This congenial occupation of repairing my broken vanity was interrupted by the approach of Mr. Jacob T. Hull, president of the Third National Bank, who stopped me, saying: "Why, George, how do you do? I'm glad to see you. I heard about your being home. Congratulations on your promotion. Coming to the directors' meeting to-day? Better do it. All the board will be pleased."

I shook hands with Mr. Hull and was glad to see him in the same conventional language. I am a director in the Third National. That is one of the banks dad uses. He bought me enough stock in it to qualify—ten or twenty shares—and had me put on the board. Dad said at the time that I ought to know something about banking if I was to follow him as a pump maker. I had no idea of going to that directors' meeting but I had nothing else to do and it was an easy way to pick up five dollars.

So I said: "Certainly, Mr. Hull; I am on my way to the bank now."

We walked along together, Mr. Hull asking me many questions about the war—whether the people of France were really starving, whether I didn't think the Belgians a most heroic people, whether Germany was really whipped or only shamming, what my opinion was of the League of Nations, whether Wilson was getting anywhere; and so on.

I was all puffed up when I became a director of the Third National. It seemed very important to be partly responsible for the safe conduct of a big bank. Though there are several banks greater in deposits and older than ours the Third National is a lively, hustling, enterprising institution, has about eight millions of deposits and does a good profitable business. Mr. Hull grew up in the bank. Dad says he knows the real rating of every man in the city who is likely to ask for credit. I took my duties as director seriously.

Presently I made the disconcerting discovery that all I was expected to do was to sit with the other directors and agree solemnly with what the president laid before us. I soon found that no further participation was expected from me than a dignified "I approve" now and then, varied at long intervals with an equally dignified "I don't think so," just to show I wasn't entirely automatic. The loan committee took care of all the large loans, and the president and cashier did all the rest.

At each meeting I looked at the slips showing the overdrafts when they passed from hand to hand, and the lists of loans forthcoming, falling due and renewed, the statement of the bank's condition on that day, and at other tabulations; and was duly gratified, for there never was anything to be alarmed over. I applauded the news of the opening of new and important accounts, and otherwise comported myself as the other directors did, who had been longer on the board than I, the baby member; but my chief function was to vote "Aye" to every proposition the president made.

It was interesting, for I soon learned that a meeting of the board of directors of a bank is the liveliest sort of gossip shop. All important business men not on the board and their affairs are discussed with entire freedom. My service taught me the business unwisdom of judging by appearances. I found that many a man I thought was securely well-to-do was skating on thin financial ice, and that many another man I fancied was of no business account stood well with Mr. Hull. I learned all about those who were asking to extend their notes, and joined the general hammering of those poor devils who were constantly seeking to kite checks, to coax us to permit overdrafts, and get money on cat-and-dog securities.

I found out who it was who borrowed the money to buy a seven-thousand-dollar automobile so he could outsplash his neighbors, and discovered the identities of those of our citizens who were in hot water always because of the extravagance of their wives. I knew which of the city officials had to discount their pay vouchers to keep going, who some of the promoters were, and had an occasional peep at the financial arrangements of a number of double lives. Not much escapes the board of directors of a bank. It is a weekly compendium of business and social life.

The directors were substantial active business men mostly, but included a lawyer or two and a couple of retired capitalists—leading citizens or trying to be. Some of them put on high hats and went to church on Sunday, and others put on caps and went golfing or automobiling. They belonged to the various civic and commercial organizations, had been active in Liberty Loan, Red Cross and other war drives, and were paying their increased taxes patriotically, albeit with a few grumbles now and then. They gave little attention to politics, so far as I knew, except in the last week or ten days of a campaign, when they talked and spluttered a good deal, and generally went to the country on Election Day without voting. They were average American citizens for the most part, with growing families, and all doing well; not the biggest business men in the city—except Mr. Johnson and Mr. Perkins, who were great merchants and directors of other banks also—but well rated. Most of them were bored when the opera came to town and their wives dragged them to it, preferring girl-and-music shows. They nearly all condemned cigarettes and wrist watches.

They were merciless to the financial fakers and bilkers and to their rivals in trade; but let a man who was enterprising and financially straight come along with a chance to do something for himself and extend the aggregate business of the city, and they would vote to help him, give him credit to his limit, and be easy in the matter of extensions. The chief actuating impulse and endeavor of all was to get rich or richer, and all operated on the firmly established formula that business is business.

Mr. Perkins always comes to a meeting smoking a stogy. Got used to them when he was young, he says as an extenuation for the rankness of the smell he purveys, and likes the taste of them. This invariably causes Mr. Johnson to remark that the real reason Mr. Perkins likes stogies is because he can get ten of his sort for a quarter; and that remark is the curtain raiser for the scheduled and sole formal jocosity of Mr. Hull. Some years ago Mr. Hull took a ride across the continent with a rich man of our city who owns a private car. This rich man insisted that his guests must smoke a pale blond domestic cigar that he provided to the exclusion of all other brands. He smoked them and what was good enough for him was good enough for his guests. Hull suffered under these cigars until he reached Portland, Oregon. As they were coming into that city Hull saw a great electric sign announcing that this particular brand of cigars was "now five cents."

"Bill," asked Mr. Hull of the host, "when did they raise the price of these cigars?"

We laugh at that anecdote conscientiously. It is the preliminary for our meeting. Our laugh pleases Mr. Hull and does not hurt any of us unless it starts Col. Henry Clay Chapman off on a line of his stories, each one of which takes half an hour to tell and no one of which has form, substance or point. Mr. Hull has an unfailing method for stopping Colonel Chapman. He politely interrupts to tell the colonel that John Jay Smollett, Chapman's bitterest enemy, has applied for a loan of five thousand dollars, and Chapman always abandons his story for wild clamor that not a cent shall be loaned to that despicable creature, Smollett.

Mr. Hull and I went up to the directors' room in the bank. Ten or twelve of the directors were there and others came in soon after. They were warm in their greetings. The Sunday golfing and automobiling contingent made little jokes about cooties and sly references to French girls and other similar subjects. The others pretended not to hear, but listened just the same.

Mr. Hull called us to order and put the pending business over with celerity. We indorsed the activities of the loan committee and said the president showed excellent business discretion in calling the loan of a man who had a big loss in his lumber yard because of a flood. We nodded with satisfaction when we heard how our surplus was growing, and were one in the demand that Arthur R. Beegin, who is a speculator, should replace his Second Electric 4's, which he had up for collateral, with First Consolidated 6's, and increase the amount of collateral thirty per cent.

"Speculating is a most precarious business," observed the conservative Mr. Perkins, "and we must take no chances."

Later I learned that Mr. Perkins formed a little pool and bought those Second Electric 4's at a low price when Beegin was forced to unload them.

We emphatically approved the action of the loan committee in refusing a line of credit to B. T. Twining, who has a substitute for gasoline that can be made for six cents a gallon, almost ready for the market. I was astonished to hear that Mr. Perkins a few days later advanced Twining four thousand dollars, taking as security fifty-one per cent of the stock of the company.

Presently the business was concluded, and Mr. Hull distributed the five-dollar fees. Some of the bigger banks pay ten dollars, and the biggest one twenty, but five is our figure. A conservative sum—as Mr. Perkins remarked. Before the war we got gold pieces, but this time Mr. Hull distributed paper money, I observed. He said he was holding his gold. That "his" sounded very reassuring and proprietary.

for I knew Mr. Hull to be a most conservative banker. After we adjourned the directors asked me questions about my experiences in the war, and while I was answering them it flashed over me that this was a good opportunity to put out a feeler about my political idea. These men are all men of affairs, and all of them older than I am.

So after I finished a tribute to the American private I said: "By the way, gentlemen, it is possible that these returned soldiers may make themselves felt in politics."

"How so?" asked Mr. Johnson.

"Why, there will be nine or ten thousand of them. Suppose some man of good organizing ability and high ideals comes along and forms those returned soldiers into a political body; or into a body—to put it another way—that may not be political in its outer aspects, may be social or protective or for insurance or something like that, but that can be used for politics, just the same. Wouldn't that be a big force in politics? For example, couldn't this city's present administration be turned out, and a clean decent one installed?"

The directors were interested and curious. Mr. Hull was annoyed. I could see that by the expression on his face. He laughed, though, as if it were funny.

"Pshaw!" he said, waving his hand as if to dismiss the whole matter, "nobody will try that."

"Don't be so sure of it."

"Who will?" Mr. Hull's laugh stopped short.

"Perhaps I will."

"You?" Half a dozen of the directors joined in that loud and astonished query.

"Yes. I think it might be done."

"Now, look here, George," said Mr. Perkins, pushing up to me. "Just because you were in the Army don't get any fool notions in your head. We are going along quite comfortably here, and don't want any disturbance in our local political affairs."

That fazed me. One of our great merchants and civic props actually was opposed to political reform!

"Why, Mr. Perkins," I said, "you don't mean to say that this city administration is satisfactory to you—that it is clean and decent and what it should be?"

"Perhaps not what it should be, in the strict sense," he replied, "but it is the best we can get without great turmoil and disturbance of business. We do not desire a change at present, do we?" He appealed to the other directors.

"No," they answered with depressing unanimity. "Things are going very well at present."

"Very well?" I exclaimed. "With Bill Hunkins and Tom Pendergrast ——"

"George," interrupted Mr. Hull, "pardon me if I speak plainly to you. You are evidently under a misapprehension as to Mr. Pendergrast. I feel it my duty to set you right. You should not believe these sensational yellow newspaper stories about Mr. Pendergrast. He is a public-spirited citizen."

"Tom Pendergrast is?" I was amazed at Mr. Hull's defense of the boss.

"Certainly, and a warm friend of this bank. You should know, if you do not, that Mr. Pendergrast keeps seven hundred thousand dollars of city treasury money on deposit in this bank, and it is hoped will increase that sum to a million shortly. We pay two per cent interest on that money on monthly balances. We loan that money at five or six per cent on commercial paper to our customers, making a very handsome profit each year."

I did know we had city deposits, but I didn't know just why and how we had them until Mr. Hull explained in that patronizing manner of his. I thought we had these deposits because the Third National was a good safe bank.

"It isn't Pendergrast's money," I protested.

"No, but because of his influence with the present administration he directs where it shall be deposited. We need him in our business."

He stopped and smiled at me as if he had given me a great light. He had, too, but not in the way he thought.

"Furthermore," added Mr. Johnson, "there is that matter of the renewal for the franchises of the South Side electric lines, and the new power and lighting rates, to say nothing of the extensions of the streets we need to connect up that tract I and some of my friends are handling out Edgewood way. Mr. Pendergrast and Mr. Hunkins have the say in all these matters, and it would be bad if they were annoyed in any way just at present. They are reasonably disposed."

"All nonsense!" put in G. H. Carstairs, who owns a quarry and sells crushed rock to the city. "Don't be putting any wild notions into the heads of these soldiers. Bill Hunkins is a man who can be depended upon. He always keeps his word."

"You bet!" exclaimed Alonzo A. Collins, a real-estate man. "And so does Pendergrast. He's promised to take that Imrey tract for a city park extension as soon as the new board of aldermen is elected."

Mr. Hull took up the recital again: "Besides, though it may fairly be held that the average of brains of the aldermen may not be high, they are always under control. Also, the appraisers are fair men and will listen to reason in the matter of assessments and tax levies, and the other city departments are in excellent hands. Most of what you hear about these men is the invention of their political enemies. I consider them safe men."

"Well, I don't," I said. "I think the politics of this city needs cleaning up, and there may be a way to do it."

"Surely, George, you are not serious?" Mr. Perkins was solicitous. "This must be a joke. You have no intention of trying to start a political row now, when we need all the support we can get from the city administration."

"You need all the support you can get from the city administration?" I repeated, nonplused at this view of it. "Good Lord! I thought it was you men who supported the city administration instead of the city administration supporting you."

"Well," soothed Mr. Perkins, "you do not understand. You are young and impressionable. Go and talk this over with your father."

"I have talked it over with my father," I blurted.

Instantly I knew that was a stupid thing to say. These men would ask me what my father said. If I told them I should not only uphold their contentions but should weaken and in a way humiliate myself. They mustn't know that dad had poohpoohed at me.

Mr. Hull saw the opening instantly. "What did your father say?" he asked in a tone that made me feel like a child being questioned as to his sin before he is spanked.

"None of your damned business what he said!" came to my lips, but I didn't say it. I must keep my temper. I knew that.

"We haven't finished discussing it yet," I answered, trying to create the impression that the matter was an open question between us.

Mr. Hull patted me on the shoulder as he might pat a little boy. His gentle tapping made me shiver with indignation.

"My dear boy," he said in his suavest manner, thereby increasing my indignation, "you don't have to tell us, for we are very well aware what he said. I'll bet a cookie I know. He set it down as a boyish whim, and advised you to get back to business and leave politics to the politicians. John Talbot is a sane citizen."

That smug interpretation backed me into a corner. I couldn't continue the conversation. There was no sympathy or encouragement here. I took my hat and started out.

Some of the directors chuckled. I was quite sure I heard the thin cackle of Perkins. I turned at the door, blazing.

"Well, anyway," I said, "I am going to make a try at it, notwithstanding the personal inconveniences to you gentlemen if I get anywhere with it!"

"What will you do to us, George?" asked Mr. Hull, as if he didn't give a hoot what I tried to do. "Not put us out of business, I hope?"

Apparently he thought they had spiked me.

"I'll make you pay more than two per cent interest on city money, for one thing," I answered, and tried to bang the door to emphasize my threat. But I was balked in that final demonstration. The door is fitted with one of those patent nonbanging appliances, and responded to my violent tug by closing after me gently and noiselessly. Even the fittings of that bank were against me!

IV

CONSIDERABLY miffed I walked up to the club and got my mail. There were two invitations to large formal dances; a bid to dinner at the Country Club, with dancing afterward; a notice that I was expected to contribute to and participate in the after-the-war reorganization of The Bachelors, our most fashionable dancing organization; and a note from Mrs. Charley Summerhays, the leader of what the papers call the "younger married set," asking me to a dance at her house on Tuesday week. Mrs. Summerhays held out the lure that she would have Caparelli's Jazz Band at her affair. We do considerable dancing in our city.

I put these various communications in my coat pocket and decided to go up to the club library to think things over. I was sure to be undisturbed there. No member of our club ever goes to the library except to sleep. The big leather chairs are excellent mediums for rest and recuperation late in the afternoon if the proceedings down in the smoking room become too wet, as they sometimes do. There are big placards commanding "Silence!" posted about the room, but those are not operative during the sleeping period. Some of our club souses who patronize the library sleep stertorously.

Old Peter McWhirter, who made a couple of millions in oil, lives in the club and is our most evident antique—has a joke about club libraries that he tells insistently. It is his pet joke and he is proud of it. He takes it out and exhibits it every time he can corner a listener. Peter would be without means of conversational human intercourse if he were deprived of that joke, for one Scotch-and-soda stupefies him for three hours, and by the time he is showing signs of life everybody has gone to dinner. They put him to bed at eight o'clock.

"Library?" squeaks Peter. "Ever heard that good one about the Athenæum Club Library in London? Most exclusive and gloomiest club in the world. Get that? Awful morgue. Well, a man came downstairs from the library one day and said to the steward: 'My good fellow, I wish you would remove Sir John Montmorency from the library. He has been dead for three days.'"

That isn't a hard joke to take, for it lasts only a minute or so, but if by any unlucky chance Henry Smathers happens to be about during Peter's recital you are lost. Henry champs at the bit until Peter cackles his finish, and does not wait for the laugh. He has an Athenæum story—the one about the new member and the old member, and the dinner the old member gave the new member because the new member spoke to the old member, who had belonged to the club for twenty-five years and nobody in it had ever spoken to him before—you know. It takes Henry Smathers forty-five minutes to tell that story, for he embellishes it with a history of the club, minute descriptions of the prune-colored pants the flunkies wear, and goes learnedly into the emotions of the two men and the psychology of it all.

Often there is nobody about but Peter and Henry. Somebody should make a movie of those occasions. Peter tries to tell his story to Henry and Henry endeavors to unload his story on Peter. Henry generally wins, as he is younger than Peter, and they cart Peter away to bed after Henry puts on his final flourish: "That's it, you see. Member for twenty-five years and nobody in the club ever spoke to him before. Extraordinary, eh, what?"

Peter was the only person in the smoking room as I came through. He was huddled down in a big chair and looked miserable and old—the mere frail shadow of a man. I thought it would be a real kindness to cheer him up.

So I walked over to him and said cheerily: "Well, Mr. McWhirter, how are you to-day?"

"Poorly," he croaked.

"Oh, I'm sorry. It seems to me you look especially well. Hope you'll soon get your pep back."

Then I deliberately set the snare for myself. "I am going up to the library," I said; and waited.

Peter rolled a yellowed eye at me. He tried to rise to the occasion, but he couldn't. He struggled valiantly, and then fell back.

"Know a good one about club libraries, but can't tell it. Some other time. Ate a piece of an egg for lunch, and it distresses me."

I went along, thinking of my section of the Sam Lazarus steak, and Peter's piece of an egg. I hope I'll never be so old as Peter. He seems as ancient as the Pyramids to me! Fifty years older than I am, but Peter doesn't think he's old. He reads pieces in the papers about Levi P. Morton and John Burroughs, and fancies himself a kid. As nearly as I can figure it out no man thinks he is old. I was talking to dad about it one day. Dad is fifty-four. I spoke of a man of sixty as old.

"Mere child," said dad. "Age is comparative. A boy of seventeen thinks a man of forty is old, and so on."

"What is your definition of an old man?"

"An old man," said dad, "is a man who is twenty years older than you are."

There was no one in the library, not even the librarian. I selected a big red-leather chair over in the corner, settled myself in it and reviewed my day.

"Three times at bat and struck out three times," I thought. "A percentage of zero—zero—zero. The noes have it, unanimously. Dad says it is foolish; Fred and Jimmie say it is asinine; and the Third National crowd say it is a combination of both, as well as bad for business. Total loss and no insurance, so far."

I expected to sit there and think out a program clearly. Instead I found that I couldn't think clearly. The fact is, I had only a vague conception, not a series of premises and a conclusion. I was firm in my belief that the returning soldiers were so drilled in the value of organization that they could be put together or held together to do things in peace just as they had done them in war. They would appreciate the value of political participation by their solidarity, as that was the way we utilized organization for an effect on government in this country; and government meant power, and power meant successful politics. That was plain enough.

"Government—means—power; and—power—means—successful—politics." That formula repeated itself in my mind a dozen times. Then it reversed itself: "Successful — politics — means — power; and — power—means—government." That was more logical. Then I saw that I had left out organization. I reconstructed it. "Organization—means—successful—politics; and—successful—politics—means—power; and—power—means—government."

I conned that repeatedly. I saw the thing work out. Ten thousand soldiers were formed in an all-for-one-one-for-all body behind me. We marched to the polls and threw Tom Pendergrast and Bill Hunkins out. I could see them running to escape our wrath. We took over the City Hall. I was mayor. I walked out on the steps of the hall and made a speech, while my organized soldiers and their womenfolk cheered me wildly. I swept the offices clean of all the political parasites and put a soldier in each one. I installed the women in places suitable for them. There were columns in the papers about it. It was complete. It was epochal.

Then dad came along, and Fred Daskin and Jimmy Chambers, and a procession of the directors of the Third National headed by Mr. Hull and Mr. Perkins; and they dragged me out of the mayor's chair and stuck me back in the pump works, and I heard them say: "Of course you can't do it! It's foolish! It's worse than that. It isn't your job. You can't whip Tom Pendergrast and Bill Hunkins, and if you do you'll soil a lot of things we are interested in. It's filthy work. Forget it and go back to business!"

"I can beat them!" I shouted, struggling to get free. "I can! I can!"

I looked up from the leather chair and found Peter McWhirter, supported by a club servant in uniform, weaving back and forth on his unsteady legs over me, and the "Silence!" signs glaring coldly down at me.

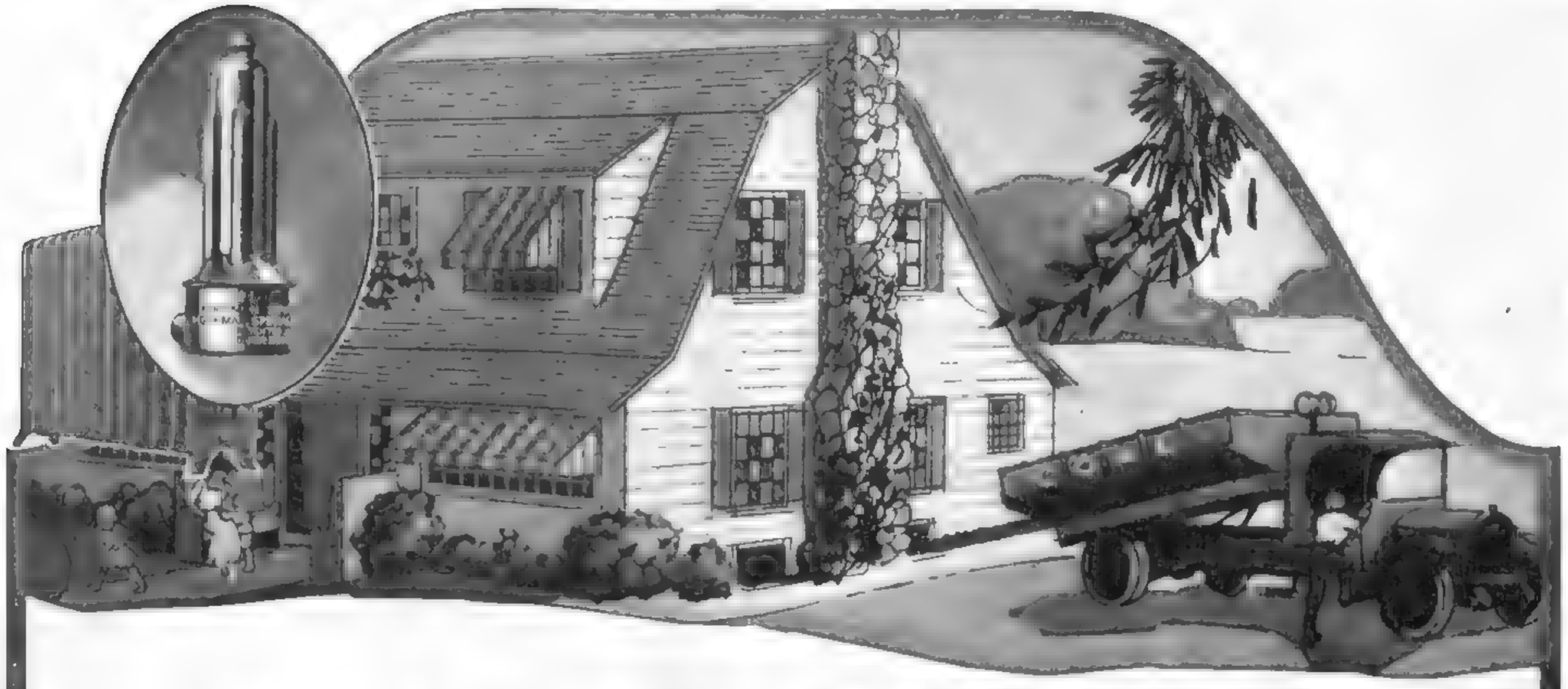
"George," cackled Peter McWhirter, "I see the library got you. Gets 'em all. Reminds me of a story about the library of the Athenæum in London. It seems ——"

I fled to the other end of the great room, and the servant led Peter out, still cackling his story. It made me laugh to think I had been found by Peter, and it made me stop laughing to think that I went to sleep over my plan. But the dream that I had made an impression. My defiance remained strong in my mind, as did my shout: "I can! I can!

"What's to hinder my doing it? I'm not beaten yet. I know it can be done and I'm going to do it or—or—bust!" I concluded, not being able at the moment to conceive a more refined manner in which the enterprise might personally finish if unsuccessful.

The determination grew stronger and stronger. My rest had given me new courage. "I'll try it!" I swore to myself. "I'll start an organization of the men who went to war, if that can be done, and I'll try to use that organization not for any selfish

(Continued on Page 93)



Use Less Coal This Winter

REMEMBER last winter—with coal at 10 and 12 dollars—when every time a steam radiator hammered or hissed, it said, "I'm burning money?" Remember, too, those cold or only half-hot radiators—even with roaring fire and safety valve blowing? Of course you do. And you quite naturally blamed the whole steam system—everyone does.

In reality it was not due to any fault in the system, but to one little thing, so small that many of us have overlooked its importance for many years—namely, the air valves on your radiators.

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Defective air valves are the cause of those many tons of coal you have been sacrificing each winter. Every "kick-up"—every leak of steam or water—every radiator that refuses to warm up—is a waste. The heat is there—the pressure gage proves that, but it is kept down in the boiler or goes up the chimney.

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John Russell Pope, Architect

(Continued from Page 90)

ends but for the advantage of this city. That's settled."

I was all enthusiasm. Enthusiasm is a great thing, but the war taught me that there should be a side dish of precaution served with it. My company took a nest of machine guns near Fismes one day with our bayonets and our bare hands; but when the colonel came to see me in the hospital he said that glorious as the exploit was—I am quoting him—we might have done it easier, and as effectively perhaps, if we had come in from the sides instead of making a straight rush at the Huns. I always shall remember that.

"I'll try it. That's all well enough, but I can't do it alone. I need help and sympathetic coöperation, and a lot of each. Dad is against me. Fred and Jimmy, my closest friends, are scoffers. The men at the bank are horrified for business reasons. Who will I get?"

I catalogued those who might be useful, and dismissed most of them, holding out as few as possible, but without much hope that they would take part. Most of the men I knew, I concluded, would have either the dad and Third-National view of it or would look at it the same way Fred and Jimmy did.

Then I thought of Steve Fox. That was an inspiration. Steve Fox and I were seat mates and classmates at the grammar school, and classmates in high school. Then I went to college, and Steve got a reporter's job on the News, our biggest morning paper. Steve always had an edge on me in school, for he is quicker-witted than I, and is a natural-born politician. He ran all the school politics, manipulated the secret societies, and was forever making combinations and having caucuses and voting the students as he chose.

Steve and I are close friends. He now does the city politics for the News, and reports the state legislature. Pretty soon they'll send him to Washington. He has a great flair for politics. Steve knows our local politics inside and out, and all the politicians fear him and respect him, for he won't play in with them, and tells the truth about them as much as is compatible with the policy of the paper.

I hustled downstairs and called the News on the telephone. Steve was there.

"Steve, this is George Talbot talking. I want to see you. Come and have dinner with me to-night."

"You're on. Where?"

I looked at my watch, though that was superfluous. The sounds from the smoking room told unmistakably that it was about quarter past six.

"Rossiter's at seven o'clock."

Rossiter's is a quiet place where there is always something good in the ice box; game out of season, and early fruit and vegetables.

"It's a bet; seven, at Rossiter's."

As I came out of the telephone booth I put my hand in my coat pocket and felt the invitations. I didn't go into the smoking room. Instead I went into the writing room, sent my politest regrets to each hostess and to The Bachelors and threw the invitations into the grate.

"No time for that sort of stuff now," I thought, and I felt righteous and inspired and consecrated—sort of an I-come-to-deliver-you feeling, as nearly as I can analyze it.

Sam Abernathy came in as I was putting on my overcoat. "Cocktail, George?" he asked.

"No; thanks."

Sam stopped. "Wherefore this sudden access of virtue, Georgie?" he asked. "We don't go dry until July first, you know. Better get a few while you can."

"Don't want any; thanks."

"It's true, then?"

"What's true?"

"Fred Daskin told me this afternoon that you have a glare in your eyes and are going to reform the world, including Tom Pendergrast and Bill Hunkins. Good luck—only don't let them catch you at it."

I could hear them laughing in the smoking room before I got my hat and stick. Sam had hurried in to spread the news.

"I'll show them!" I declaimed to myself. That was a consolatory determination. It helped a lot.

Steve was waiting at Rossiter's, talking politics with Rossiter himself, who is one of Tom Pendergrast's men. Steve knows everybody in the city apparently. I saw him walking down Main Street one day arm in arm with Orlando J. Huggins, and Orlando J. is the most aloof personage we have. He was first assistant secretary of state for six weeks once, at the wind-up of an administration, and never recovered. And I've seen Steve in intimate discourse with Tony Milano, who is the Italian boss; though he printed a story on Tony one time that made Tony swear he'd stiletto Steve.

When Tony went up to get his final naturalization papers the judge questioned him about his knowledge of America.

"Have you read the Constitution of the United States, Mr. Milano?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you think of it?"

"I think it are very nice."

Still, Steve is always getting away with things like that.

"Hello, Steve," I said.

"Hello, George. What's on your mind?"

"Let's get some food and I'll tell you."

Rossiter had a contraband canvasback in the ice box, and he fixed that for us, and some other things, including a little of the champagne he has saved for his regulars. Steve and I talked mostly about the Army while we were eating. Steve went into the Military Intelligence as a captain, and made a record. He was stationed in New York and dug up a good many pro-German gentlemen who were needed at and sent to Fort Oglethorpe.

Rossiter buzzed along with some special cigars, and after the coffee came Steve asked again: "What's on your mind, George?"

"Steve, I've got an idea about politics. I'm thinking of going into politics, in fact."

Steve laughed. "Say not so," he said. "You'll soil your lily-white hands, and may put a daub or two on your hitherto spotless reputation—if such it is. What can you do in politics?"

"I don't know. That's what I want to talk to you about."

"Yes, yes; go on."

"Look here, Steve; take this seriously, please."

"My boy, I'm as serious as a woman's club discussing pre-Raphaelitism. Proceed."

"I'll try to explain it to you, but I haven't got it very clearly myself. It's only the germ of an idea so far, but this is it: I went into the Army. You know I didn't do much but play round before that. Well, the Army taught me a lot of things and gave me a lot of ideas, and the principal idea is that if somebody—me, for instance, and some others who think as I do—can hold together these soldiers who are coming back to this town, organize them, and keep them in line, a lot can be done in the way of cleaning up this city, getting a better administration and putting things on a higher basis."

"Might be."

Then I outlined my thoughts to him, speaking more freely than I had to any of the others. I gave him my ideas as to the view of the soldier, of the benefits that might be derived, and pointed out that this was the time to go at it, when the punch of organization was still in them and the recollection of its effectiveness and value was still strong. I talked for half an hour—vaguely at times, I suppose, but earnestly. The trend of it was that these soldiers might be organized by somebody. Why not by me?

"Of course," said Steve after I had finished, "that isn't an original idea, by a long shot. A hundred thousand men all over this country have had it and are trying to work it out. The soldiers have it themselves. Everybody's got it. I know that Bill Hunkins is active along those lines to grab as many of the boys as he can for himself. Half a dozen so-called national organizations are projected. Don't think you are a pioneer in this, for you're not; but if you can get at it, with your army experience and your comradeship established you may be able to beat some of these other Johnnies out. It will be a tough game."

"I don't care how tough it is. I'm going to tackle it. Will you help?"

"Sure! Anything for excitement and copy. I'll tell you a man you ought to talk to."

"Who?"

"Tommy Dowd."

"I never heard of him."

"Probably not, but Pershing has. He pinned a Distinguished Service Cross on Tommy over in France.

"Mike Dowd, Tommy's father, keeps a saloon down in the Ninth Ward," Steve continued. "Mike's lament to his cronies over Tommy's lack of business acumen when Tommy announced his plans to study law is a classic in that neighborhood.

"'The boy's a fool entirely,' wailed Mike. 'I offered to set him up in business with a nice little saloon of his own, and give him a respectable start, and he's gone philanderin' off to study law. Law, is it? God help us that a Dowd should come to such an end.'

"Dowd's saloon is a sort of political headquarters for the Pendergrast outfit down in the Ninth. All the little ward deals and intrigues are framed there. Tommy grew up in that atmosphere, but was not spoiled by it. He is bright and keen, and he listened and learned when they'd let him, but even when he got past boyhood he went no further than that. Mrs. Dowd is a good religious woman. She sent Tommy to the parochial school, and to the Jesuit College that Father Francis Xavier runs. Ever know Father Francis Xavier? A fine citizen, with the unerring instinct for spotting the boys with a talent for oratory and debate, and the development of them. He paid a good deal of attention to Tommy, and when Tommy finished and got his diploma he was among other things a fair kid logician and debater and could make a passable oration. He's developed that faculty since. He talks pretty well.

"He was a good athlete, specializing on baseball, and became one of those youthful phenom pitchers and did stunts like one and two hit games to his opponents; a big upstanding chap with a world of speed. They tried to get him for professional ball, but he had other ideas. While Father Francis Xavier was training Tommy in debate and disputation and teaching him the elementary classics Tommy was lusting for adventure. He wanted to see things and do things. So three weeks after he graduated he slipped up to the recruiting office one day and enlisted in the Marines. His size and the physical perfection of him got him past. He absolved home difficulties by giving the name of a doting aunt as next of kin, and she stood for it. He was eighteen then—a big husky chap. He was three years in the Marines and saw service in Santo Domingo, Haiti, Panama, China—all over the place.

"When he came back home he said he had had enough of soldiering, and would go into the law. Old Mike again pleaded with him to retain inviolate the respectability of the Dowds, and if he wouldn't let him open a saloon for him at least to tend bar at the old home place, and thus gradually take over its conduct. Tommy was adamant. Mike was about to cast him off but his mother interceded, and the old man allowed Tommy to live at home while he studied. He passed his preliminary examinations after boning up with Father Francis Xavier, and learned stenography and typewriting, which eventually gave him a small job in a law office.

"All the time he stayed in the Ninth Ward, mixing with the boys who grew up with him, listening to the politics, getting acquainted and keeping in touch with that angle of life. After he was admitted he got a very junior partnership with a big firm and started at it. Then the war came. Tommy didn't wait for a chance at an officers' training camp or ask any of his political friends to help him to a commission. He jumped right into the regulars as a private—enlisted before we declared war, at the first signs of it. Naturally with his ability and his military training behind him he became a noncom in no time, and was soon a top sergeant. He went to France with the First Division and was all through it over there with that fighting bunch. He got the Croix de Guerre for some stunt he pulled, and the Distinguished Service Cross for another. After it was over he got out as quickly as he could, came back home, and now he's back at the law.

"I don't know any young fellow who has a more detailed knowledge of this political game here or more definite ideas about the way it is played. Tommy can get in with the gang in two minutes if he wants to, but he doesn't. He knows too much about it. Besides, he has your view of it too; only, if you'll excuse me, a lot better thought out and closer to the minds and methods of the soldiers, for he served with them, right among them, all the way through.

"I've talked some with him. He thinks, as you seem to, that there is a great chance to do something big with these returned soldiers. You'd better get in touch with him."

"He's the man!" I said, much impressed with Steve's recital. "Where is he?"

"You can find him to-morrow at the office of Spalding, Sinclair & Jackson, Occidental Building. I'll give you a card to him."

Steve wrote a few lines on a card, and we walked uptown together.

"By the way, George," said Steve as we parted in front of the News office, "Dowd has a good many convictions that will not jibe with your view and circumstances of life. He isn't a socialist, per se, but his sympathies are all with the men who work. He is inclined to be contemptuous of more or less gay social butterflies like you, and holds that political conditions here are as they are because the average business man, the big business man and the idle rich take no active participating interest beyond complaining at them and damning the system. A man with a million dollars or the heir to ten millions doesn't awe him a particle, and he talks plainly on occasion, so plainly that it makes the average millionairish head ache. He's a straight-spoken, hard-headed, two-fisted person outside, but when you get into him you will find that he assays pretty heavily to the pound in common-sense idealism, which is the best way I can describe it. That is, he has a reform streak without the usual mush—and—impractical trimmings.

"He has an ironical sense of humor, joshes a good deal and does not spare himself—a bully fellow all round. Listen to him if he'll talk, but don't pull any captain-and-sergeant stuff on him or he'll kid you to a frazzle. Good night."

▼

I WALKED home considerably cheered by what Steve had told me. I now had a tangible lead for the first time since I had decided to go into politics. I stepped along jubilantly, full of enthusiasm.

I was beginning to establish my own position in the undertaking like this: "My main thought is to render civic service, and service to the soldiers, but there is a personal equation also. Captain George Talbot must get something out of it. What? Not office. I am clear on that. Not money. That suggestion is debasing. Leadership? The satisfaction of doing things? Yes. That's it. I ought to lead. That seems little enough for me to get."

I was smug and satisfied when I turned in at our house. Dad was in his little room, studying a set of blue prints.

"That you, George?" he called

"Yes, sir."

"Built that fire under Hunkins and Pendergrast yet?"

"Not yet."

"Be sure you have plenty of kindling before you begin. They are rather non-inflammable and well asbestosed, so to speak."

"Oh, I don't know about that."

"Don't you? Well, you'll learn. Good night."

Darn dad! He's always taking the joy out of life. He hasn't an inch of vision beyond pumps.

We live together in a big house on Poplar Street, in the Second Ward, which is called the Silk-Stocking Ward because it contains a good many of the rich people of the city. Mother died four years ago, and both my sisters are married and have babies. Like every other man of his sort dad is a plumb idiot over those grandchildren. "Finest experience in life," he often says to me, "is to have grandchildren. You have all the joy out of the kids, and none of the responsibilities."

We had breakfast together. I couldn't get in a word, even if I had wanted to. Those blue prints had to do with a new sort of pump more powerful than any we made, and dad babbled about that marvelous mechanism until the man came in and told him his car was waiting.

"What's on to-day, George?" he asked as he rose to go.

"I'm going to see a man."

"Politics?"

"Perhaps."

Dad laughed. Darn dad!

I sat round until ten o'clock, looking over the papers. I noticed that Steve Fox had a political article in the News telling about a special election to be held in a few weeks to fill two vacancies in the Board of Aldermen, one of them in the Second Ward; and I remembered that the ancient stuffed shirt who represented us on the board had gone to his reward a few weeks before. His name

(Continued on Page 97)

MO

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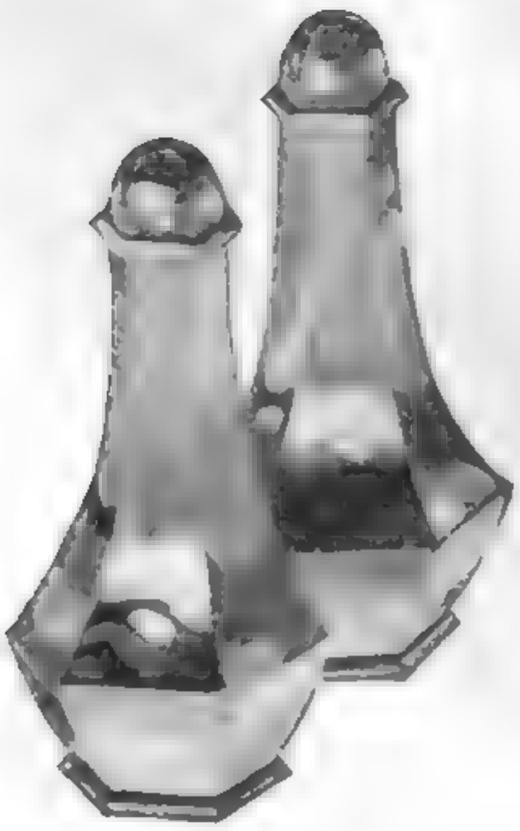

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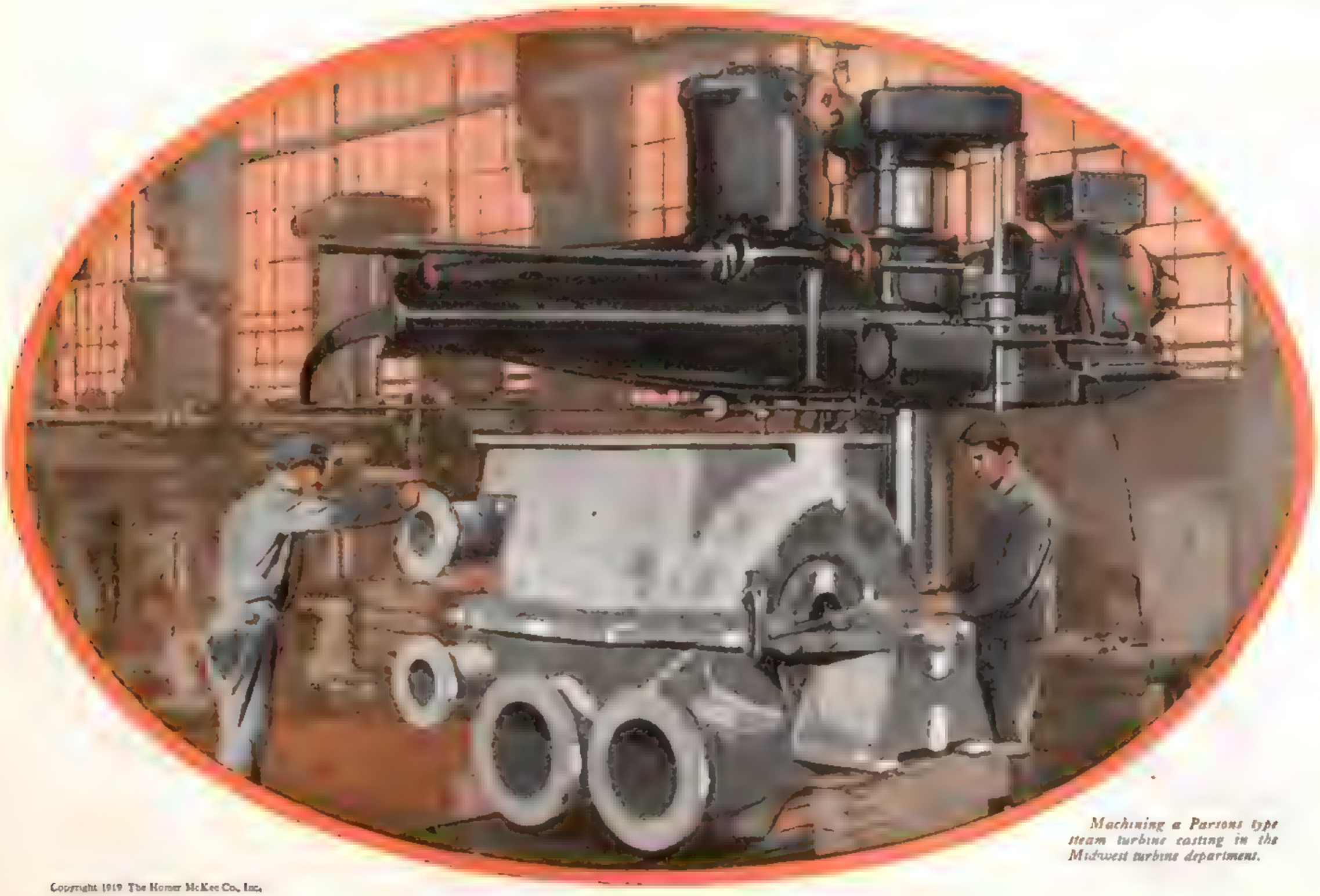

Machining a Parsons type steam turbine casting in the Midwest turbine department.

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(Continued from Page 93)

was Octavius K. Porter, and he was a decayed capitalist; had been rich but lost his money, and Hunkins picked him up and made an alderman of him to give tone to that gang of highbinders.

Porter was a frightful bore, who made speeches on every occasion and deviled the editors to get them printed. He hadn't had a thought for forty years, and could use more words in setting forth that condition of his mind than any other man in the world; but he always voted right on the board, which was the main point. Several men were mentioned in Steve's article as possible successors to Porter.

"No candidate is selected as yet," said Steve. "The political destinies of the Second Ward are in the hands of William Hunkins. The Pendergrast crowd are not much interested. There is no chance for them to win, and they may not contest."

The telephone rang as I was about to call the office of Spalding, Sinclair & Jackson. It was Fred Daskin.

"Hello, George. How's the military Mark Hanna this morning?"

"Cut that out!" I snarled. "I've had enough of that."

"Oh, very well. Only I was just reading in the News about that vacancy in the Board of Aldermen from your ward. Why don't you start your career that way, George? Many a man who has risen to political eminence made a lowly start. Of course history records few who began so far down scale as our Board of Aldermen, but I feel you have it in you to conquer even that handicap. You'd be a grand little alderman, and could get us the civic auditorium for nothing for big dances."

"Cheese it!"

"Besides," continued Daskin, "all the eminent uplifters tell us that reform is best accomplished from within rather than from without. You'll be right there with Bill Hunkins and Tom Pendergrast and all the boys. Better go to it. I pledge you the support of The Bachelors right here and now. Meantime, come on and make up a foursome at Weehawis. How about it?"

"I'm busy. Good-by."

I slammed the receiver on the hook. Fred Daskin makes me tired. Joshing is all right. I do some of it myself, but there are limits.

After I had cooled down I called Spalding, Sinclair & Jackson and asked: "Is Mr. Dowd in?"

"He is. Who is calling, please?"

"Capt. George Talbot"

Presently I heard: "This is Mr. Dowd."

"I have a card of introduction to you from Steve Fox, and I want to talk to you on a political matter. When may I call?"

"Come now."

VI

HALF an hour later I walked into Dowd's room. A big broad-shouldered, red-cheeked, black-haired man rose and held out his hand.

"I'm Dowd," he said. "I know your father," he continued, after pulling out a chair for me. "We got well acquainted during that row over the new waterworks. A fine man. Hard as nails. Demands results; but he has imagination, for all that."

"Dad has? Why, all he sees is pumps!"

"Do you think so?" Dowd's black eyes twinkled at me, and he smiled a little smile. "But, then, sons don't know much about their fathers, do they?"

"They know as much as fathers know about their sons."

"Maybe so. Excuse me; I didn't intend to start anything. Can I be of any service to you?"

"Perhaps we may be of some service to one another. I was talking to Steve Fox last night and outlined an idea I have in mind. It's about the returned soldiers. I was in the Army."

Dowd bowed in recognition of that important fact. "Back up," I said to myself. "Where do you get off with this talk about being in the Army, to a man who fought with the First Division, and has a Croix de Guerre and a Distinguished Service Cross?"

"I don't mean that that gives me any particular distinction. So were a lot of other chaps in the Army. What I mean is that as I was in the Army I have a sort of appreciation of what the big lesson of the Army is."

"What do you think that lesson is?"

"That the individual is helpless, while the organization of individuals is resistless."

I rather fancied that sentence. I thought it out myself. Dowd received it calmly. In fact he received it with a smile.

"It's simple enough. How does the Federation of Labor or any labor union get its results? How do the bosses hold this city in their grasp? How does your father sell more pumps than the Glassford outfit? Organization. That's all there is to it. The labor men are organized. Bill Hunkins has an organization, and so has Tom Pendergrast, and so has John Talbot; and they are efficient. That's the solution of any problem in this country—efficient organization. It didn't take the deaths of twenty million men and the expenditure of a hundred billion dollars to prove that. Those bloody and expensive details simply emphasized the fact."

He seemed serious enough, but there was a twinkle in his eye and a sort of an amused tolerance about him that made me swallow hard once or twice.

"Even so," I said, plunging ahead, "what you say merely gives point to what I have in mind."

"And that is?"

"An organization of these returned soldiers, in this city, for the purpose of getting a better administration through the political strength of that organization, and to secure such incidental benefits as may accrue for the soldiers themselves."

I thought this would be a free-and-easy talk, but here I was searching my vocabulary for sonorous rhetoric and statesman-like phrases, talking as an uplift editorial writer writes.

Dowd smiled again. This smile was almost a laugh. It was embarrassing. I felt as if I had declaimed to him that the world is round or sugar is sweet or some other similar important information. Dad makes me feel that way now and then. My vanity gave me the cue for a dignified exit. But my common sense whispered: "Hang on! Steve says this chap may be useful."

"Yes," he said, "that might be done. The idea occurred to some of us before we came home from France. A few of my friends and myself are already working out such a plan."

"You are?"

There was both surprise and dismay in that question. "They've beaten me to it," I thought; and a future devoted to the pump business stretched drably before me.

"We are, but we have no monopoly on it." Dowd saw my dismay and tried to cheer me up.

"A lot of other people are working on it, too, both here and elsewhere. That doesn't worry us, and it shouldn't worry you if you really are in earnest and don't want to play this game just for the personal glorification of it. The whole success of what is done will depend on how it is organized. We think we'll have the better organization. Maybe not, but we think so."

"Who's we?"

"A few friends of mine."

"Oh."

Now it was time for me to go. I wasn't getting anywhere. I rose. Dowd put out a detaining hand.

"Don't hurry," he said. "Let's talk it over." He offered me a cigar and lighted one himself. Ordinarily I do not smoke cigars, but I'd have smoked that one if it had killed me.

"Just what is your idea of what can be done with these boys who were in the Army, and their womenfolks?"

I hashed over what I had been saying to dad and Fred and Jimmy and the rest of them. Dowd listened patiently. I felt like a student trying to state a conclusion without any definite knowledge of the contributing reasons therefor.

After I had finished Dowd puffed a few times at his cigar.

"You have the outline of it," he said, "but not the detail. I had the advantage of you. I was with the boys all the time. I ate with them, slept with them, fought with them and heard their talk. Will it bore you if I give you my idea of what is in the minds of those lads?"

"I wish you would."

I did wish he would. Every time I tried to explain myself I seemed vaguer than the time before. I hadn't developed my idea beyond the germ stage. Perhaps he had.

He began: "This wasn't my first experience with the private soldier. I was three years in the Marines and got to know the mind of them there. I enlisted in the regulars and served with the First Division all through the war. We went in as regulars, but replacements made our outfit the same as yours—draft and national-guard boys mostly. Only a few of the originals lasted through. We had enormous casualties.

"I know those soldiers. I know that though they are not concrete about it they feel they can do something when they get out of the Army.

"I know that only a small proportion of them fancy military life enough to remain in the service and that what most of them have in mind is, first, to get back to their jobs, and second, to capitalize, in some way, their experiences and associations—their war comradeship—so it may benefit themselves and their country.

"I have read a lot of speeches and articles and editorials about the high ideals of the soldiers and their crusading spirit—the President calls them 'crusading youngsters'—but I take all that with reasonable reserve. I know that the main actuating idea of those boys over there in France was to whip the Kaiser and get back home, and that the main actuating idea of the boys in the camps here was to get over there, help whip the Kaiser and come back home. Making the world safe for democracy didn't mean so much to them as the orators said it did. Their chief impulse was that Germany must be beaten, that the United States was the one country that could beat Germany, and that they were the representatives of the United States—their country—for the job. So they turned in and did that job, and did it with a courage and a dash and an efficiency that ended it half a year before the military experts thought it could be ended.

"Now they are coming back, and what they must be taught in this country is that what they did in France is really what it is, and not what they mostly think it is. That is, the real purpose of their fighting and the real meaning of their victory must be impressed on them, for all this talk that the average American private was filled with a crusading spirit, had a mission, and was implanting an ideal when he stuck a German with bayonet, or blew him up with a shell or hand grenade, or drilled a hole in him with a bullet I know to be talk—words.

"I know those boys. They went to France to end the war, and end it by killing Germans, and they ended it in exactly that decisive manner. They rushed in at their country's call and put out the fire, but the reason they put out the fire wasn't, as the wordsmiths declare, that they understood, completely or idealistically, what the beneficent effects of putting out the fire would be. They didn't go that far into the matter. The fire was apparent. They saw it, and they put it out.

"Wherefore I hold it to be the task of those who do think a little more, who realize the idealistic as well as the practical motives of our participation in the war, to sink into the minds of these boys just what their great service is, in terms of world service; and to develop that spirit and service into another spirit and service that shall continue to exist and be operative in home affairs, and will bring, in its home application, two sorts of benefits: The greater benefit to the community, and the lesser but correlated benefit to the men themselves.

"In other words, the task of any person who seeks to utilize the strength and comradely spirit and knowledge of organized strength of the soldiers is to explain to them why they have that strength, to show them what they really have done, and to implant in their minds the firm conviction that they must not cease to be soldiers after they are out of their military uniforms but must continue to be civic soldiers, fighting for better domestic conditions as they fought for better world conditions."

Dowd held me at strained attention. He had given some real thought to the subject, not just snap-shotted at it like me. "I agree with most of it," I thought. "Anyhow, he has a clearer view than I have. I'll tell him so."

He didn't give me a chance.

"Pardon me," he said as he lighted his cigar, which had gone out as he talked. "I hope I haven't bored you. I am likely to forget how I outrage my friends with these dull speeches. I suppose we are friends?"

He smiled at me so takingly that I wanted to shout: "Bet your life, Tommy!" but I compromised on: "I hope we shall be."

"So do I. We're having a little meeting next Friday night, at eight o'clock, in Room 48, Tucker Building. I'll be glad if you will come, and so will the others. I am obliged to you for looking me up. Maybe we can help one another."

I rose again. The telephone bell rang. "Send them in," Dowd said. "Some of the boys from my company," he said. "Don't go."

There was a heavy clumping in the hall. The door was violently opened and three soldiers appeared in uniform. Instantly Dowd was metamorphosed. He changed from the eloquent talker, who had been dissecting for me the aggregate mind of the soldier, to that very soldier whom he had been analyzing.

"Hello, Tommy! How's every little thing?" They stuck out calloused hands at him.

"*Beaucoup*," Dowd replied, shaking hands all round, "but I want to put you guys wise to something. You keep out of this dump unless you want to get me fired. The Old Man won't stand for a bunch of hoboes like you messing up the place."

"I'll say he will!" said one of them, who had two gold service stripes on the sleeve of his blouse.

"No, he won't, old-timer. You cut it out and meet me at the regular dump."

"Aw, say, Tommy, we didn't mean no harm."

"I know it. I'm just tellin' you. A guy who's a risin' young lawyer has to throw a bluff, don't he, and keep solid with the main squeeze. You wouldn't bring enough business to this shack in forty years to fill a bull bag. Now that you are here, you fightin' sons of guns, what's biting you?"

The soldier with the two service stripes motioned toward me with his head.

"He's all right," said Dowd. "Boys, this is Captain Talbot of the A. E. F. He was over there too."

From long habit the three soldiers stiffened as if to salute.

"Nix," said Dowd. "He's out, and one of us. What's your troubles?"

"You know that gang down in the Eleventh Ward. Well, they're playin' round with the Pendergrast outfit. We got wise to them last night. They're goin' to have a meetin' to-night and we thought we'd come up and ask you if it wouldn't be a good plan to bust in on them and put the love of the Lord into them, just for luck."

"Not on your life!" said Dowd. "Lay off on that. No rough stuff goes. Leave 'em to me."

I went out, followed by Dowd's "See you Friday night."

"Steve is right," I thought. "He's smart and he's a mixer."

VII

YOU certainly can get action in politics after you get started, and the chap was right who said that it makes strange bedfellows. Not that I was sleeping with any unusual citizen as yet, but that I could have if I had wanted to. Of course I was not really in politics, but apparently you didn't have to be really in, in certain cases, to be remarked.

I don't see what there is so bizarre about a man like myself making a straight statement about there being a chance to do something in this city in the way of reform; but from the commotion that what I did say made in our set you'd think I had painted myself pea green and made a parade down Main Street clad in no other raiment, with a gladiolus behind my ear. Fred Daskin and Jimmy Chambers and Sam Abernathy spread the news, and for the next three or four days I was joshed all over the place, referred to as a rising young reformer, and so on, while the Elder Brethren at the club held an inquest over me and formally decried and viewed with grave alarm my socialistic tendencies. Dad became interested. He questioned me rather closely once or twice, and intimated at the end of each session that my job was waiting for me at the pump works.

They backed me into a corner at the Country Club one night, and I told a lot of them all about themselves. I don't remember all I said, but it was to the broad general effect that they were civic slackers; and it made them pretty sore. They roasted me, joshed me, burlesqued me and cussed me. The consensus of opinion, as I gathered it, was that I was a sort of congenital idiot with no appreciation of the proper and conventional duties and privileges and obligations of my station; and especially that

(Continued on Page 101)

A Rousing Welcome for the Cleveland Six

AMERICA has given the Cleveland Six a rousing welcome. In cities and towns from coast to coast, thousands have seen and admired this new achievement of motordom. Its first showing to the public was the event of the year in automobile affairs.

And, no wonder! For the Cleveland Six brings real motoring satisfaction within reach of thousands who have wanted such a car. It brings new motor-car quality into the low-price field.

The Cleveland Six is the product of men splendidly experienced in the designing and building of fine cars. It is an expression of the best ideals. It is designed and built for service to the world, dependable service of transportation and recreation. It is a really unusual car.

Room and Comfort for Five Grown Persons

The Cleveland Touring car is roomy and comfortable for five grown persons. Those who have seen it admire it for the beauty of its lines, the clean-cut design. Those who have driven it or ridden in it talk of its power, its flexibility, its comfort.

The Cleveland is a finished product. There is no suggestion of the experimental about it. It is new to the public, but to the men who conceived it and developed it the Cleveland is a perfected car. And they are men who know, men who have contributed their genius and skill and experience to the building up of one of America's finest, high-quality cars.

Cleveland Sixes have been on the road for three years, undergoing every conceivable test. Two years ago the car was ready for the market. But war was coming, and the Cleveland waited.

Built in the Most Modern of New Plants

Today in a splendid new plant, the very last word in modern equipment and method, this car is built for a great waiting public. **Managing this great plant, directing all its various departments and guarding every operation, is a group of men whose sincerity of purpose is a guarantee of excellence in their car.**

Mechanically, the Cleveland Six is of extraordinary simplicity and sturdiness throughout.

The Cleveland will quickly dominate the light car field. Another year will see fifty thousand Clevelands on the road. The Cleveland will lead because it offers splendid six-cylinder design and construction in a car of style and comfort and at a price unapproached.

CLEVELAND

This Car will Dominate the Light Car Field

What is the Cleveland like? How big is it? What is its power? What motor does it have?

These and many similar questions have been heard everywhere for weeks past. And now you shall know.

The Cleveland isn't *like* any other car. It is distinctive. Its lines would distinguish the highest-priced car. It has refinement not commonly found in low-priced cars.

The wheel-base is 112 inches, more than ample to permit of the most pleasing body design and to provide seating capacity for five adult persons in the very extreme of comfort, with proper pitch of cushions and lots of leg-room.

There is power to spare in the Cleveland. Power that takes the loaded car flying over the hills, and at any speed that anyone would wish over the country road or open highway. Power so flexible, so responsive to the slightest touch of the throttle, that men who have driven many cars say there are few motors indeed that compare with it at all

Exclusive Cleveland Motor Found in no Other Car

And this motor is in no other car. It is the exclusive Cleveland Six Motor, designed by engineers of the Cleveland Company and built under their personal supervision in the Cleveland factory. You can have the advantages of this motor only through the ownership of a Cleveland Six.

The whole car will please you if you care for the better things in life. The body design, the upholstery, the finish, the graceful neat-fitting top, all measure up to the mechanical excellence of the car.

In some one of the four models in which the Cleveland Six is built, you will find just the car you want.

Condensed Specifications

MOTOR—Six Cylinder valve in head type; bore 3", stroke 4½", six cylinders cast en bloc separate from crank case; detachable cylinder head; valve mechanism completely enclosed; three-bearing crankshaft of large diameter

Cam shaft and accessories driven by adjustable *silent* chain. Lubrication by gear pump positively driven by spiral gear from cam shaft.

CARBURETOR—Stromberg, fed by vacuum tank from 16 gallon tank at rear of chassis.

IGNITION—Distributor and high tension coil. Bosch magneto optional at extra cost

STARTING AND LIGHTING—Gray and Davis two unit system.

COOLING—By centrifugal pump, cellular radiator and adjustable self oiling belt driven fan.

TRANSMISSION—Unit Power Plant construction with center control. Three speeds and reverse. Nickel steel gears and shafts. Main shaft mounted on annular ball bearings.

CLUTCH—Disc type.

PROPELLER SHAFT—Fitted with double universal joints.

REAR AXLE—Floating type. Pressed steel housing; spiral bevel gears; Timken bearings throughout. Chrome nickel steel drive shafts.

FRONT AXLE—Drop forged I Beam. Chrome nickel steel spindles and steering arms. Timken Bearings in wheels.

BRAKES—Ample in size and efficiency.

SPRINGS—Semi-elliptic front and rear, bronze bushed eyes. Rear springs underslung

STEERING GEAR—Worm and sector type, irreversible, fitted with 18 inch Walnut wheel.

WHEELS—Wood Artillery Type.

RIMS—Firestone, straight side demountable

TIRES—32 x 4. Non-skid Rear.

WHEEL-BASE—112 inches.

TOP—One man type, fitted with door opening curtains and beveled glass rear window

FINISH—Body—Cleveland Blue, upholstered in hand buffed, bright finished, long grain leather. Hood, fenders and running board, black enamel. Wheels and chassis, black.

A leading automobile distributing house in every principal city is now showing the Cleveland Six. You will feel rewarded for seeing the car and finding out all about it at once.

Models and Prices

Touring Car (Five Passengers) $1385
Roadster (Three Passengers) $1385
Sedan (Five Passengers)
Coupé (Four Passengers)

Cleveland Automobile Company Cleveland, Ohio

CLEVELAND

Armstrong's Linoleum

Circle A Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

For Every Room in the House

THIS view of a bedroom leading into a sleeping porch is full of the promise of sound, refreshing sleep. The bedroom floor, with the graceful, vine-like design, is Armstrong's Carpet Inlaid Linoleum. The rose-colored porch floor is Armstrong's Granite Linoleum. The patterns on the left are equally well suited to the hangings, wall-coverings, and furniture.

Spend a little time today or tomorrow with your merchant looking over his assortment of Armstrong patterns. You will find them adaptable to every artistic and practical floor requirement. The plain linoleums and Jaspés (two-color effects) are appealing examples of refined color.

The Parquetry Inlaids look just like hardwood, but are more practical. The Carpet Inlaids reveal many interesting designs. In all these linoleums, the colors and patterns run clear through to the burlap back.

When linoleum is laid properly by the merchant's expert, and rubbed occasionally with a good floor wax, it is the most practical of all floors—durable, economical, comfortable, easy to keep clean and sanitary. The ideal way to lay Inlaid, Jaspé, or plain Linoleum is to cement it down firmly over a layer of heavy felt paper. This insures a permanent floor, the extra wear value of which more than makes good the cost.

Real linoleum is made of powdered cork, wood flour, and oxidized linseed oil, pressed on burlap. And Armstrong's is high-grade, real linoleum. Be sure that you get it. Better still, ask for Armstrong's Linoleum by name. The name, Armstrong's Linoleum, with the Circle A trade-mark, appears on the back of all genuine goods. There is a difference.

Armstrong's Bureau of Interior Decoration

Write this Bureau for advice on floor selections to match any scheme of interior decoration. A thoroughly trained decorator in charge. No fees.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"

by Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, together with de luxe color plates of fine home interiors prepared under Mr. Parsons' direction, on receipt of twenty cents.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, *Linoleum Department*, LANCASTER, PA.

If you prefer any of the Armstrong Patterns shown above to the one used in this sleeping porch, order it by the number given under it from your merchant. Also ask him to show suitable Armstrong designs for the other rooms in your house.

(Continued from Page 97)

I did not know when I was well off. Going into politics, to those folks, seemed to be synonymous with going slumming and never coming back. It appeared that if I persisted I should commit the enormous crime of associating with crass and low-flung persons who did not know what a niblick is and had no appreciation of the proper moment at which to double no trumps, to say nothing of owning not a single polo pony or anything with more class than a flivver car. That's it—class!

I've thought that crowd over and tabbed them up. You'd think to hear their exclamations of wonder and disgust that their forbears certainly made their marks as signatories to the Magna Charta; and I know that the fathers of most of them and the grandfathers of all of them began so close to the common earth that the smell of the soil hung to them for years. They didn't budge me an inch. Neither did dad, though I thought after our conversations that dad wasn't talking to stop me but was talking to find out whether I really had an idea and a determination. However, that's enough of that phase of my difficulties. It's neither so interesting nor so important as something else that happened.

I talked to Dowd on Friday morning, and wrangled with my social equals until the following Tuesday. By that time somebody had introduced a new dance direct from one of the leading cabarets of Broadway, and they forgot my plan to stray away from their upper and exclusive circle in the rush to acquire the wiggles and wriggles of that jazzed and jerky novelty.

On Wednesday morning I had a letter that made me blink. It was a short letter written in a clerky sort of hand, on paper of the best quality. It was dated Tuesday and read:

"I shall be glad if you can find it convenient to call at my house, 76 Martin Street, to-morrow, Wednesday, evening at eight o'clock, to discuss a personal and political matter. If you cannot come please call me by phone to-morrow morning, Main 66. If I do not hear from you in that manner I shall expect you."

It was signed: "Very truly yours, WILLIAM HUNKINS."

Hunkins! The boss! What did he want with me? I read the letter half a dozen times, trying to get from it more than the bald invitation to come and discuss a personal and political matter. It was beyond me. My first impulse was to go to the telephone and tell him that I could have no dealings with a man like him. I didn't. What did I know about Hunkins? Nothing but what I had heard. I knew him by sight, and that was all except for report and rumor. Still, he who touches pitch, and so on. Pshaw! It would be a good opportunity to study him. Besides—and this was the truth of it—I was so curious to find out what it was about that it seemed a century until eight o'clock.

Martin Street is a cross street in the Fourth Ward, which is a middle-class section of the city, where small business men and young married people live. Number 76 is a three-storied brick house, not differing in any detail from its neighbors, constructed in a long row of similars. Mostly the houses in our city have bits of ground about them, but an architect and a builder from Baltimore got loose up in the Fourth Ward one time and perpetrated these ugly rows. I rang the doorbell of Number 76 at eight o'clock.

A maid let me in, informing me: "Mr. Hunkins will be right down."

The room to which she led me was simply furnished, with the wall space largely filled by bookshelves. I looked at the books, an accumulation of those sets that are found in so many houses. There was an imposing row of Ruskin, and another of Balzac. The World's Best Literature bloomed redly along two shelves. There were the Complete Poetical Works of Milton, Shakspere in ten volumes, Darwin, Spencer, Scott, Dickens, the Great Orations of the World, Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier, the World's Repository of Knowledge in eighteen volumes, and half a dozen other sets of the world's greatest this and the world's greatest that. Keats, Shelley, Chaucer, Wordsworth, in reds, blues and greens stood stiffly in cultured rows, flanked by Emerson, Thoreau, Macaulay, Carlyle, Huxley, Hawthorne, Mill, Kant, Schopenhauer, Adam Smith, Bacon, Motley, Morris. Sets—sets—sets. Cooper, Thackeray, George Eliot—a varicolored riot of the stuff that can be bought by tearing off this coupon and remitting one dollar, with the privilege of examination and return within five days if not perfectly satisfactory and as represented in the advertisement.

"How are you, captain?"

I turned from my scrutiny of the books and faced Hunkins—a man of about five feet ten, and weighing not more than a hundred and sixty pounds; smooth-shaven, with plenty of black hair, a longish upper lip, a good supply of chin, and black eyes with fun in them; a largish mouth, and lips with a taking smile to them; dressed in a blue-serge suit and wearing a soft blue shirt and a soft white collar; blue tie that matched the serge, blue socks that also matched, and low-cut shoes highly polished; no jewelry; clothes well cut and tailored and without a wrinkle; well turned out, intelligent of appearance, less of the cartoonish aspect of a political boss about him than there is about Bishop Sludgers.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Hunkins. I was looking at your books."

"Oh, don't bother with that stuff. Come in here where my real books are."

He motioned to a door, and we entered a smaller room, in which there was a desk, a desk chair, and one other chair, a big bookcase, a picture of Colonel Roosevelt. That was all.

"Knew a man once," he said, "who was a stevedore and got rich. His wife moved him away from the docks and uptown into a big house so she could take her rightful place in society. They gave a carte blanche order to the bookseller to fix them up a library, and he put in about four kilometers of the same sort of stuff as that out there. Poor chap. His wife made him try to live up to those books, and he died of humiliation one day when she caught him reading The Peep o' Day Boys in the butler's pantry.

"That stuff out there came with the house when I rented it. I often wonder what those old chaps would think—I mean those writers of what they call the classics—if they could have a look now and see that the posterity they thought they were writing for buys them by the yard if the bindings match with the draperies, and never look into them. These are my real books."

I took a look. He had some of Conrad, Shaw, Wells, Hewlett, Galsworthy, one or two of Bennett, Tarkington, O. Henry, Dunsany, Synge, James Stephens, two of Locke's, all of David Graham Phillips' political novels, Cobb's Back Home, Harry Leon Wilson's Ruggles, and several shelves of the best examples of other American and English authors—one or two from each; some travel; many essays, both critical and literary, and a lot of biography; a good many Russians, and a shelf of the modern Frenchmen. Lying on the top of his desk were the latest Mencken, the latest Cabell, a collection of Strunsky's satires and two volumes on after-the-war problems.

"My theory about books is that a man is foolish to waste his time plugging through all any author wrote. I get the best, to my thinking, each author has done, and form my ideas of him from that. Who in the name of heaven has time to grind through all of those voluminous gentlemen? The best of each will tell you all you want to know about them, and their styles and ideas, and give you a chance to cover the field."

His voice was pleasant and his manner that of a well-read, well-bred person rather than the sublimated ward heeler I thought him to be. It all surprised and puzzled me. I kept thinking: "This isn't the sort of a Hunkins I expected to find. Not at all. He's not only literate, but he's intelligent. And this place doesn't square with my ideas of the home of a boss. What about those stories I have always heard of the grafting of his gang?"

That thought obsessed me. I couldn't get away from it. I had pictured him surrounded by such expensive junk in the way of furniture and fittings as should be found in the home of a grafter, according to my conceptions of the abiding places of such; and here was Hunkins, our reputed political pirate, living as plainly as a mechanic, except for the books.

It was a shock to my preconceptions, and before I realized what I was saying I blurted: "Why, Mr. Hunkins, you live very modestly."

Tactful remark, wasn't it? Pleasant manner of opening the conversation? I rather expected him to take a chair and hit me, but he didn't. Instead his eyes twinkled and he smiled a sort of deprecatory smile.

"Certainly. I spend all the money I can get in debauching the ballot, you know, not on myself. Any of your friends will tell you that."

I couldn't make out whether he was in earnest or having fun with me, but after having put my foot in it it was my part to pull it out as best I could, and I made a polite disclaimer: "Oh, you don't mean that!"

"Don't I?" he laughed. "Well, it's of no consequence. Sit down, please."

He pointed to the one chair that stood by his desk. "All my house is not so sparsely furnished as this room," he said. "There is method in this, not economy. I conduct my trifling personal and party affairs here, and am visited by a somewhat numerous clientele. If I had ten chairs I should have ten of them here at the same time; and if I had two I should have two. So I have only one, and there is always someone waiting to get into it when it is occupied by another. That tends to dispatch, and short stories."

He laughed again—an attractive sort of a scoundrel, this Bill Hunkins!

"However, that's not what I asked you to call here for, and I'm much obliged to you for coming. I thought that the better way for various reasons. I understand you think of going into politics."

"How did you hear that?"

"Oh, I hear almost everything of a political nature that happens or is talked about in this city, one way or another. Is it true?"

"I don't know whether it is or not. I have talked about it some, but haven't done anything yet except talk."

"Some of that talk was reported to me. As I gather it you are of the idea that there is grave necessity for cleaning out and dispersing or jailing the thieves, robbers, boodlers and reprobates who now have control of the city government, including myself."

He spoke gravely but his eyes were twinkling.

"Something of that sort."

I was as serious as he seemed to be, and my eyes did not twinkle. He certainly had me thinking hard.

"My information was correct then. Would you care to take me far enough into your confidence to outline to me how you intend to bring about this moral regeneration of our public service?"

"Why should I?"

"There's no particular reason. I just thought I'd ask you. A pet theory of mine is that you never can tell what the answer will be until you ask the question. Sometimes people are communicative; sometimes they are not. It's all a part of the game."

"What game?"

"The greatest game in the world—politics."

Here was an opening. Hunkins was looking at me with his eyes half closed, studiously, as if he was classifying me.

"If you think politics is the greatest game in the world," I said, "why do you play it the way you do?"

I astonished myself. "That's a neat question," I thought.

"For that very reason. Have a smoke." He offered me an excellent cigarette, lighted one himself, and went on: "However, if it shall be my good fortune to get better acquainted with you, as I hope to, we'll discuss that phase of it at length some time.

"Just now we'll leave the ethical side of it apart and get down to practicalities. There is a vacancy in the Board of Aldermen from the ward you live in."

"So I understand," and I began to feel myself inflating. Bill Hunkins, the boss, discussing politics with me! But why? It was beyond me.

"For which there is to be a special election three weeks from next Tuesday."

"Yes."

He sat up. His eyes were wide open now and looked straight into mine.

"How would you like to be our candidate?"

"Me?"

I never was so astonished in my life, and I began to deflate rapidly.

"Certainly. I can assure you that you will be nominated and elected if you will run. What do you think of it?"

At first I couldn't think. My head was in a whirl. Then I began to get a glimmer of coherence. "Steady, old chap," I thought. "He's trying to tie you up with him so you can't do him any harm. It's a bribe, and not much of a bribe at that."

"What do you think of it?"

"I don't know what to think of it. I never had any idea of going on the Board of Aldermen. I can't decide offhand."

"Well, consider it for a couple of days. The selection won't be made until Saturday. And let me make this suggestion: If you really want to go into politics this is a good chance. We all have to creep before we can walk, you know, and I can guarantee that as a member of that board you'll learn more about politics in a year than you will as an amateur uplifter outside in six. Think it over and let me know Saturday morning."

I was in a daze, trying to figure out just what it meant. Then I recalled what he said about asking questions, so I fired three at him:

"What's the object of this, Mr. Hunkins? What's back of this offer to me, a man you never met before and know little of? What's it all about?"

"Why, it's all about the Board of Aldermen, and politics, and your going into it, and various other correlated things that we haven't time to discuss to-night. I'll expect to hear from you Saturday, one way or the other."

He rose. We shook hands and I went out, with my brains doing fifteen loop-the-loops a second. Me! An alderman! By the grace of Bill Hunkins! Politics certainly moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LYNITE—What it Is and

What does *Lynite* mean?

If you are a motor-car or truck owner, dealer or manufacturer, you may say it means a light-weight metal, or aluminum, or aluminum alloys—you may say it means a piston or a crankcase.

If you are the maker or user of any one of various other products, you may reply that it means a tank cover, a vacuum cleaner part or some other article or articles on which you have seen the *Lynite* trade mark.

Lynite, however, has a meaning much broader than any one or all of these.

It is more than aluminum, for aluminum is but the basic raw material which gives it lightness, making it weigh but a third as much as cast iron.

It is more than an alloy or a group of alloys, because *Lynite* foundry practice is just as essential as *Lynite* formulae to the production of *Lynite*.

It is more than any single part or number of parts, because it stands not alone for a product but also for a service—the kind of service that can be given only by a large, forward-looking organization which does not simply take account of today's production but strives, through scientific research, to develop tomorrow's possibilities.

Fully to understand the meaning of *Lynite* you must know that to a great degree it represents pioneering in the field of aluminum alloys.

The lightness of aluminum, valuable as *Lynite* has made it, was of comparatively little use to the automotive and other industries until means were devised to add to it strength, toughness and hardness.

It remained for the makers of *Lynite* largely to devise or perfect, by scientific means, the methods and processes through which the countless difficulties met in the making and casting of aluminum alloys were overcome.

For the automobile manufacturer and the car owner, however, *Lynite* has a significance beyond all this. To the builder it means a way to eliminate hundreds of pounds of excessively heavy cast-iron from every car and truck, not only because *Lynite* directly lightens those scores of parts in which it

What it Means

supplants cast-iron, but also because this saving of pounds enables cutting down the size and weight of frame, axles, springs and other supporting parts.

It permits wider latitude in design and better balance in the whole car.

It points the way to a more compact, more flexible, more quiet engine, largely through the use of *Lynite* Pistons.

It makes possible meeting economically the public demand for better-built cars and trucks, free from excess weight.

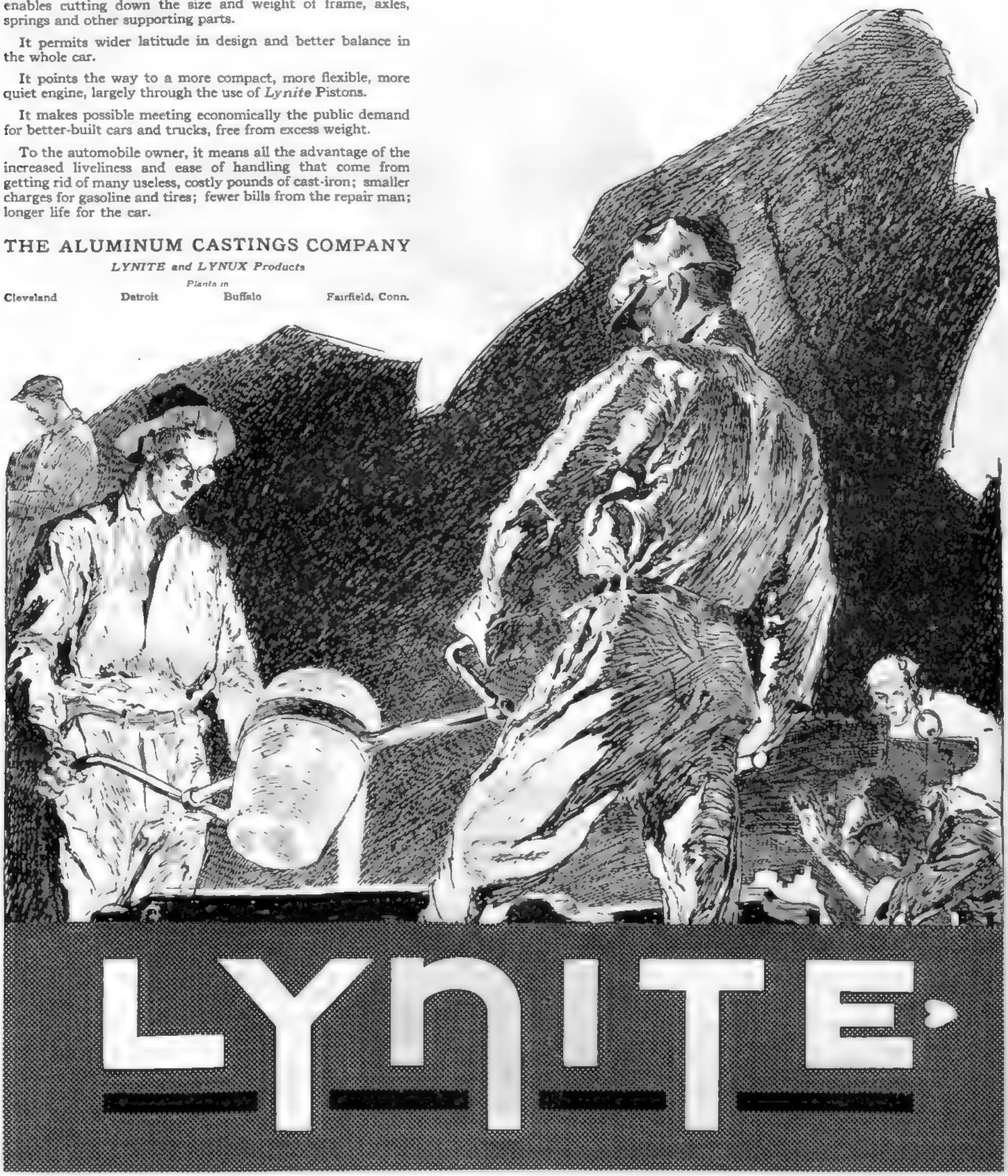
To the automobile owner, it means all the advantage of the increased liveliness and ease of handling that come from getting rid of many useless, costly pounds of cast-iron; smaller charges for gasoline and tires; fewer bills from the repair man; longer life for the car.

THE ALUMINUM CASTINGS COMPANY

LYNITE and LYNUX Products

Plants in

Cleveland Detroit Buffalo Fairfield, Conn.



LYNITE

SOME LITERARY FRIENDSHIPS

(Continued from Page 9)

I was much impressed with McTeague, and wrote about it accordingly. When Norris got my review he sent me the following characteristic letter:

My dear Mr. Marcosson: Thanks indeed for the "McTeague exhibit" received today. It is very encouraging—appreciation of this kind. I was very much afraid you would not approve of the dentist, and am rather uncertain as to his reception by the G. P. But so far the critics have been unusually good to me.

My next novel is Blix. The ms. is just finished and Doubleday has already put it in hand for the coming season. It is as different from McTeague as McTeague was different from Moran. It is essentially a love story. But what I have tried to do was to turn out a love story that should not slop over. No sentimentality—everything healthy and clean and natural. Blix does not belong to any "school," so far as I can see. It's not naturalism and it's not romanticism; it's just a story. Nothing very violent happens. There are no disagreeable people in it and it finishes—to my notion—happily.

I'm not so sure but what McTeague could have happened in any big city anywhere. But it would be absolutely impossible for Blix to have occurred anywhere else but San Francisco. It is more intimately Californian than anything I have ever done. There is no dirt in it, none of the grime and grubble of the Polk Street business, unavoidable as they were. Whatever the drawbacks of Blix may be I think you will find it clean and fresh. I hope so at any rate.

What pleased me most in your review of McTeague was the "disdaining all pretensions to style." It is precisely what I try most to avoid. I detest "fine writing," "rhetoric," "elegant English" tommy-rot. Who cares for fine style! Tell your yarn and let your style go to the devil. We don't want literature, we want life.

You saw every point I tried to make in McTeague and didn't misunderstand where many other critics have been thick-witted enough. Very sincerely yours,

FRANK NORRIS.

Norris' Own Romance

Blix justified everything that Norris had said about it. It proved to be a joyous romance, full of zest and light. That it disclosed the author's own love story is shown in a letter he sent me the day he got my article about it. It follows:

My dear Marcosson: God send me humbleness and a hat band no larger than 7¾. Naturally enough I should like to believe every one of the good words of your review, this minute come to hand, and I do most earnestly and sincerely hope that it was not altogether your generosity and kindness that found a little merit in Blix. Not that I would not appreciate it, but I should be so pleased if I had really struck the right note in the story. It was one of those things that you can't make come—no digging it out—must be entirely a matter of instinct, and if a man can be sure of his instinct I think he has little to fear—the rest he can work out of his own bowels and brains.

Naturally I have not forgotten that you were one of the very first to speak well of my stuff and I always watch for your reviews with every degree of interest and honestly hope I shall always succeed in pleasing you and justifying your good hopes of me.

I shall send your review and letter to Blix herself. But if I have let the cat out of the bag please don't quote me as admitting that there is a real Blix, not in any case till after next summer, when, if you should happen to be in New York, I should be more than pleased to have you meet her.

Yours very sincerely,

FRANK NORRIS.

P. S.—I reopen this letter to thank you for a new phrase. I want that expression "majestic din," and you must give it to me. Have been working for just the idea the words suggest and now Eureka! N.

A year had passed since the beginning of our long-distance acquaintanceship. Norris was employed as reader of manuscripts. Though S. S. McClure brought him to New York after the Spanish-American War he followed Mr. F. N. Doubleday when he organized Doubleday, Page & Co. Norris was just getting started as a writer of fiction; his books were slow to catch on, and he had to have a regular income. He called it a stake. Hence his connection with the publishing house.

Norris was now able to begin the work on which his heart was set. The moment he cut loose from journalism he conceived the idea of the epic of the wheat. It was a tremendous and sweeping vision. He saw the whole vast drama of life in the story of the grain that produces the staff of life. It held all human frailty and desire. To him wheat—he always capitalized the word—was a thing "untouched, unassailable, undefined, that mighty world-force, that nourisher of nations, wrapped in Nirvanic calm, indifferent to the human swarm, gigantic, restless, moved onward to its appointed grooves."

George Meredith and J. M. Barrie, Taken at Dorking

Norris planned a trilogy of books which would encompass the evolution of wheat from the time it was planted in the ground, through the drama of the market place, until it went forth to feed a hungry world. The first was The Octopus, which showed a production phase; the second was The Pit, the narrative of speculation—it was published serially in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—while the third was to be called The Wolf, which would deal with a European famine. Only the first and second were written.

I had many letters from Norris during the writing of The Octopus. When he was stumped on a technicality he would sometimes pay me the compliment of seeking my counsel. The political chapters, for example, gave him considerable trouble. In November, 1899, when he was up against such an emergency, he wrote me as follows:

My dear Marcosson: Yours of the 18th to hand and glad to get it. If you have been involved in politics recently perhaps you can give me a pointer or two. I am in a beautiful "political muddle" myself in The Octopus, the first of my set of three novels on the wheat question, which I have just started. You know this involves, in California, the fight between the farmers of the San Joaquin and the Southern Pacific Railroad. I was out there this summer getting what stuff I needed but I did not think I should need political notes. Now I find that I do, and should have got 'em long ago. I have gone to work on this and have found out a good deal about politics and political "deals" but I want to find out more.

The situation in my story is this: There is a certain group of farmers who, despairing of ever getting fair freight rates from the railroad or of electing a board of railroad commissioners by fair means themselves, set about gaining their ends by any means available. What they want to do is to cause the nomination and election of railroad commissioners of their own choosing, with the idea that these commissioners will make proper reductions in freight rates. They are prepared to spend a very large amount of money to accomplish this. They want to put the deal through just among themselves, because they have tried to organize the rest of the farmers in the state and have failed. I think they form a kind of ring of six or eight men. They are all fairly rich men, but are in a pretty desperate situation, the railroad having pushed them to just about the limit.

Can you tell me just about how they would go about to get their men in? Do you think it could be done at all? What I am anxious to get hold of are the details of this kind of game, the lingo, and the technique, and so forth, but at the same time want to understand it very clearly.

Can you give me any idea of how this sort of deal would be put through? If you can help me along I should be no end obliged.

The next book of mine to appear is the Man's Woman. It is scheduled for about the last week in February. It's a kind of theatrical sort with a lot of niggling analysis to try to justify the violent action of the first few chapters. It is very slovenly put together and there are only two real people in all its 100,000 words. It's different from my other books, but it's the last one that will be, if you understand what I mean. I am going back definitely now to the style of McT. and stay with it right along. I've been sort of feeling my way ever since the Moran days and getting a twist of myself. Now I think I know where I am at and what game I play the best. The Wheat series will be straight naturalism with all the guts I can get into it.

Yours very sincerely,

FRANK NORRIS.

In this letter Norris used the word "guts," which he employed frequently both in conversation and in epistolary writing. It expressed his idea of punch and vigor and it seemed a natural part of his vocabulary.

Phillips Stamped Himself Indelibly Upon the Memory. His Mind Was an Unplumbed Field; His Knowledge of Life Almost Uncanny

He always referred to The Octopus as The Squid. It became his passion, and he lived the drama as he unfolded it. When he neared the end he wrote me this letter, which shows his method of preparation:

My dear I. F. M.: Your breathless note—written while you ran, I believe—is before me. I congratulate you on the fly.

The Squid is nearing conclusion. Hooray! I can see the end. It is the hardest work I ever have done in my life, a solid year of writing and four months' preparation—har two months—and I think the best thing far and away I ever did. You've no idea of the outside work on it. I've been in correspondence with all kinds of people during its composition, from the traffic manager of a Western railroad to the subdeputy-assistant of the Secretary of Agriculture at Washington. Also in connection with it all I've helped run and work a harvester in the San Joaquin—that is, I helped on the sacking platform—but of course you don't know what that is. Well, the thing is mostly done now, and I know when it slumps and I know when it strikes, and I hope the strikes are the most numerous and important. I know that in the masses I've made no mistake. You will find some things in it that for me are new departures. It is the most romantic thing I've yet done. One of the secondary subplots is pure romance—oh, even mysticism, if you like, a sort of allegory—I call it the allegorical side of the wheat subject—and the fire in it is the Allegory of the Wheat. The movement of the whole business is very, very slow at first—doesn't really get under way till after the first 15,000 words—it's about 200,000 words long—then with the first pivotal incident it quickens a bit, and from there on I've tried to accelerate it steadily till at the last you are—I hope—just whirling and galloping and tearing along till you come bang! all of a sudden to a great big crushing End, something that will slam you right between your eyes and knock you off your feet—all this I hope for. Sabe? There will be about 20 characters in the book, 10 really important, 10—about—secondary and five or six more supers. In the front matter I am going, maybe, to insert a list of *dramatis personæ* and this surely—a map of the locality.

Such a long letter. Yours did not deserve it.

FRANK NORRIS.

An Ardent Disciple of Zola

The Octopus put Norris at once into the ranks of the arrived. It was an enormous canvas that reeked with realism. I was only one of many who proclaimed its merit. I felt a curious pride in its success because I had believed in Norris from the start. I had written about him so persistently that the book was on the list of best sellers in Louisville. When Norris heard about it he wrote thus:

My dear I. F. M.: That The Squid is on the list of best sellers in your town is due, I know, to you, which I wish to declare my sentiments and opinions in this here place and over this signature, to wit: (toowhoo)

Me, F. N., says that I. F. M. is a blame good critic, and don't care who knows it, and is deserving of free drinks at the hand and expense of any Well Meaning Citizen, wishful of rewarding merit wherever it is met up with, which if said W. M. C. disagrees with said opinions and sentiments he is invited to stop lead thrown

from

the

nickel-plated

teaser

of

Me,

F.N.

(The Boy-Zola)

His Mark

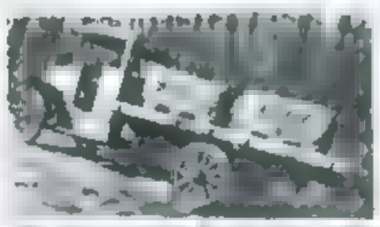
This letter reveals the boyishness that was one of the most fascinating traits in Norris. Frequently he signed himself "The Boy Zola." From his childhood he had been an ardent worshiper of the great French realist. Unconsciously he became his American disciple and was perhaps more Zolaesque in his craftsmanship than any of his contemporaries.

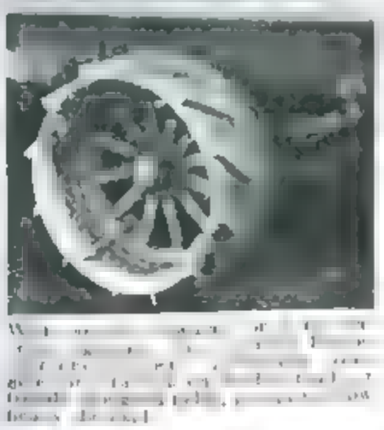
The "His Mark" in the above letter was a pen sketch of a revolver. His first ambition was to be an artist, and he studied for a time at the Atelier Julien in Paris. He had a delightful way of illustrating his personal communications with queer and sometimes wiggly drawings. Like Peter Pan Frank Norris was a wonder-child who never grew up.

All the while I had never met Norris. He somehow got the impression that I was a man of mature years. When we did meet

(Continued on Page 107)

FULTON





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YOU won't grasp its tremendous superiority over ordinary motor trucks until you have actually *seen and ridden in* the new Fulton Model "C".

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And note that, without sacrificing a foot of body-space, the new Fulton Truck can turn in a street of *less* than 40 feet.

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You can't really *know* the new Fulton until you have *seen* it and *ridden in* it. But if you are interested in transportation, you owe it to yourself to have the nearest Fulton dealer give you that experience today.

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No company is better qualified to provide a complete electric light and power plant than the Electric Auto-Lite Corporation, the world's largest builders of starting and lighting systems for motor cars.

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It is self-cranking, self-running, self-stopping.

There is desirable territory still open for men of sales experience, who will devote their entire time to the exclusive sale of Willys Light.

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ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE CORPORATION, WILLYS LIGHT DIVISION, TOLEDO, O., U.S.A.

*The Willys Knight Sleeve Valve Engine

(Continued from Page 104)

in New York in the summer of 1901 his first exclamation was: "I thought you were an old man with whiskers, and now I find that you are a mere youth. But I will forgive you."

No photograph did justice to Norris. His youthful and beautiful face was crowned with prematurely gray hair, which gave him a look of distinction. He was slight of stature but restless with movement. I have never seen finer or more appealing eyes in a man.

At that time Mr. and Mrs. Norris—he had married Blix—lived at The Anglesea in Washington Square South. It was a battered old building, much frequented by writers and painters, and had what uplifters call atmosphere. As a matter of fact it got its only tradition through the circumstance of the Norris residence there.

I went down to dine with Norris and his wife on a soft summer evening. They had the front flat on the third floor overlooking the square. The little table was placed at one of the large windows where we could see the stately bulk of the Washington Arch gleaming through the trees and hear the children playing amid the flowers.

Norris was as excited about his dinner as if it were a formal banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. When we sat down he said:

"We could have taken you to a fashionable restaurant, but we wanted you to dine with us as the boy and girl used to dine in Blix."

It was just like him to have this romantic and sentimental feeling about our first meal together.

I did not see Norris after the July which marked our only meetings. In South Africa he had suffered an attack of enteric fever and he never recovered from the effects. In the autumn of 1902 he returned to San Francisco, which was really his home, with the idea of chartering a schooner and sailing across the Pacific as Jack London did. Instead he made another and longer journey. He was stricken with appendicitis and died at the age of thirty-two, having accomplished in that brief span more than most men could have done in several lifetimes.

Norris left two unfinished works. He had prepared all the notes for The Wolf, and had written some of the earlier chapters. His brother, Charles G. Norris, who has developed considerable talent as a novelist, expects to write it and thus complete the wheat trilogy.

The epic of the wheat represented only one big Norris vision. The really great work that he yearned to do was a Civil War series. He regarded the Battle of Gettysburg as the supreme event in American history. He hoped to make it the theme of a tremendous undertaking but not in the sense that Victor Hugo employed Waterloo in Les Miserables. His idea was to divide his novel into three books, each dealing with one day of the struggle that marked the turning point of the war. Norris felt that the clash between the states represented the conflict of American ideals and prerogatives. Out of it came the welding of the nation through blood and sacrifice.

Phillips and Norris Cut Off Too Soon

It is a supreme pity that Norris did not live to see the great war. In the mighty world endeavor which swept Prussianism to its ruin he would have had a motif greater even than Gettysburg. It would have enabled him to make the fullest measure of his Americanism.

When Frank Norris died you caught the real meaning of those lines in Omar Khayyam which read:

Yet ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close.

He was strong and gentle and brave. His aim was lofty and his aspiration boundless. His death was a definite and serious blow to literature. To those who knew him, nowever, the sense of personal loss was infinitely keener than the cutting short of a brilliant literary career.

There is a tragic parallel between Frank Norris and David Graham Phillips. Untimely death found each a shining target. The spectacle of Norris stricken at the gateway of the thirties was no less lamentable than the abrupt taking off of Phillips in the early forties. Norris went out just as his splendid promise began to flower. With Phillips the world was more fortunate, for it was able to pluck some of the rich bloom of his rare genius.

I did not meet Phillips until a few years before his death. I then realized how much I had lost in not knowing him earlier. Our first encounter was on the yacht Lyndonia, owned by Cyrus H. K. Curtis. This particular cruise had been organized by George Horace Lorimer, who invited a number of men then writing for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Phillips was in the party.

I shall never forget my first sight of him. He was tall, graceful, with a face that combined character and beauty. To his distinguished personal appearance he brought a simple graciousness of manner that drew men and women irresistibly to him.

Phillips stamped himself indelibly upon the memory. The more you saw of him the more you wanted to see. His mind was an unplumbed field; his knowledge of life almost uncanny. I once asked a celebrated editor who has no illusions about men, because he has dealt with celebrities for twenty years, to name the most interesting personality he had ever met. Without hesitation he replied: "David Graham Phillips."

If American literature of the past twenty-five years had produced no other book than Susan Lenox—Her Fall and Her Rise it would have vindicated the tremendous debt that our fiction owes to the observant journalist. Phillips did his first writing for a daily newspaper, and he never forgot his training. He found life frank, realistic, unafraid, and he pictured it with courage. He had a passion for justice; a kindling sense of sympathy. Whether it was society or Wall Street it mattered little. He was always the faithful historian of actual conditions. He vivified what he knew to be true with the force of his reason.

PHOTO BY E. KLAUDER, LOUISVILLE

Father Edmond Obrecht, Abbot of the Trappist Monastery in Kentucky

Susan Lenox marked an epoch in his writing. I happen to know something about the making of this much-discussed novel. Many stories have been advanced as to its origin. The facts are these: It is based on an actual happening. When David Graham Phillips was a young man back in Indiana, where he was born, he saw a beautiful young girl being carried off by the country lout she was forced to wed. She had been born out of wedlock and she paid the price of her mother's mistake. The man who married her—a butcher—was paid fifteen hundred dollars to give her "a good name." She presented such a picture of wistful and forlorn loveliness that the future novelist who looked on never forgot it. It haunted him wherever he went. That girl was the original of Susan Lenox.

James Lane Allen used to contend that the only real gentleman in American fiction was Uncle Tom, a lowly slave. Yet his black skin hid the heart of a prince. I maintain that contemporary writing has produced no finer type than Susan Lenox. Dragged through the dregs and dust of the underworld she remained an exquisite thing. She was a lily that persisted amid the human wreckage that hemmed her in. As such she ranks with Hester Prynne and all the rest of that immortal sisterhood crucified on the altar of sacrifice and circumstance.

David Graham Phillips had a method all his own. Long experience on a morning newspaper begot in him the habit of night work. No matter how often he tried he could never write successfully during the day. He always wrote with a soft lead pencil on small sheets of yellow paper. His chirography was fine and small and frequently difficult to decipher. The yellow sheets were copied with wide spacing by a typist, after which the incessant revision was resumed. Daniel Frohman once said: "Plays are not written but rewritten." This applies to all the Phillips books.

The author of The Grain of Dust was the literal embodiment of the genius which is infinite capacity for taking pains. Every one of his many novels was written again and again. He had the genuine artist's standard of what his work should be, and he relentlessly gauged himself by that standard. The original draft of Susan Lenox was considerably over five hundred thousand words. He wrote this book by hand at least three times.

Most novelists, like playwrights, select a title and then build a story round it. Phillips invariably wrote his story first and then named it. His titles were inspirations. They resulted from his newspaper experience, coupled with his faculty for concise and effective expression.

Phillips was at the threshold of his real career when a maniac's bullet struck him down. His art had matured; his technic had ripened; his grasp of affairs was firm and comprehensive. The whole universe of fiction was his to command. Among other things he had in mind a novel of Jewish life. The poetry and spirituality of the Hebrew appealed to him. Had he lived I am sure that he would have produced a Semitic story to rank with Susan Lenox.

I have said that Phillips was an unforgetable personality. This did not alone result from his distinction of presence. There were other reasons. One was his unaffected modesty. Increasing success always gave him a feeling of pleasant surprise and left him more humble toward his ideal of work. In this he revealed just one phase of his many-sidedness.

Somewhere in America there stands a monument by Daniel Chester French that visualizes the most poignant of human tragedies. It is entitled Death and the Young Sculptor. Whenever I think of David Graham Phillips it comes to my mind, for it is the silent and unchanging symbol of all that his passing means.

Phillips did not live to realize his immense possibilities. Mark Twain did. The literary father of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn was a rare and diverting soul. I first met him in 1905, when I wrote a character study of the late Henry H. Rogers, of the Standard Oil Company. In a previous article in this weekly I related the circumstances that led to this piece of work. I have always felt indebted to that character study because it enabled me to meet the lovable old gentleman whose books are an enduring institution.

The friendship between Mark Twain and Rogers was unusual. I once asked the oil magnate why he undertook the rehabilitation of Mr. Clemens' fortunes, and he said:

"Many years ago I read Roughing It. I liked it so much that I read it aloud to my sweetheart. I read it again to her when she became my wife, and I have often read it to my children. I made up my mind that if I ever had an opportunity to help Mark Twain I would."

The chance came, for it was Rogers who put Mark Twain on his financial feet after the disastrous failure of Webster & Co., the publishers, in which the author was a partner. Both Rogers and Twain told me the story of how this was done. It showed that the Wizard of Wall Street did not lose his business cunning when it came to helping a friend.

When he looked into the firm's affairs Rogers found that Webster & Co. owed Mrs. Clemens personally $65,000 in cash, which she loaned out of her own pocket, upon the firm's notes. Rogers made her a preferred creditor, and to secure the claim gave her the copyrights of her husband's books. It was a master stroke, because the books were saved for Mr. Clemens and became his most valuable asset.

When Mark Twain made the contract for the complete edition of his books in 1902 his business adviser was none other than the eagle-eyed vice president of the Standard Oil Company. I am not disclosing any secrets when I say that no author ever made a better arrangement with publishers.

In those days I lived just round the corner from Mark Twain in New York. Frequently I stopped in to see him. The only hardship attached to my visits was being asked to smoke one of the author's celebrated stogies. He could have afforded perfectos, but like the late Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, he seemed to prefer those plebeian weeds to the most expensive cigars.

Mark Twain's Root of All Evil

Mark Twain and Charles Frohman were alike in that they had a profound dislike for physical exercise. Close associates like Charles B. Dillingham, the manager, and Haddon Chambers, the playwright, constantly remonstrated with Frohman against his inertia. Whenever he read in the newspapers that a man had died of overexertion he would cut out the item and send it gleefully to his friendly critics with some amusing comment. He once cabled to Chambers, then in England, a two-hundred-word news item about an athlete who expired while playing tennis, to emphasize his contention that exercise was a mistake.

Mark Twain held to this view strongly. He once said to me: "Nearly everybody dies in bed. Why shouldn't nearly everybody live in bed?" He practiced what he preached, for he not only spent the greater part of the day in bed but did nearly all his writing there.

An acquaintance of mine in Louisville once asked me to get her an autograph of Mark Twain to paste in her copy of Innocents Abroad. He was always most obliging about such matters. After I made the request he pulled away at his stogy and then wrote:

"Always remember that the lack of money is the root of all evil. Yours by experience. Mark Twain." He brought an old maxim strictly up to date.

Mr. Clemens never acquired the dictation habit. He wrote out everything with a pen. He did not think that genius was necessarily expressed in illegible writing. To the last he wrote a plain strong hand.

I saw Mark Twain not so very long before his death. His body was beginning to bend under the burden of years, but the old buoyancy of spirit was still there. He was about to depart for that eternal domain where he got the answer to the query "What is man?" that he once propounded in a little book of that title which he wrote and circulated privately. I have a copy. For him the riddle of the universe is solved. Whatever the solution one hope haunts the heart of the world that reads: It is that Mark Twain has found an unending content.

To no adventure in interviewing do I owe a deeper debt of gratitude than to the one that led me to Sir James M. Barrie. From my boyhood I had wanted to meet the author of Sentimental Tommy. To me he seemed always to dwell in a world apart. Afterward I learned that there was more truth than imagination in this surmise. I usually had a letter of introduction to him when I went to England before the war, but he proved to be as elusive as the fairies in Peter Pan.

I finally met Barrie in London in 1915, when I went abroad to interview Lloyd George and to get the English material for the Life of Charles Frohman, which I was writing.

I have met many men of varied temperaments but I have yet to touch a personality

(Concluded on Page 110)

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At nine or ten in the morning, or perhaps two o'clock in the afternoon, she puts the dinner into the ovens. At six or seven o'clock in the evening she comes back to find it ready to serve.

She doesn't need to hurry home from her shopping trip or the matinee. She doesn't need to give the dinner a thought while she's away.

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(Concluded from Page 107)

more beguiling or illuminating than that of the Boswell of Thrums. One reason why we have apparently got on so well is because we represent two extremes. When we are together I usually do all the talking.

Barrie is without doubt the most silent human being I have ever known. But it is an eloquent silence. Know his books and this taciturnity becomes an unuttered revelation of all the wonderful people that you have found in them. You see Margaret Ogilvy, you watch David of Kensington Gardens, you smile at The Little Minister; best of all you hear the flutter of Peter's wings. You are in the midst of an ineffable company.

Barrie's flat in London is on the third floor of a most unromantic-looking five-story building in Adelphi Terrace. On the ground floor are the offices of a steamship company. Despite the prosaic handicap that vulgar commerce has thrust upon it the structure is rich with literary tradition. Underneath the Barrie apartment lives John Galsworthy; Granville Barker formerly resided on the floor above, while George Bernard Shaw is quartered just across the street.

To reach Barrie's rooms you use a rather rickety electric elevator. If the novelist is expecting you it is quite likely that you will find him at the lift gate on his floor. He is one of the most punctual persons anywhere and he expects others to be likewise.

If ever an apartment expressed a man's character it is Barrie's study. The walls are lined with books, and the flat-topped desk where he writes at the window is littered with papers and magazines. Pipes and tobacco jars are scattered about everywhere. On one side is a fireplace with a large fender, on which the feet of the famous have rested.

There are only four portraits in the room. Each has an intimate association for the creator of Maggie Wylie in What Every Woman Knows. Photographs of Charles Frohman and little Peter Pan Scott, the only son of Captain Scott, the Antarctic explorer, stand on the mantelpiece, and drawings of William Ernest Henley and George Meredith hang on the wall.

Of the Barrie-Frohman friendship it is unnecessary to speak. These two men, who represented entirely remote heredities, had two traits in common—shyness and humor.

Barrie once said to me: "One reason why Frohman and I were so congenial and understood each other so well was because we were the two shyest men who ever lived."

One day at lunch I spoke admiringly of the picture of little Peter Scott, who is a sturdy lad with fair hair and blue eyes. Barrie suddenly spoke up and said: "That little chap has given me a hard task. I must send him a new poem or a freshly conceived fairy tale every week."

Barrie, Too, Began as Journalist

Nothing could reveal the real Barrie more charmingly than this confession of a loving service to a bereft child.

Barrie and Scott were intimates. The author believed in the sailor and helped to finance his last tragic dash for the South Pole. When his effects were examined amid the frigid and ghastly Antarctic stillness, the relief party that arrived too late found a letter for Barrie among the dead man's effects. Only Barrie knows what it unfolded. Since that time he has been a second father to his friend's orphaned boy.

In his study Barrie is revealed as a character out of one of his stories. He usually sits cross-legged like a Turk, smoking a pipe. He has few waking hours in which he does not pull away at a brier. He has a bewildering assortment. Unlike Mark Twain, he does not smoke in bed.

Though of diminutive stature there is something singularly arresting in Barrie's appearance. He has a finely shaped head; his eyes, which have looked so deeply and knowingly into the heart of youth and age, are grave and sad. Deep lines furrow his face and something wistful and appealing seems to brood about him. He talks slowly and with a Scotch accent that is like an echo of the misty Highlands.

Only on rare moments has he spoken to me of his early days. One of the most interesting reminiscences related to his first sight of George Meredith, who has always been his literary god. When he came to London from Nottingham, the scene of his journalistic apprenticeship, determined to make a career as a literary man, he decided to get a glimpse of the author of Diana of the Crossways. At a considerable expense—he had scarcely five dollars to his name—he went out to Dorking, where the great man lived. He walked most of the way. He hid behind a hedge until he saw the white-bearded figure leave the little Swiss chalet where he worked. Barrie thought his hero had seen him, whereupon he turned and fled precipitately. Afterward Barrie and Meredith became devoted friends. When Meredith became too feeble to walk Barrie often went down and pushed him round in his wheel chair.

It is not generally known in America, I think, that for some squeamish reason Meredith's ashes were refused a final sanctuary in Westminster Abbey. Barrie felt that this was a monstrous indignity, so he wrote a letter of protest to the Westminster Gazette. But it was a whimsical protest, done in Barrie's best vein. It took the form of a beautiful allegory, which showed Meredith's triumphal home-coming to Dorking, greeted by all the characters of his books, headed by Diana and Richard Feverel. Then the fancy changes and you see the master, young again, climbing the Hill of the Great. On the way up he is welcomed by Robert Louis Stevenson, who shouts back to his colleagues who have reached the Ever Ever Land: "Here is the fellow I have been telling you about."

His Analysis of the Fairy Play

This leads me to the statement that the one certain key to unlock Barrie's silence is the magic name of Stevenson. I have never known it to fail. Between these two souls there was a fine communion. Stevenson repeatedly invited his fellow Scot to visit him at Vailima. His directions to Barrie, as readers of the Vailima Letters are aware, were "Take the boat at San Francisco and then my place is the second on the left." Barrie never got there. Concerning his failure to make that pilgrimage of affectionate admiration he once said to me: "I regret it above all other things. It was the only spot in all the world that I had any craving to visit."

You can know the real Barrie only in the quiet and aloofness of that book-lined study in Adelphi Terrace. One summer night there, just after the Zeppelins began their midnight marauding over London, we talked of fairy plays, a subject which always interested him. Barrie delivered himself of a striking theory concerning them as follows:

"The difference between a fairy play and a realistic one is that in the former all the characters are really children with a child's outlook on life. This applies to the so-called adults of the story as well as to the young people. Pull the beard off the Fairy King, and you will find the face of a child. The actors in a fairy tale should feel that it is written by a child in earnestness, and that they are children playing it in the same spirit. The scenic artist is another child in league with them."

I had some small part in introducing Barrie to the delights of O. Henry. Before I went to Russia in 1917 I spoke to him admiringly about the work of our great short-story writer. As usual, Barrie said nothing. When I returned from Petrograd nearly two months later I went to dine with him at the flat. He seemed to have something on his mind, but I held my peace. When we settled ourselves for a long smoke over the coffee in the study, he sitting cross-legged, as usual, on the couch, and I folded up in his easy-chair, he said:

"While you were gone I read all of O. Henry's books that I could find. I thank you for telling me about them."

Then he proceeded to tell me his version of at least a dozen of the best O. Henry yarns, ranging from The Trimmed Lamp, which was one of his favorites, to The Rose of Dixie. It was an unforgetable experience to hear his impressions of the types that Sydney Porter portrayed so inimitably.

"What can I do to show my appreciation of O. Henry's stories?" he asked me.

I replied: "I think it would be a charming and graceful act if you would write to his daughter, who is married and who lives in New York." I gave him her name and address and he wrote her a gem of an appreciation.

Barrie became such an O. Henry enthusiast that he gave a complete set of the American's books to Mr. Asquith. Knowing Mr. Asquith it seemed to me like playing a ragtime prelude to a grand opera. The former Prime Minister of England is an austere and academic person who looks with something like scorn upon the so-called popular novelist. Real art—to paraphrase a line in a witty play—like indigestion, levels all ranks and prejudices. It is tribute to the rare quality of O. Henry's books that Mr. Asquith became his admirer.

Some men write plays to make money. Barrie has been known to write them to enable him to forget his troubles. His absorbing drama The Twelve-Pound Look owed its origin to an attack of malaria. Barrie told me this tale with many quiet chuckles. As soon as he was taken ill he locked himself up. He did not feel like reading, so he turned to writing a play.

The manuscript was fated for an unconventional experience. Upon its completion Barrie chucked it into a drawer of his desk and forgot it. One day Granville Barker came to him, eager for a one-act play for his Repertory Theater in London. Barrie said he had nothing on hand or in hand.

"Suppose I take a look round," said Barker, who was an intimate friend. The playwright offered no protest while his visitor ransacked the desk. Suddenly Barker fished out a bundle of closely written sheets, saying: "What's this?"

Barrie scanned them for a few moments with a puzzled expression. He sometimes finds it difficult to read his own writing.

Then he said: "It's a little one-act play I wrote when I had malaria."

In this way The Twelve-Pound Look was discovered and produced.

The war ravaged Barrie unutterably. It saddened him to contemplate what he considered his helplessness. During the dark days of 1917 he wrote me most despondently, saying: "Those of us who cannot fight or do something really worth while are mere cumberers of the earth."

One of his favorite adopted sons, the original of David in The Little White Bird, was killed in action near Ypres. As a memorial to him Barrie established and supported a hospital in France until the end of the war. His name was never associated with it and I doubt if a dozen people in England knew of this benefaction. His many philanthropies are like the man himself—quiet and unobtrusive.

H. G. Wells Astoundingly Productive

Barrie has made good to me on every promise but one. Several years ago I expressed a desire to see Thrums. With an impulsiveness rare in him he said, "Some day you shall go with me."

To this event I look forward with eager interest. With the son who wrote her life I want to see the little thatched cottage where Margaret Ogilvy lived; I long to hear the purl of the brae that ripples through T'nowhead Farm; I yearn to look out of the famous window which opened upon the little world of homely humor and searching pathos that is one of Barrie's imperishable gifts to mankind.

The shift from Barrie to H. G. Wells is rather abrupt. No living writer in English has displayed such astounding versatility and productivity as Wells. To the average reader he seems to be a perpetual machine that can produce anything from a fantastically imaginative romance to a dissertation on religion, thinly veiled by fiction. All this output naturally conjures up the picture of a person immense and impressive, an infinitely powered literary dynamo.

Such, however, is not the case. If you passed H. G. Wells casually on the street and were asked to indicate his occupation the chances are that you would say he was a successful banker or a prosperous merchant. Despite the imminence of rotundity which gives him a definite middle-aged appearance, he is energetic and is characterized by swift, alert gestures. His eyes are gray, shrewd and humorous, and his voice pleasant and almost musical.

I did not meet Wells until early in 1917. Like many of my first contacts with celebrities it was quite accidental. He was among the invited guests at the luncheon that the American Luncheon Club in London gave just before I went to Russia. After the speaking I was presented to him and he invited me to lunch with him at the Reform Club a few days later.

That luncheon began a certain epoch in my life in England. I never count a visit there complete without a visit with the author of Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Though he is human and beguiling he shines best without a crowd. After a brilliant streak of conversation I have known him to shut up like a clam with the arrival of a third person.

People wonder how Wells happens to know so much about so many things. This knowledge does not happen. Like everything else worth while in this world it is the result of hard work. Before he wrote The War in the Air, which uncannily forecast one of the most significant of all modern scientific developments, he made a careful study of aëronautics. When Lord Northcliffe organized the first air board in London, shortly after the outbreak of the war, he appointed Wells a member. He afterward told me that the best speech made at the first meeting of the board was by Wells, who displayed a knowledge of aircraft that astounded the experts.

One of the charms of Wells' books is that he almost invariably writes about himself. Most of his novels are the autobiographies of his emotions. He once told me that the whole mental experience of Mr. Britling was the story of his own ordeal during the initial period of the war. Of course he did not lose his son, as is the case with the father in the book, but he did undergo all the agony of mind and the doubting that the hero of this outstanding story suffered.

No man in England felt the war more keenly than Wells or wrote about it more courageously. When he was being indicted as a pacifist—which he was not—he said to me rather plaintively:

"I cannot understand the British mind. Everybody wants the war to end, yet when a man writes constructively about peace he is labeled a pro-German and abused as a pacifist."

Wells has organized his work with the same precision that the head of a corporation outlines his task. He works throughout the forenoon and does his revision after luncheon. He writes a delicate, almost feminine hand. It is like copper plate. Everything about him is common sense and practical. If chirography is an indication of a man's chacter Wells would be revealed as a prim and prudent person. His views are quite the reverse.

Wherein Bennett and Wells Differ

In conversation he is a continuous entertainment. He leaps from theme to theme with charming ease and finished grace. I know of no living author with whom I would rather talk. He illumines the most commonplace subject with flashing humor.

Once when we had lingered long at luncheon he suddenly pulled out his watch and exclaimed: "By Jove, I must go and rock the cradle!"

"What do you mean?" I asked him.

"My boys are coming by for me in a moment, and I must take them for a walk in Kensington Gardens," he replied.

On a portrait of himself which he gave me when I returned from Russia he wrote this inscription: "May the submarines sink all differences between the civilized nations of the Atlantic forevermore."

I never think of Wells without immediately thinking of his friend, Arnold Bennett. Each of these men is a sort of high-class literary syndicate. They exceed all other living writers in bulk of output. Hence it is a joyous experience to hear them joke with each other about their respective activities.

I was lunching with Wells one day at the Reform Club in London when Bennett came up and joined us. Wells said to him: "Well, my young rival, how many books have you written this morning?"

"One more than you have produced," was Bennett's reply.

Arnold Bennett is tall, rather slender, with merry eyes and a fuzzy little patch of hair under his lower lip. The first and last thing you see about him is this patch. He talks and works fast and suggests a highly organized productive plant. He is as much a business institution as Wells.

There is one fundamental difference between the work of Wells and Bennett: Wells writes about himself, while Bennett interprets the lives of others. Bennett is really a journalist operating in fiction. His grasp of detail and his power of reproducing an environment down to the minutest details are among his chief gifts. It is another example of glorified reporting.

Some years ago I. Zangwill, who is a queer combination of dreamer and business man, said to me: "Art is neither beauty nor truth, but a revelation of each through individual vision."

So with men who write books that count. They unconsciously reflect the deep and inner things that make for character. To know them is a liberal education.

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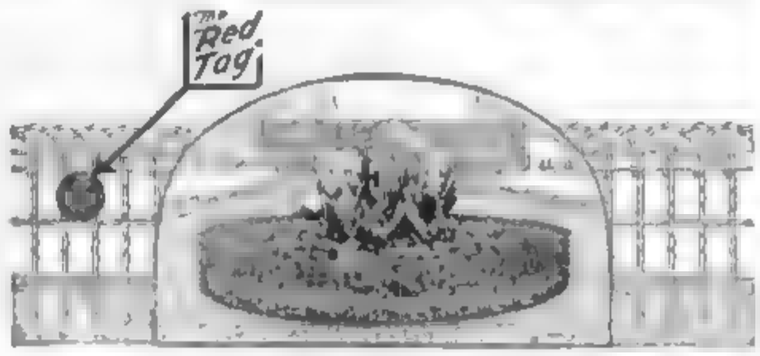

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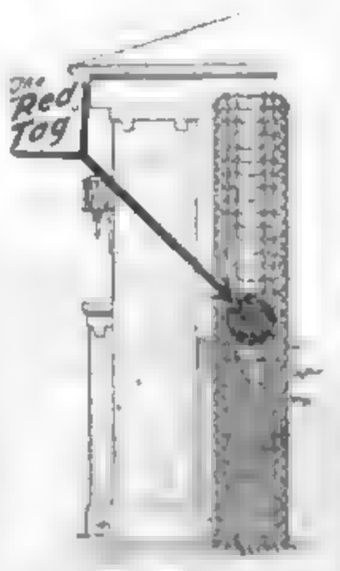

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SCHOONER AHOY!

(Continued from Page 21)

none of them sounded adequate. She listened. She did not change her expression by the flicker of an eyelash, and she smiled her Eve smile throughout. But there was something ominous about her silence.

"You see, I've got a theory," he said eagerly, "that there's just about so much energy doled out to a family in the beginning. If one member of the family uses that energy wastefully, if he grabs more than his share of it—some other member goes without. Now take my great-great-grandfather; he was a regular spendthrift with the family energy. And my grandfather wasted it horribly. He even made poor old dad sling energy round as if it was made to be used up as fast as possible. And so the allotted amount of energy was pretty well used up before I came along. Now my theory is that someone ought to begin to save it up for future generations."

She suddenly laughed, and his heart bounded upward like a balloon when ballast is thrown overboard. He amused her! She found his nonsense bearable! He leaped gayly into the conversational arena—somewhat rashly, as it occurred to him days afterward when it was too late. She was so good a listener! One of those listeners who can maintain a silence that is quizzical without being unsympathetic. She did not say much while the full tide of his revelations was flowing—or afterward either. That, too, occurred to him later. But there was something about her that affected him to a remarkable loquacity. He let her see him as he really thought he was—a happy idler with just a tinge of superiority in his contemplation of the rest of the scrambling world. Live and let live. It's a good world so long as you don't mix up with it too much. It really takes only a few simple things to make a simple soul happy. And if you have those simple things, why scramble for more? Now take his ancestors ——

He sketched for her entertainingly the lives of his fighting forbears, waxing enthusiastic over Elias and Jeremiah, whom he genuinely admired.

"Grandfather is a regular fellow," he declared heartily. "Of course his ideals are all wrong, but ——"

"But if he hadn't had them," she said smilingly, "you wouldn't be living in a lovely house overlooking Boston Common. You might even be scrambling with the rest of us."

She stood up, turned toward the door.

"Oh, but look here," Roddy cried, "we've only just begun! Mayn't I come to see you to-morrow? I'm going to be round here for some time."

"But I'm not. I must go home to-morrow by the first train."

"Oh, thunder! I thought you lived here in Halifax."

"I live," she laughed, "in at the very back of beyond, miles and miles from everything you consider necessary."

"That makes no difference to me," declared Roddy stoutly. "How do you get there?"

"You take a little train that rattles down the coast for two hours or more, and you get off at Michon Bay."

"Michon Bay? Michon Bay? Where have I heard of that place? Michon—— Oh, to be sure! Well of all the coincidences! Michon Bay is where my country estate is."

Her eyebrows went up and then she laughed.

"A country estate at Michon Bay! On what part of the bay is it?"

"Blessed if I know! Never saw it. You see, I won it in a poker game with a fellow who'd never seen it either. He inherited it from an uncle. Large estate, he said, but perhaps he was stringing me. Country house on it too. I've always intended to repair the house and live there. Fact is I—I had that in mind when I came up here."

But for some reason she no longer appeared to be listening. With a laugh and a reproving shake of her head at him she disappeared down the stairs. She left him with the feeling that somehow the joke was on him.

"Blessed if she doesn't think I'm lying," he thought.

Then he took from his pocket a small notebook. Yes, there it was Harcourt property, Michon Bay, Nova Scotia, River Road—and the number of the deed.

"Well, I guess," said Roddy complacently, "I guess I won't go over to look at my property on the first train to-morrow—oh, no!"

But he finally decided to let one day elapse before he followed the remarkable girl to Michon Bay. It required superhuman restraint, but he did it. Moreover, when he had reached the wind and fog-swept village where Fanny's father was the one and only doctor, he went so far in the exercise of his will as to hunt up his property before he had called on Fanny.

Getting directions from the postmaster he strolled along the one straggling street of the place toward the bay. A road deep in sand encircled the half-moon of the bay. Fishing vessels were anchored off the sagging pier, a dory or two were tied to it. A deep and sleepy peace pervaded everything.

As Roddy strolled he heard the contented hum of a sawmill. He observed at his right a small shipyard with two wooden hulls on the ways. A young chap with muscular shoulders under a blue-flannel shirt overtook him, driving a flivver up the road. He got out just as Roddy came along and walked into the yard. Roddy saw that he was tall and not unpleasing in appearance. He had an air of authority that led Roddy to believe he was the owner of the yard.

"I say, can you tell me where the old Harcourt property is located?" Roddy called.

The young man gave a start of surprise; then he smiled, displaying sound white teeth. "You're pretty nearly standing on it. This yard is a slice of the Harcourt land. That's the rest of it over there."

He pointed beyond his own lumber piles. Roddy stepped out of the road and gazed in the direction indicated. He beheld a long sweep of disconsolate shore. Against the sky line there leaned the weathered ruin of a small mill. Its runway had collapsed, sand had blown over the remains of two ways that at high tide would reach the water.

"But the house—isn't there a house?" Roddy gasped.

His informant shook his head, looking at Roddy keenly.

"Were you thinking of locating here?"

Roddy recovered his composure.

"Oh, no, no! Just looking things over. Good day!"

He left the road a bit farther along and made his way through the coarse beach grass across his property toward the wreck of his mill. He began to grin. It suddenly struck him that the joke was on him. He knew now why Fanny had smiled when he spoke of his country estate. He sauntered round the mill, whistling softly. Anyhow, there was a gorgeous view from here. Then he stopped whistling. A sensation of delight that was almost reverence swept him as he reflected that virtue really is sometimes rewarded. For on a pile of fallen timbers in the shadow of the mill perched Fanny.

She was swinging a foot, her knee in her hands, a thoughtful expression on her face as she gazed out across the bay toward the sea.

Just for an instant, as she turned her face toward him at his hail, her eyes betrayed a startled pleasure, but it was gone before he could be sure of it. She received him calmly, making room for him on the pile of timbers.

"This doesn't happen to be your property, does it?" she inquired.

"So I'm told."

"Really? How wonderful! What are you going to do with it?"

Roddy indifferently surveyed the mill and the sluiceway, now dammed with rubbish.

"Must I do something with it? It looks a hoary wreck. What would you say it is good for?"

She regarded him with astonishment.

"Do you mean to say you've walked the length of the River Road and don't see? Shall I tell you what I'd do with it?"

"Do tell me." He said this fervently, but in reality he was thinking of her vivid face—alive with interest, her gray eyes sparkling as she gazed up at the mill.

"It is Up to Every Man That is Alive and Well To-day to Produce Something for the Benefit of the World, Just as Much as it Was Up to Those Others to Fight"

"I'd rebuild the mill and the ways. I'd put in modern machinery, after I'd bought some timberland. And then I'd go in for schooners. Some of them I'd sell and some of them I'd put into the freight trade.

"Do you happen to know what freight rates are on lumber to South America just now?"

He admitted that he did not. He wanted to say that he was a great deal more interested in her than in the freight rates to South America, but he saw the animation die out of her face.

"You're not keen about business, are you?" she remarked quietly.

"There isn't any particular reason why I should be, is there?"

"None at all, unless you'd rather be a producer than a consumer."

"What, I'd like to know," he cried, aggrieved, "is the objection to a good honest consumer?"

"It's a matter of taste. Personally, I like a producer."

He sat up, feeling somewhat taken aback. It was like smelling of a rose and having your nose tickled by a thorn.

The girl leaned forward, looking out to the white line of surf.

"Over there," she said slowly, "millions of men have been maimed or killed, and a big percentage of them were producers. We that are left have to take their places. It is up to every man that is alive and well to-day to produce something for the benefit of the world, just as much as it was up to those others to fight. Think of the things that have been destroyed! It seems to me it is up to us to replace them. I don't know how any man who thinks at all can fail to see that!

"And besides, there is all the romance of the sea come back. All over the world they're putting out from every port—new ships carrying new cargoes to feed and clothe exhausted nations, to build houses for them, to bring them tools to start the farms again. Oh, I wish I were a man! The world is tingling with opportunity. There has never been such a chance for a real man to do big things as now."

She came to an abrupt stop, coloring, as if she had not meant to show so much intensity.

Roddy felt astonished and a bit alarmed.

"Where do you get all your ideas? From your father?"

"Poor darling dad, no! He abhors a hustler." She gazed a moment in rather a cryptic fashion up at the mill. "If I get them from anyone it must be from Pete Crashaw."

"Crackly name," he murmured disdainfully. "Are you—interested in him?"

"Naturally," she admitted calmly. "One generally is somewhat interested in the man one considers marrying."

A chill of horror benumbed Roddy's brain, followed at once by incredulity. He could not have heard aright. He knew now that he had come to Michon Bay simply and solely because he meant to ask this girl to marry him. He had come innocently and happily because he believed she had been distinctly taken with him, and of course there was no other suitor. How could there be in that benighted neck o' woods?

He felt the blood recede from his face and he knew he must be turning pale.

So he bent over and tied his shoe lace, mumbling in the meantime: "Who—who is the fortunate man?"

"You probably saw him as you passed his yard," she returned blithely. "Tall, tanned, awfully nice-looking."

Roddy shut his eyes with a sensation of actual physical pain. Not that flannel-shirted laborer? It simply couldn't be!

"You mustn't judge Mr. Crashaw by externals," she was saying demurely. "He's tremendously alive. He's going to get somewhere, believe me! Why, he had nothing to start with, no one to help him—and now he owns that yard and timberland round Durant Lake. He'll launch two schooners this autumn, another in the spring."

But Roddy heard no more. The light had gone out of the day for him. He wanted nothing but to be alone—to bind up his wounds. He had sense enough to know she was looking at him questioningly, so he shook hands with her groggily, said something about the next boat to Boston and stumbled back to the road.

After he had consulted a time-table he found that he could not get a boat until next morning. By this time his anguish

(Continued on Page 117)

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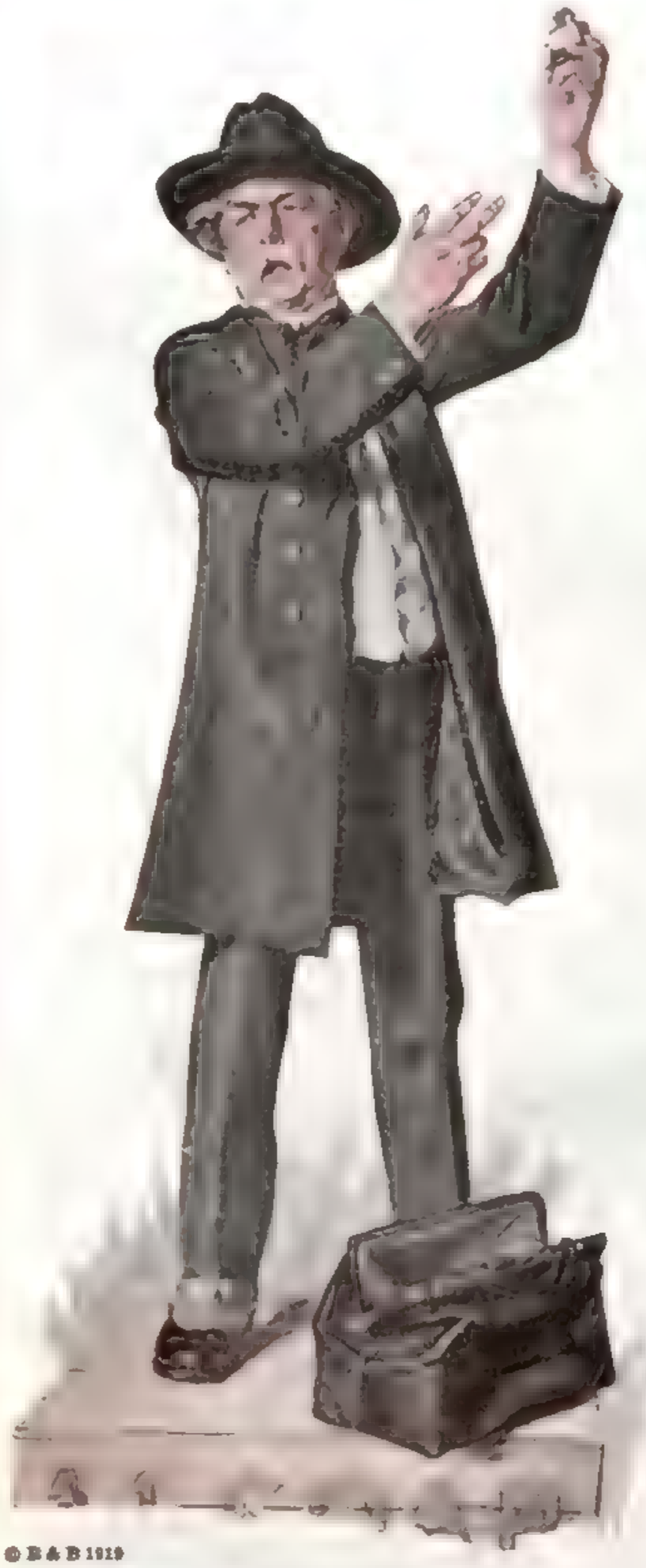

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Another method, older still, was to pare and pad a corn. That was grandmother's way.

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But they knew its uselessness. The corns remained. Paring brought but brief relief. Pads made the foot unsightly.

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(Continued from Page 113)

had subsided enough to allow him to apply common sense to his bruises. After all she had not said she was going to marry the fellow; she had merely said she was considering it. When a girl is merely considering she may do any one of a thousand things.

Roddy was naturally buoyant. The more he thought of the situation in this light, the lighter grew his heart. He'd been a fool to leave her so awkwardly. He'd call on her that evening, since he couldn't get away from the place anyway.

He called. And when he left at eleven o'clock elephants could not have dragged him from that town. For she had been kind, sweet, adorable. She had mentioned neither the odious Crashaw nor industry of any kind. She had been just a girl, the most fascinating human being he had ever known.

Nothing is to be gained by detailing Roddy's pursuit of what had become overnight his heart's desire. He went through all the usual tactics for five days. He suffered all the throbs, the pangs and the delicious light-headedness of the newly fallen-in-love. He could not sleep at night, and the hours during the day—such as breakfast and luncheon time—when decency forced him to stay away from her, dragged like drugged snails. His policy, as outlined to himself, was to lay siege to her beautiful heart for a reasonable interval before he asked her to marry him. But on the evening of the fifth day there was a moon. At nine o'clock it called them out of the house; it lured them to the shore; and at nine-twenty Roddy—momentarily driven out of his senses by her tender Evelike smile in the moonlight—told her that he loved her.

The next moment he was staring at her miserably, incredulous of the painful fact. She had refused to marry him—gently, sadly, but unmistakably.

"Is it because you don't know me well enough?" He grasped at a straw.

She smiled sadly.

"It's because I know you too well. You've told me quite a lot about yourself in the last week, you know."

Then she touched his hand imploringly as she saw him wince.

"Don't you care for me at all? I thought the other night ——"

"That's the curious part about it," she mused, looking away from him out over the silvery bay. "I do care a lot. I care so much that I think I might love you very very much."

"Then why—why ——"

"Let's sit down here. We may as well have it out." She led the way to the very pile of timbers on which they had sat the afternoon he arrived.

"You know my father," she began after a moment's silence. "He's a darling—a darling half-failure. If I were only my father's daughter I would marry you tomorrow. But I have my mother's blood in me too. She died when I was seventeen, but I understood her—terribly. She was high-spirited and clever. I don't know how she ever came to marry my poor darling dad. Perhaps it was because he is so nice! And perhaps she thought she could make him a success. But she couldn't.

"Dad needs only two things to make him quite happy—a trout stream and a copy of Horace. Do you know, it's odd, but sometimes you remind me just a tiny bit of dad. And then—I'm talking straight from the shoulder, so you mustn't mind—then I shiver down my back. For I remember my mother. I don't mean that she was terribly unhappy. No, she was just frustrated. She came to have a little ironic smile. And she lived twenty years of her life in this obscure, dull place. Not that she ever blamed daddy, any more than I do. She knew that he was the sweetest soul on earth, just as I do. But, like me, she wanted something more than sweetness. She wanted and I want—I don't know that I can make you understand."

"Is it money?" he asked quickly. "Because if it is I have ——"

She made a quick, scornful movement of her shoulder.

"It isn't money! I think—I think it is the ability to make money. To make a lot of it. I mean the grit, the endurance, the quickness, the perseverance that it takes to make money. I like those qualities in a man. And I don't think any amount of charm—not even of loving—could make up for the lack of them. I know I sound hard and too lacking in sentiment. But, don't you see, all these years, watching my mother and father, I've been thinking. The man I marry I must admire and respect immensely all the time and more and more, or in the end he will lose me, and neither one of us will get any happiness together."

She looked at Roddy imploringly, as if begging him not to let her hurt him too much. And he gazed back at her haggardly, trying not to show the despair that made his heart a thing of lead. For he knew that she was right. She was tremendously spirited, eager and ambitious. And he was—well, he had never felt so utterly devoid of self-esteem as he felt in that moment.

"I suppose Crashaw"—the words dragged themselves out in spite of him—"I suppose he measures up to your ideal?"

"In a way he does," she admitted candidly. "He hasn't your charm of course—you are nice, you know—but there are a number of small things I could teach him."

This was one turn of the screw too much for Roddy. He took her hand, told her hoarsely that he would never forget her and he would remove himself from her sight by the morning train. With dragging feet he escorted her back to her house door. As they left his property they both, as by one impulse, looked back at the ruins of the mill that had once been some man's dream. Roddy hated it fiercely. But above all he hated in this black moment his grandfathers—all those indefatigable money-makers who had pawed the ground so strenuously that they had left him, the last of the Haskins, neither desire nor power, neither incentive nor necessity—only the deadly boon of an ideal income.

What Fanny was thinking was not exactly apparent. But if Roddy had not been too steeped in his own misery to observe her he would have seen that as she gazed her eyes suddenly swam with tears which she wiped away with a savage dab of her handkerchief.

He had two hours next morning before the Yarmouth train would bear him away to the Boston boat. These two hours were the most fateful of his life. For, walking along the River Road in order to pass the leaden moments, he was overtaken by Peter Crashaw. The two looked at each other; the one warily, the other with intense distaste in his haggard gaze.

"By the way, Mr. Haskin," said Crashaw as they stepped along together toward Crashaw's cheerful sawmill, "I was thinking it over last night and it occurred to me that maybe you'd like to get that strip of land next to mine off your hands. I may want to branch out a bit later on. It's no particular value to you anyway, I suppose. Come on into my office, won't you, and we'll talk it over?"

Roddy at that moment would have welcomed any diversion. So he turned in at the gate of Crashaw's yard. They walked between piles of sawed lumber toward a small green shack which was labeled Office. It was a fine morning and the place hummed with orderly activity. There was a pleasant and pungent smell in the air, of chips and tar. On the ways one schooner was being planked up and another was having her masts stepped.

"Shapely little model I've got there," said Crashaw.

He seemed to Roddy's sick vision nauseatingly complacent as he leaned against the doorframe of his office regarding his plant. There was something about him that made Roddy feel the way an afflicted man feels when someone hits his new boil.

"Well, I don't know," snarled Roddy, harking back. "I don't know about that land being of no use to me. I'm considering doing something with that property that may make you fellows sit up a bit."

"Not going into the shipbuilding business yourself, are you?"

"I may—and again I may not." Roddy smiled knowingly. "I've been approached by several South American firms lately—alluring propositions, y'know. But whether my old yard isn't too limited I haven't decided."

And he was thinking what a liar he was, and noting, with a sensation of enjoyment he had never expected to feel again, a faint uneasiness creeping into Crashaw's face. And at the same time he was thinking that he was in love—terribly and unquenchably in love—and his girl found him wanting. And with these thoughts in his mind, there was in his nostrils the titillating fragrance of spruce chips and tar. It crept up his nostrils to his brain. It seemed to unlock cells sealed since he was born. It set in motion atavistic excitements, unused reflexes. His Yankee blue eyes began to burn; his chin stuck out as he stared at the two hulls swarming with industrious workers. His grandfather would have been astonished could he have seen him then. For he distinctly resembled, just for a flash, his great ancestor, Elias.

It was about half an hour later that an impatient ringing at her doorbell brought Fanny to the door. Roddy stood on the threshold.

"Want to see you a minute—alone."

He was a trifle out of breath, and looked at his watch even as Fanny led the way into the living room.

It did not apparently occur to either of them to sit, with this feverish something in the air.

"Look here!" he cried. "Is there anything about me that you could—could love if I were a hustler like Crashaw? I mean, if he and I were lined up and each of us had achieved exactly the same thing, which of us would you marry?"

"Oh! I can't answer that!"

"Then I'll put it another way: If I beat Crashaw at his own game would I stand as good a chance as he does?"

Her eyes began to shine deeply and mysteriously. "Perhaps you—would."

"Can't you say you're sure?"

"No, there's nothing sure about it. I like Peter so very much."

"Well," he sighed, looked at his watch again and moved toward the door. "I'll have to go ahead on that much."

She looked alarmed, as many a woman does when she has started something.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to build schooners," he cried. "Better—bigger schooners than Crashaw does. I'm going to sell them for bigger profits. I'm going to put the Haskin schooners in every port. I'm going to become the Schooner King."

"My poor boy!" She looked frightened. "Don't do it! You've had no experience. It's a risky business really! Lots of men have lost money at it. It takes more capital than you realize. Please don't go plunging in ——"

"I'm not a Haskin for nothing!" Roddy cried dramatically.

"Oh, dear!" Then she smiled her Eve smile. "You'll remember, won't you, that I tried to stop you? Whatever happens, you won't blame me, will you?"

But Roddy was hastening toward the door. She heard him murmur "The Schooner King!" as if the sound intoxicated him, and he was gone.

II

HE JOURNEYED as fast as he could to Salem. His grandfather sat waiting for dinner in the immense lonely parlor in front of the beautiful Mackintyre fireplace. And he told him that he was going to build schooners. He did not describe himself as the future Schooner King, for his grandfather was not so stimulating as Fanny, but he set forth modestly his new ambition. It developed early in his monologue that grandfather was to furnish the capital.

In the old man's sharp blue eyes there had been—just at first—a flare-up of hope as Roddy began, but it gave way presently to a sardonic gleam.

"Know anything about building schooners?" he inquired.

"No, but my idea is to get a first-class man who does."

"Know what it costs to build these schooners you mention?"

"No, but ——"

"Know anything about tonnage? Know what schooners are selling for now? Know how to sell a schooner? Know anything about labor conditions up there? About insurance rates? Would you build for English Lloyds or American? Know the difference between 'em? Eh? No? Well, when you know something about what you're talking about come back and I'll discuss it with you."

Next day, after Roddy had got over feeling hurt, he admitted that there were a number of little things on the way to being the Schooner King about which he knew nothing.

He thought quite hard for two days. Then he strolled over to the Tech Club and came away with an introduction to a former member who was now building wooden ships for the Government. From this man he got the name of a contractor who had been graduated from his father's shipyard some years before and then had gone into the general contracting business. But the war had slowed up the general contracting business and MacTavish was not averse to considering something else. He looked Roddy over with noncommittal Scotch eyes. But he was willing to go up to Nova Scotia to look over the ground. In the meantime Roddy was to get together his capital and give the brokers' offices the once-over.

As soon as he had seen MacTavish off, Roddy went the rounds of the Boston and New York brokers. What he learned in their offices inflated his spirits rapidly. With rumors of an armistice in the air anything from a barge to a liner was selling like hot cakes. With his own ears he heard a buyer from Norway bidding against an anxious Australian for an ancient craft that had long since been consigned to its last barnacled resting place in Seattle Harbor. He took the Norwegian aside and asked him what he would pay for nice new schooners, delivered on the Atlantic Coast and passed by the English Lloyds? What the man from Norway said sent Roddy out of the office prancing. It was going to be so darned easy to make money that he almost felt that Fanny had set her standard too low. Money! Well, he guessed he wasn't a Haskin for nothing!

MacTavish came back bristling with figures. He allowed that if Roddy could raise the capital he might take the enterprise in charge.

"Just watch me!" Roddy sang. "I've got a few facts now in my fist that will make grandfather sit up!"

But after listening for half an hour to Roddy's lyrical figures grandfather refused flatly to capitalize the Elias Haskin Shipbuilding Company. He said he was prejudiced against a penniless old age. But he said he was perfectly willing to advise Roddy to the best of his ability. He suggested that Roddy divide the schooner into the usual sixty parts and sell shares.

"You've got a swarm of friends," he added. "You've done nothing but gather in friends for years. No doubt they'll all be delighted to go in with you."

"Of course they will, but I wanted to give you first chance, sir."

"Thank ye! Tell you what I'll do, Roddy: I'll match whatever you raise in the next two weeks." Grandfather's smile said that this was a joke.

"Two weeks!" smiled Roddy. "It's a cinch, grandfather."

Somewhat less than two weeks later he stood at a certain corner of downtown New York. It was luncheon time and human beings packed the cañons from curb to curb. But Roddy watched them with a mournful conviction that he was quite alone in the world. He had always had a comfortable feeling that a lot of people liked him. Certainly a large number of men had dined him, shared their clubs with him, spent week-ends in the nice old house in Boston and ridden in the blue speedster. But now when he had something good to offer them, now when for the first time he talked business to them, he found that they regarded him with the glassy eyes of business men. Some of them were tied up; some refused to take him seriously; one who took friendship earnestly would not invest but would consider making him a small loan. And they had all inquired how his grandfather stood on the proposition.

"They haven't stood the test," thought Roddy bitterly with a sense of drama.

He went back to Boston. No one believed in him; he wasn't so awfully sure he believed in himself. He looked unhappily at a snapshot of Fanny he had pilfered. She had now retreated to a distance of ten thousand miles.

That night—or rather toward morning—he sat up suddenly in bed and smote his fist into his palm. A way out had occurred to him after sleepless hours. But what a way! Like selling a pound of his own flesh. He got out of bed and began padding up and down his bedroom. He went downstairs and did the same in the fine old parlor. His heart dropped to zero. The bulldog padded behind him, eying him uneasily. They both loved this house. It stood for care-free bachelordom, for *dolce far niente*.

But as Roddy paced in dismay of heart there was the pungency of spruce chips and tar in his nostrils. And in his brain there was an unbearable itch. He wanted to build schooners. He wanted to build schooners just as much as he wanted to

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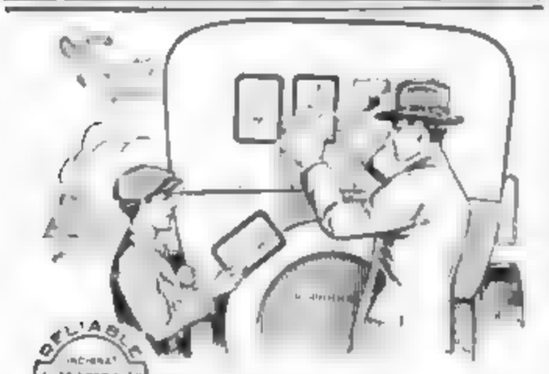

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marry the only girl. He had never imagined that he could want any two things so fiercely.

A few days later he spread before his grandfather a good-sized check. The old gentleman looked at it as if it were something with a sting.

"Where'd you get this?" he demanded.

A glitter slid into Roddy's eye.

"You know I came by it honestly, sir!"

At his tone his grandfather looked up quickly.

"Your friends didn't come across, I'll bet!"

"No," said Roddy shortly. "Mortgaged my house and sold my car. Don't care to talk about it. You said you'd match this. Do you or don't you?"

"I guess my word is still good."

The old gentleman's tone was tart. But as his grandson left the room he gazed after him with the faintest glimmer of hopefulness in his eyes.

Roddy's spirits now flew skyward again. He had what looked to him like a large check, and it was now necessary for him to accompany MacTavish to Michon Bay to start things going. And Fanny received him with a startled admiration that went to his head. But she still refused to wear his ring. She said he had only started. He refused to be dashed by her incredulity, for MacTavish allowed himself a most unnatural amount of optimism. He liked the lay of the shipyard and the quality of the timberland they were able to buy. He reckoned that they'd turn out the first schooner in about seven months, and after that they'd drop into the water like ripe plums. And Roddy, recalling what he had heard in the brokers' offices, breathed in and walked through a gold-tinged air. He refused to be dragged away into the woods to locate their lumber camp, however, and after a couple of weeks MacTavish hinted that if Roddy was attending the financial end his place was in New York or Boston. So Roddy reluctantly tore himself away.

He went down to Salem to give his grandfather a glowing account of the start-off. His grandfather said nothing.

It seemed to him that he had scarcely returned to Boston when he received a long-distance telephone call from MacTavish, who informed him that a large pay roll was due on Saturday and he must have funds at once. Roddy, severely jolted, feverishly inquired what had become of the money he had deposited in a Halifax bank.

"Say, d'you think we can install machinery and build a camp and buy timberland for love?" MacTavish roared over the wire. "I've sent you statements, haven't I? I told you this first schooner is going to eat up money—only you didn't appear to be listening."

This was sadly true. Roddy had been suspended somewhere in a rosy mist far above harassing facts during the past few weeks. Now, however, he was rudely awakened by an impending pay roll. He hated to do it, but that afternoon he ran down to Salem.

Then he came away again. His grandfather said Roddy had got into this thing against his advice, now he could get out of it. In a weak moment he had helped the folly along, but he was through. Then Roddy, hating it even more, went to the friend who had offered a loan. The loan proved so small that it could not be stretched over the pay roll, but Roddy's quarterly allowance happening along just then met the deficit. Roddy felt like a swimmer who drags himself from a hungry sea onto a rock that barks his shins and gazes pantingly at the far-distant shore. He still had a goodish stretch of swimming to do. He wired for photographs of the schooner in progress.

In due time he received them. There were some quite nice snapshots of the rebuilt mill and the machinery being installed. Also, there was a picture of one of the ways from which there stuck up something like the half of a wishbone. This lonely object was the keel of the schooner.

Roddy regarded this picture for some time in painful thought. Three months and all the money he could rake and scrape had gone into that pitiful splinter. It was indeed food for pondering. Roddy took the snapshots to the brokers, with whom he was now quite familiar. He showed them as alluringly as he could the photograph of the embryo good ship Fanny. But it soon became plain to him that they were not struggling with one another to lend money on a keel. They told him to come back again when the planks were on. Even hungry Norway said the same thing. It struck Roddy then that that lonely keel was like some heathen god to whom he was going to be forced to make sacrifice of his lifeblood.

How in time was he going to get the money to put ribs to that keel, to plank it, calk it, paint it, raise masts above it and ultimately push it into the water?

Or should he try? Having started something he couldn't handle would it not be better to give up now before he got himself further involved? He asked himself these questions as he walked the twisting streets of Boston late at night. It was a moment as black as the night. As he walked he wallowed in self-distrust and self-disgust. Also he thought of Fanny, of her clear straight gaze, of her dear smile that would sometime belong to another man. And he thought of his mill—rebuilt, purring in the pale Nova Scotia sunlight, the sound of hammers and saws, the titillating odors of spruce chips and tar. All that, too, would belong to another man.

Coming out of his dismal meditations for an instant he saw that his feet had carried him into Atlantic Avenue, and there, looking up solidly against the night sky, was the warehouse of Haskin & Son. Leaning in a dark doorway opposite he looked up at the building. For the first time he seemed to see all those dead Haskins tramping persistently to business, solid, successful men, and back of them all the mighty Elias setting sail for far ports, coming back with rich cargoes. He ached with a new sense of the responsibilities they had carried. It wasn't easy after all to get where they had got. He thought with amazement of their courage and persistence. And on the heels of this thought something stiffened within him. If he went to smash now he would be letting them down frightfully, all those dead Haskins—and most especially his grandfather.

"Oh, I can't do it!" he groaned. "Too rotten, a thing like that! The first of the family to fail!"

He stood in that doorway for a long time, thinking desperately. Then he emerged, walked rapidly to the corner, dived into a narrow lane and stopped at a door over which swung three golden balls. Here dwelt the Rabbit, otherwise Mr. Rabinowich, known to him and to hundreds like him since his Technology days. No one would have guessed from his modest nest that the Rabbit had it lined with gold, but such was the case.

"Rabbit," thought Roddy, "you don't know that you're about to be offered a lien on a human existence, but you are. Hurry up, you old fossil, I want to get the thing over with."

It was a few days later that he appeared to MacTavish in the superintendent's shack back of the mill. An air-tight stove was roaring at one end of the shack and MacTavish was roaring at the other with a telephone receiver at his ear. He dropped the receiver on the hook as Roddy pushed open the door.

"Great mackerel, but I'm glad to see you!" he cried. "We pay off to-morrow, and there's an invoice of provisions for the camp to be paid for. Have you brought some money?"

"Sure! In the bank. Twenty thousand."

"Well that'll help some," sighed MacTavish.

"It will have to, my boy. In fact, it will have to go a long long way. It's my last ante—absolutely."

MacTavish stared.

"What do you mean—your last? I thought you had capital to swing this thing. At any rate, I thought your grandfather ——"

"I never told you my grandfather was coming in."

"Well, isn't he?"

Roddy's face stiffened.

"No, he isn't," he said briefly. "I'm running this show alone. I've got enough to get the schooner along to where I can raise the rest on a mortgage."

But at the word mortgage MacTavish ceased to listen. His face went purple and he clawed the air. He was working for his commission on profits and he saw this commission shrinking. It was one thing to build schooners with real capital behind them, and quite another to build from hand to mouth as Roddy proposed. He had about as much faith in Roddy as a financier and shipbuilder as he'd have in one of his lumberjacks. Less in fact! And he told Roddy so, fluently and frankly. The air of the shack quivered with wholesome truths and with anger. Roddy listened. And slowly something began to boil within him; he listened some more—and then he spoke.

Three minutes later he was alone in the shack. He stared out of the window, his lips pressed together, his hands nervously shaking in his pockets. He knew that he had now leaped at one bound to the very highest possible peak of folly. He had discharged his superintendent. He was going to finish the schooner himself.

How long he stood there he did not know. What roused him from the contemplation of his own predicament was a flash of scarlet-and-blue Mackinaw coat down on the shore near the rock he always thought of as Fanny's lookout. For an instant he hesitated. His impulse was not toward communion with any human being in that instant. But almost at once he threw back his shoulders.

"She might as well know the worst right now," he muttered.

As he came round into the lee of the rock Fanny gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Oh! I didn't know you were here! Why, what is the matter? You look queer."

"I am queer," he smiled ruefully. "Moreover, I'm a darn fool. I thought I'd tell you now so you can begin to shun me."

"How you talk!" She smiled calmly, leaning back against the rock. "Now tell me all about it—from the beginning."

"There's little to tell, but I think I'd like to tell you that little. It will help to drive the situation in, anyway. In the first place I've rushed into something only a crazy fool would have undertaken. And this is where I find myself: I owe a friend, I owe my grandfather, I've mortgaged my house to the limit ——"

"Oh, Roddy! Not your house you loved so?"

"Yes! Had to. Sold my car too. And day before yesterday I mortgaged my income."

"Roddy! How could you do that?"

"Easy enough. Fellow named Rabbit. Lent me twenty thousand. I insured my life in his favor so he won't be out if I shuffle off. And he gets my income semi-annually until I pay back the twenty thou. Easy as that!"

In her face consternation struggled with a sort of pitying admiration.

"Why, why did you do anything so reckless?"

"Because I had to finish up that devilish schooner!"

She stared at him. Her lips were parted, her eyes were beginning to flame.

"You want to finish it, Roddy?"

"Of course! I've started the darn thing. Maybe I was a fool to discharge MacTavish right now ——"

"What! You haven't!"

Roddy grinned.

"D'you know, I kind of like the feeling of it, now I've got over the shock. I'll save his salary anyhow, and as long as I haven't any income a-coming in, a job is quite convenient. Of course what I don't know about the job is considerable, but when it is a question of sink or swim I guess maybe I'll kick out."

"Do you mean that you are going to stay up here yourself and do MacTavish's work? Do you realize that means living part of the time at the camp? Do you know what a camp is like? Coarse food and fleas and cold and discomfort! And if the men find out you don't know your job they'll despise you; you won't be able to handle them. Have you figured on all that?"

He nodded. Her eyes searched his face keenly.

"Roddy, are you doing this for me?" she cried.

He looked distinctly taken aback. He reddened and tried to avoid her eyes, but she had stepped so near to him that he could not.

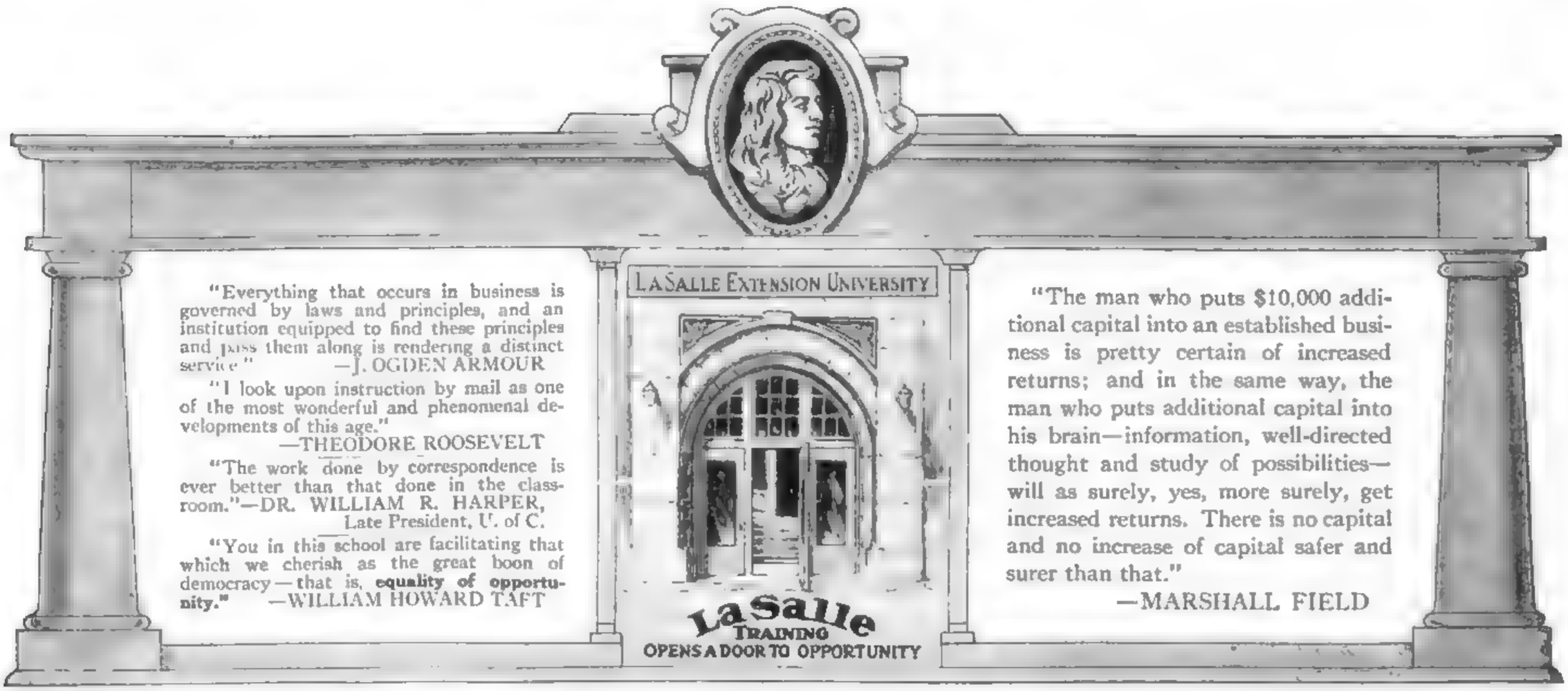
"Roddy, are you?" she insisted.

"No, I'm not," he blurted despairingly. "I'm doing it because I want to build schooners!"

And then the amazing girl suddenly laughed triumphantly. He saw her eyes become full of a soft fire, her lips curved with pride. She gave a cry that was unintelligible to him. It sounded like "Oh, Roddy, that's all I wanted!"

But he was never quite sure, for as soon as she said it she had run round the rock

(Concluded on Page 120)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The United States Bureau of Education tells us that if the 5,000,000 illiterates in this country were able merely to read and write, their productive capacity would increase $250 per annum per capita—$1,250,000,000, a sum nearly equal to the first Liberty Loan. Yet hundreds of LaSalle trained men have actually increased their annual earning capacity from $1,000 to $5,000 or more. The acquirement of specialized education is the safest, soundest, first-to-be-made investment the man of moderate means should consider. As the late Marshall Field wisely said: "There is no capital and no increase of capital safer and surer than that." It is buying income insurance at a rock-bottom price.

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This is what LaSalle training has brought to thousands of its members. Scarcely a mail that does not tell of someone who has doubled, trebled, or quadrupled his earning power or advanced his business and social standing. A station agent in a small Oklahoma town writes that he has become a lawyer and risen to an important public office; a plodding bookkeeper reports that he has become a Certified Public Accountant, an Auditor or a Cost Accountant; a freight checker on an ocean dock tells that he has risen to a managership with a big transportation company; a ledger clerk has pushed himself up to an officership in a bank; an accountant to an executive with a $70,000 income; etc.

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A few hundred hours of spare time coaching by mail under the personal direction of LaSalle experts have been sufficient to increase the earning power of thousands of men from 100 to 600 per cent. Advancement is not a difficult problem for anyone who will avail himself of the abundant facilities and privileges afforded members of LaSalle Extension University. We have an organization of 800 people, financial resources in excess of $3,000,000 and representatives in all the leading cities of America. Our sole reason for existence is a sincere purpose to help men who earnestly desire to begin at once the achievement of worthwhile progress. This purpose and our ability to do the things we are organized and equipped to do are backed up by a record of more than ten years of successful effort.

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and disappeared. But in passing she had kissed him—the lightest, most fragrant, most admiring kiss!

It was seven months later that Jeremiah Haskin sat in the white-wainscoted drawing-room in front of the Mackintyre fireplace with his legs wrapped in the Paisley shawl. For though it was a delightful spring day Jeremiah's ancient enemy, rheumatism, was upon him. He hated to have his legs wrapped in a shawl, and, moreover, he was irritated by certain facts that were being reported to him by a well-weathered, salty-looking man of about fifty in the dark-blue clothes of a sea captain.

"Yes, sir, while I was waitin' for my freight," the captain was saying, "I hung round Michon Bay quite a consid'able lot. I done just as you told me—didn't let on I'd ever seen you er ever heard o' young Mr. Haskin before. I was up there to buy a schooner, I lets on. And, by Henry, I almost had to buy one to get away from a fellow named Crashaw! I could 'a' bought two from him at our price. But I couldn't make no impression on young Haskin at all. When I first went up there, five er six weeks ago, I done just as you said. I offered to advance the money to finish her up if he'd make a price to me when she was done of sixty thousand. He seemed to think that was a joke. Said his price was seventy-five."

Roddy's grandfather gave a snort of disgust.

"Did you tell him the bottom fell out of the market when the English lowered their freight rates?"

"Sure I told him that—second visit I made. He said he knew that. Thought he looked a leetle mite as if he might take my offer that day, but next morning he was as cocky as ever. He said he guessed so long as he had inched her along as far as he had that he'd hold onto her a leetle longer."

"Young idiot! I was giving him a chance to crawl out with a whole skin, if he'd only known enough to take it. Of course he'd have been a bit pinched, for sixty thousand was pretty low."

His eyes met the eyes of the captain and they both grinned.

"If he'd taken it," Jeremiah added grimly, "I'd have thought him a fool."

"Sure, so would I!" admitted the captain candidly.

"Well, he didn't. And now with prices wabbling the way they are he'll have to hold that schooner a long time to get his seventy-five. She'll eat her head off while he's doing it. A child could beat him at business."

"I dunno, I dunno," Captain Bunce allowed cautiously. "I watched him pretty close, went up to the logging camp, hung round the yard and what I seen made me think mebbe he ain't so helpless as you give out. But what got me guessin' was how he raised the money to paint her and rig her. From what you told me and what I nosed round and found out fer myself, I cal'lated he had just about come to the end of his funds when he'd got her planked and decked. But, by Henry! Second time I went up there she was walkin' right along, paint goin' on in good shape, riggers comin' on the next week—an' you can't do that without money these days."

Roddy's grandfather reached round behind him, opened the drawer of the high-boy that stood at the left of the fireplace and took out a newspaper clipping. He handed it to the captain with a twitch of his nose.

"That's how he did it," he grunted.

Captain Bunce took it and slowly digested the essentials of the clipping, which were to the effect that at a certain aristocratic auction room in Boston there had taken place some time before a sale of genuine Colonial antiques, silver and pictures from the home of the late Hepsibah Haskin, now owned by her great-nephew, Rodman Haskin. The clipping went into detailed length about the artistic and monetary value of the articles offered for sale, but Captain Bunce was not interested in these remarks. He looked over his spectacles, which he had donned to read the article, at Jeremiah with a certain amount of sympathy in his eyes.

"Well, now, that was kind of too bad," he said.

"Unnecessary, quite unnecessary," Jeremiah sighed. "However, I must do him the justice to say that I told him last fall that I was through. He has never consulted me since. In fact, I haven't seen him since. You—you say"—he seemed to have some difficulty in getting this question out—"he is taking hold pretty good up there?"

When he had asked this question it was impossible for him to conceal the hungry eagerness in his eyes. He leaned forward, his hands gripping the arms of his chair.

Captain Bunce took off his spectacles and his face brightened.

"Say, he's doin' fine! His camp, his mill and his yard are all shipshape, workin' smooth as silk. They tell me he had kind of hard sleddin' when he first went up there—winter comin' on and the camp to get into shape. But he put on his old clothes and he went into the woods, and, by Henry! He lived there, et with the men and all!

"First off they didn't take to the idear much, but I hear they like him now. I was talkin' with his foreman and he told me they made a record run of logs last winter. The mill men told me the' wasn't a yard on the bay doin' any faster or better work. I heard his schooners are passed by English Lloyds."

"Not English Lloyds?"

"Sure! He's got a right to be sort of perky about them."

"Them? What do you mean? He hasn't started another?"

"Another? Two more!"

Jeremiah lay back in his chair. There was a strange mingling of alarm, wonder and unwilling admiration in his face. "The young fool! Where in the name of the Lord, Bunce, do you suppose he is getting the money?"

"Blessed if I know, sir, unless he's got credit somewhere."

"Credit? You're crazy! Who'd extend him credit? He hasn't a splinter of security. Why, I tell you, he started this thing with nothing. I've been waiting all winter for the crash. He'll come back, yet, with his tail between his legs—he's bound to. Credit? Bosh!"

A long time after Captain Bunce had gone swinging down the street Jeremiah sat in the silent parlor with the portrait of Elias looking down at him. Now and then he twitched angrily at the Paisley shawl, and again he sighed as the silence of the house pressed in upon him. It had been a lonely winter for Jeremiah, even when he was able to make the daily trip to Boston to look after his affairs. He would not have owned it to himself, but he had missed Roddy strangely. He recognized for the first time since Roddy had left him what a background of hope the boy had woven into his life. Always there had been the thought that some day, when Roddy had waked up, he would hand over his affairs to him, sit back to direct and enjoy while Roddy carried on the name to fresh successes. He had had this dream tucked into the back of his life ever since Roddy was born. But he had relinquished it when Roddy ran amuck with schooners. Just at first there had been a faint hopefulness that perhaps this was where Roddy woke; but from all the reports he had gleaned he came to the conclusion that events were merely showing up Roddy's fantastic impracticableness.

He sat there while the shadows gathered in the far corners of the room. The elderly spinster who had been his cook for eighteen years came in to ask what he could eat for supper. She crossed to a window to put straight a curtain, and then she gave a gasp of surprise:

"My land, Mr. Haskin! Here's Mr. Roddy coming, and a girl with him."

A girl! The old man gave a groan of dismay. He grasped the significance of the girl even before Roddy came in, smiling a trifle self-consciously, leading his companion by the hand. But Roddy did not lack for boldness. He put the girl's hand into the unwilling hand of the old man.

"Grandfather, this is my partner and my wife!" he said.

It was rather an awful moment. No one, not even himself, knew whether grandfather was going to explode or not. But Fanny decided the situation for herself. She merely looked into his affronted eyes. Her gaze was straight, serenely humorous, perfectly understanding. Her smile brought their two minds into touch at once. It seemed to say: "I know this is hard on you, but in a moment you are going to like me!"

Roddy had the good sense to say nothing at first. He left his grandfather to gasp and Fanny to smile for a moment before he cried: "Isn't she the nicest thing you ever saw, grandfather? A gilt-edged business woman too! When I fired my superintendent she stepped in and kept my books until I found where I was at. I knew," he added ingenuously, "that she was just the kind of girl you'd like."

At this Jeremiah—to his own surprise—chuckled.

"Yes, I suppose that's the reason you married her. Well, I congratulate you, Roddy, but the young lady will sooner or later find out for herself whether she is to be felicitated or not. Won't you sit down, both of you—or are you too busy?"

"Oh, we've come to spend the week-end," said Roddy cheerfully. "I've got things in shape where I can take a few days off just now. We launched our first schooner last week, so Fanny and I were married to celebrate the event."

Jeremiah gave a grunt of dubious meaning. He now for the first time ran his eyes over his grandson with a growing astonishment. Roddy's always spare frame looked as if it needed to be fitted with a coat and vest of a size larger. His color was ruddy, his eyes were confident.

"So!" commented Jeremiah. His inflection was ironical. "Do you find the schooner market good?"

"No, it's very bad," admitted Roddy frankly, "in this country—just now. Bottom dropped out when the Government put its wooden ships on the market."

"I could have told you it would be that way—if you'd asked me."

"But that's going to be all right," Roddy went on serenely. "Freight rates are going up again. Things will get steadier in a few months."

Jeremiah twitched his nose. It irritated him to hear Roddy making predictions of a business nature.

"In the meantime I suppose your schooner is eating herself up, what with interest and one thing and another."

"Oh, no, I guess not! She's already paid for a quarter of herself, and as soon as she reaches Italy she'll bring the rest of the price I put on her."

Roddy laughed reminiscently. He put his hands in his pockets and rocked a little on his legs. Neither he nor his grandfather was aware that this was a family gesture, but Fanny guessed it and smiled her Eve smile.

"Funny thing," Roddy went on, enjoying himself greatly. "There was one day when I almost lost my nerve. There was an old codger named Captain Bunce hanging round trying to buy her. But the old skinflint wanted me to let him have her for sixty. He made me tired. But one day when the market quotation went the lowest it had gone yet I almost weakened. I said to myself that sixty thousand would let me pull out almost whole."

"Well, it would have done, wouldn't it?" snapped Jeremiah.

"Yes, but you see by that time I'd got over wanting to pull out. I talked it over with Fanny, and we decided she was worth seventy at least. And we didn't like the idea of mortgaging her either—she's a beauty really, sir, you should see her!"

Jeremiah gave an undisguised snort of impatience.

"So you turned down a fair offer, and now you ——"

"I've accepted a freight of coal to Italy which will net me twenty thousand, and an Italian firm has offered me sixty thousand for her delivered over there. Their Quebec representative confirmed the sale some time ago. When I got that confirmation I induced a Quebec bank to extend me credit and laid down two more keels."

"Credit!" gasped his grandfather. "They don't know you as well as I do, I guess."

"Maybe they know me better," Roddy grinned. "I had tackled them for credit once before and after that they watched me for a while."

"And I suppose you think now that you're on the road to making more money than your grandfather's got?" Jeremiah's tone was sarcastic, but far back in his eyes a gleam of interest was beginning to sparkle.

"No, I don't think that. I'll never make big money off my yard."

"Then why in the name of sense did you lay two more keels?"

Roddy studied his answer a moment.

"You see, sir, this first schooner strikes me as a kind of lucky fluke. It doesn't prove anything. I'll have to build three before I clear with a good margin. That's one reason. And another is—I like it."

Jeremiah lay back in his chair, studying his grandson. The gleam in his eye brightened, began to glow clear through the dubiety that had clouded it. But what he said was "You sold the things out of your house, I hear."

Roddy's eyes met those of his wife regretfully.

"Yes. Sorry, but I had to do it. I'd have sold my last pair of shoes to buy the last bucket of paint for the Fanny, you see. But some day Fanny and I'll buy 'em back. Only just now our work's cut out for us up there."

"Humph! I hear it's nothing but a backwoods sort of place."

But with one breath he was interrupted by both of them:

"Oh, no, sir! Why, the days just aren't long enough!"

They sat on either side of the old man, talking sometimes both at once, sometimes singing a sort of hopeful duet. He appeared to listen, but his eyes kept wandering to Roddy's face. In five minutes five years had dropped from his own countenance. A sense of warmth and satisfaction he had not known in years was creeping into his heart. And through his brain there began to swing a long-dreamed-of scheme that had to do with a connection between the warehouses of Haskin & Son and a shipbuilding company. Oil burners, that was the idea! Their own steel oil-burning ships, built in their own yard, a modern yard. Why not? If Roddy continued to shape up as well as he promised—of course that first schooner of his had been a lucky fluke in a way—and yet—well, watch him, watch him for a while!

"Oh, Roddy, how funny!" Fanny had wandered over to the portrait of the great ancestor. She was looking from it to Roddy's face. "Do you know, you look a teeny bit like this picture?"

And grandfather and grandson looked up at Elias.

"Of course he does!" asserted Jeremiah, looking mightily pleased. "I've always noticed it!"

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

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TIRE JOCKEY

(Concluded from Page 28)

his preparations, and as soon as he determined Frank's purpose placed himself where he could watch the work and kept his back to the road.

"My tire just went down all of a sudden," he offered. "Don't know what's the matter with it."

Frank heard this tale some two-score times daily.

"Prob'bly a hole in it," he remarked sarcastically, "that let's the air out, see?"

"Yes!" agreed the tall man gravely.

A car appeared in the distance, coming like a fury. The tall man, lighting a cigarette, walked to the Quick Six and clapped the humped shoulders of the little man.

"Brace up, kiddo," he laughed. "You'll feel all right soon."

Kiddo straightened himself, but continued his grave scrutiny of the distance ahead. His lips moved, but no sound came from them. The tall man chuckled harshly and returned to Frank.

"He's sick," he averred.

Frank nodded as he unlocked the rings and began prying them out of place.

"He's just seen a man killed!" jerked the tall man explosively.

Frank looked up, mouth open.

"We're on the way to tell the widow," explained the tall man in haste. "Terr'ble thing!"

Frank, to whom ordinary amenities were unknown, bent stoically to his work.

"I'll hustle," he announced.

The fast driven car had come out of the distance now. It went spinning lightly past the familiar service wagon and jacked-up wheel. In it were several men who glanced keenly at the Quick Six as they whirled by. The tall man stood with his back to them. The man in the car craned his neck to watch Frank work. Frank, however, looked eagerly over his shoulder.

"Bulls!" he cried, pleasantly thrilled.

"Bulls?" echoed the tall man. "Whatcha mean, bulls?"

Frank smiled his pity.

"Detectives," he explained. "City dicks! Wonder what they're out here for?"

"How do you know?" asked the tall man.

"Know 'em all," announced Frank with pride. "They all know me."

"Huh!" grunted the tall man.

Now the tire came free and the cause of the trouble was made clear. Several slivers of glass had worked their way through the casing and riddled the inner tube.

"Got a new tube?" asked Frank.

"I don't ——" He gasped, then recovered his wits. "I think there's one under the back seat," he said. "Wait till I look."

He was too slow. Frank, ever impatient, quick on his feet, ran to the car and pulled up the back seat, and there was a queer huddled heap of lap-robes in the tonneau. A man's foot protruded from under them.

"Drunk!" explained the tall man sharply as he followed Frank's eyes. "Takin' him home!"

Frank raked over the litter of side curtains and tools under the seat. There was no tube.

"I brought one out just in case," he said. "D'you want it?"

"Sure!"

Frank went back to his work. He did not puzzle over the man in the tonneau, for a city boy learns when a child to mind his own business. Also, Frankie Becker was not interested actually in anything that did not savor of gasoline or rubber. Boys are a queer phenomenon, anyhow, and have been throughout all periods of the world's history. Just when we think we know all kinds of boys we find an entirely new variety, such as tire jockeys.

To Frank and his fellow rubber tossers, baseball is a mere name. They would no more think of spending a spare afternoon at a ball game than you or I would consider spending it with them, loafing in the rear of a public garage. Even the movies, except as they touch on some phase of motoring, do not appeal to Frank. When he has an evening free he spends it riding on a service car from another agency, with a friend who is on duty, or, on such rare occasions as might be, joy-riding with a chauffeur. Gasoline, dust and the pleasure of expert driving are meat, drink and recreation to Frank.

Therefore while he was putting the new tire on the wheel he did not consider the silent heap beneath the lap-robes, though it was strangely quiet even for a drunken man. His mind was already on the journey to the shop. He had come out in twenty-five minutes. Could he possibly urge the road-racked flivver into getting him back in twenty? That would be some record! Ciphers had come in from Maplewood once in twenty, but you had a straight road and no traffic out that way.

So debating, Frank let the Quick Six down off the jack, took his money and gave a cryptic writing—intended as a receipt—to the tall man.

"Good-by!" said Frank. "She'll ride now all right!"

The tall man nodded and waved his hand as Frank climbed to the seat of the flivver. Another minute and the boy was away. When he looked back, half a mile down the road, the Quick Six was still standing near the tree, while the tall man made leisurely preparations to start. After that Frank's gaze was centered on the road, his mind and muscles tense, for he had pulled the flivver's throttle open wide and had made vow not to close it till well inside the city limits. In this he overreached himself. It was an extremely hot day and the flivver's little tires, spinning on the baked roadbed, absorbed more heat than was good for them. Frank was reminded of this by a sharp report and an ensuing rumble. Much disgusted he pulled in at the roadside and put the offending rear wheel on the jack. As he did so the other rear tire uttered the wheezing sigh that betrays the presence of a melted cold patch.

All hope of his record gone Frank set to work sneeringly. You always sneer when you are working with flivver tires. You pound them off the wheel with a mallet, sling in a new tube and knock them on again, displaying marked contempt in every move. Should you be confronted with anything in four or five inch rubber your attitude becomes respectful, because any demountable or quick-detachable rim is apt to call forth all your science and generalship; but in dealing with a flivver you deride its little bracelets as you maltreat them. Understand? You have your reputation as a tire changer to maintain, and it doesn't do to raise nonentities to the nobility.

When the blown-out tire had been made serviceable with a boot and when the melted cold patch had been replaced, fully forty-five minutes had elapsed and Frank had to hustle in real earnest. He knew he was due for a good call-down as it was, but the application of a cold patch takes time and it could not be helped.

And now the joyous climax of Frank's brief career leaped upon him—as only human climaxes can. As he passed Ferguson Avenue, with the city buildings in plain view, he was all but moved to tears by the appearance of one of those haunting red objects on the road ahead. Eyes dim with envy he raced toward it, commenting pridefully on the dust in its wake.

Then in a flash death snatched greedily at Frank, the red Blitz and diverse others on the road. A wagon drawn by a frightened team whirled out of a side road. A big Mississippi limousine swerved desperately to dodge the team and cut directly in the path of the Blitz, which was then passing at its left. The Blitz swerved farther to the left, roared past the limousine and met Frank head-on and face to face.

There was just thirty feet—considerably less than thirty seconds—of thinking time. Frank, however, was a dodger and no man to depend on his brakes. Flash! Off the road he went, through a shallow ditch and up on to a cinder path. Flash again! Between a telegraph post and a stone fence. Zip! Back on the road and ready to go!

Meanwhile the Blitz, with sliding wheels, came to a stop, and a roar of voices called to the boy to halt. He glanced back, about to drive ahead with an impudent wave of his hand, but saw something that caused him to jam on his brakes and fall limp in his seat. The red Blitz was a chummy roadster full of bulls.

"Come here! Come back here!" yelled one, standing up.

Frank descended with sagging shoulders and made his way to the other car. As he approached he heard one bull saying excitedly:

"Take him! Let's take him! He's just the kind of driver we're looking for!"

Pinched for speeding! Of all the damnable luck! Oh, well, everybody got theirs sometime, and this was Frank's time.

"Aw, say," he began as he came up, "that wasn't my fault. I was only ——"

"Forget it," said the bull at the wheel. "Say, kid, can you drive this car like you can that flivver?"

"Sure!" gasped the astonished Frank. "Show me something I can't drive!"

"Then get in here and drive!"

Briefly they explained that the Blitz was a city car they had borrowed when all the regular drivers were busy. The present man could drive a little—but not well enough for the present emergency, and anyhow he had never handled a Blitz.

Neither had Frank, but so slight a technicality did not deter him from accepting the commission. He put the flivver off the road and, running back, settled himself on his shoulders behind the wheel of—mother of miracles! a real, new, honest-to-goodness red Blitz!

"The sky's your limit, kid! Let's see if you can drive any!"

They soon saw, for Frank, with his hard little hands on the wheel and his greasy cap on backward, drove with the throttle alone, regardless of clutch or brake. You and I, my readers, would not enjoy that sort of thing. It is very possible that we wouldn't even look twice at a Blitz, even if we had the money. It is a speed craft, pure and simple—sixteen valves and four cylinders—each cylinder as big as a bucket.

Very shortly a small group of men and cars was sighted ahead. The bulls told Frank to stop. He did so, pulling down by the tree where the Quick Six had stood. There were other bulls there. Soon one was saying something which made a great deal clear to Frank.

"They put his body off here," explained the bull. "That farmer over there saw them. They stopped here and used his phone and waited a long time and had a tire changed by a service man as a stall. It worked too, because Mike's car passed them up. Who'd ever think a crook would have the nerve to send for a service wagon? As soon as they had a new tire they took this bundle out of the tonneau and put it over there under the culvert. The farmer was watching and he came over and found it right away."

Frank's eyes gleamed and his chest bulged.

"*I* changed that *tire!*" he announced. "They said that guy in the *back* was drunk. Did they croak him?"

Explanations and questions were showered on Frank until he fidgeted.

"Listen!" he urged at last. "They had a Quick Six. I can ketch 'em with this in an hour. Let's go!"

"How'll you follow them? Which way did they go?"

"Aw, *say!* Do I look *dead* too? See those tracks? See that new Long-Life Gorilla tread? D'you think I look at tires all *day* and don't see 'em?"

"Good!" said the man beside him thickly. "Let's go, boys! He's right! He can trail them! Follow us!"

With a gleeful laugh Frank put the Blitz in first speed.

"Follow my *tracks*, you mean," he sneered. "*You* guys won't see me! Them's Goodmans on the back—star treads—and they'll show up wherever we go!"

Off they went, then, with the Blitz's unmuffled cylinders roaring to the sky. Over hill and valley, bridge and culvert. At each crossroad they would slow down long enough for Frank's trained eye to pick up the marks of the new Gorilla. Between crossroads the Blitz sank gradually back on her drive wheels, while her nose seemed to rise like the prow of a hydroplane.

Frank's arms cramped in time, from the strain of the heavy wheel. Sweat streamed down his forehead and into his eyes, but he did not weaken. Your boy of the motor age may back off from a swift inshoot or talk himself out of a fight, but he never shows even a hint of the jaundice color when speed is demanded. Straight into pitch-black night over an unknown road he'll drive, and be damned to the faint heart who first cries "Quit!" Frank's grin grew wider and wider with each new top mark he put on the speedometer.

The bulls in the back seat sat tight-lipped, fighting for breath against the full force of the wind. The man beside Frank, however, under protection of the diminutive windshield, babbled fiercely in the throes of a great grief—which added to the fury of the occasion.

"Get 'em, kid! Get 'em!" he hissed as one encourages a savage dog to attack. "They got my brother, Ted, and, damn it, you're taking me to get them. He was three times the man any of them corner loafers is. I'll get 'em all three and see 'em hang for it! Fine man! Always right with you, whatever broke! It'll kill the old lady—she's sick anyhow."

Two and three hours passed—and still the red Blitz negotiated the hilly roads of Missouri with its distant line of trailing cars. Still the race went on—at a pace that was killing the older drivers in the other police cars—a pace that ate up rubber and blew the gas away at an alarming rate.

Still Frank hung to the big wheel, fighting the swaying Blitz. Only arms toughened by straining at tires and steady driving—day in, day out—could stand it. Only an eighteen-year-old's nerve could keep a driver running like a fiend and laughing at danger for so long a time.

At last the trail swung over a little-used dirt road into a wooded section. A curious grooved track told the reason why. The Quick Six had another flat tire, which had been removed or had rolled off the wheel. The car had run for the woods on the narrow steel rim. Frank announced this fact and cut down his speed. Putting on the muffler he sneaked the car over the rough.

Five miles. A glimpse of a car top over the hill. The roof of a lone farmhouse and a curl of smoke. Frank stopped and the detectives dismounted, stretching their limbs.

"Stay here and be ready to run up if you have to," admonished the brother of Kenny. "Keep the engine going."

Three detectives went over the hill. One stayed near the summit to guard the car. There was a long silence—while the motor of the Blitz sang quietly.

Then the woods echoed to a curious popping and snapping noise. There were three bursts of it, and the detective who had stayed back ran over the hill.

Soon the tall man of the Quick Six appeared, walking moodily with his hands held close together. A bull was following. Behind them came two more bulls carrying the little humped-over man—who seemed worse collapsed than ever—between them. Last of all was Brother Kenny and an excited farmer.

The procession arrived at the Blitz. The tall man, dour of countenance, did not seem to see Frank. From time to time he glanced at the little man, who had been placed on the ground at his feet. The little man was coughing faintly, and Brother Kenny, seeing the ashy face, laughed.

"So you're the one that shot Ted?" he sneered. "Well, now you can go tell Ted that Bill sent you over!"

The tall man's teeth appeared.

"I'll give you yours for it some day, Bill Kenny!" he threatened.

"Hell!" ranted Bill. "The last thing you'll see before they put the black cap on your face will be little me! You're going to hang!"

The tall man nodded carelessly.

"Well, what if I do?" he sneered.

The newspapers made a great fuss over Frank that night, and he—with his family—was photographed and interviewed until he became defiant and dumb and thought it was all some kind of joke. Next day, when the other Morris brother, Oro, was captured in Illinois, it went on all over again and hundreds of people stopped at the Day-Nite shop to see the boy hero.

"So you helped out the cops, Frank?" asked Ciphers wistfully, when he had a chance to talk to Frank alone.

"Yeah," nodded Frank; "and say—they let me drive a Blitz chummy all afternoon!"

"A Blitz chummy!" sighed Ciphers in consuming envy. "Oh, gee!"

They were silent for a time. Then Ciphers spoke up: "I wish I'd been with you. What would she make, Frankie?"

Frank turned to his friend earnestly.

"You know that long hill down to the river out beyond Chesterfield?"

"Yeah!"

"Over eighty!" stated Frank. "Going down there—over eighty!"

"Over eighty!" moaned Ciphers.

"Oh, boy!" exulted Frank.

Stunts!

This is an easy one. Most stunts are hard—on stockings. But what healthy, normal American Boy ever thinks of stockings? Black Cat Reinforced Hosiery is play-proof. Extra threads, knit-in, give reinforcement where the wear comes and postpone darning for many long weeks.

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Makers also of Cooper's Bennington Underwear for Men and Boys

THE FREEDOM OF THE AIR LANES

(Continued from Page 14)

For weeks Great Britain and the other allied nations had had such committees, and these had already taken long steps toward the framing of a convention on aërial navigation which should serve as the very foundation for the international laws of the air lanes of the future. For our American committee were appointed Maj. Gen. Mason H. Patrick, commanding our air service in France, and Admiral Knapp, of the Navy.

Much has been written and much more said about the air service of the A. E. F. There have been many misunderstandings; and most of these have risen from the misstatements that patriotic but misguided enthusiasts permitted themselves to make at the very time that we first entered the war. We were to have 100,000 aëroplanes over there before we had been in the big fight eighteen months; the very skies of Germany were to be blackened by American avions. As a matter of fact nothing of the sort was even remotely possible. Yet within a year's working time a great army of aëroplane constructors had been recruited and trained, a successful aviation motor perfected and built to the extent of 3,000,000 horse power, and on the fateful eleventh day of November, 1918, twelve full squadrons of American-built planes were in actual operation over the lines, while a thousand more Yankee planes already were in France and on their way toward the Front.

These are facts; and as facts they make a part of the background for any part that America may play in the international aviation program of the future. It is also a fact that the French—those very French whom doughboy and officer alike of the A. E. F. openly despise, and who, they reiterate, possess "no genius for organization"—furnished 4783 aëroplanes and 6270 motors for the American air forces. And this despite the fact that France, at the end of four years of terrible fighting, was all but completely exhausted industrially. Besides these avions—which went toward the making of the forty-five American air squadrons which were on the Château-Thierry front at the very time when they were most seriously needed—France also furnished, under contract, the spare parts and repairs that were needed. So well did she stand by her contract that she furnished to the United States air-service machines a proportion of one and one-half parts for every part that she furnished her own avions. The Frenchmen played the game.

Ninety Planes in One Day

Still, they did not play it alone. Our air service—fashioned from nothing, born of a country that was war-unprepared and boasted of it—built within a year in France repair plants larger than the largest automobile factories in this country. At our station at Orly, just outside of Paris, in one rush day ninety planes were equipped for service, and the great assembling plant at Romorantin had fifty acres of floor space under cover. I take great pride in setting these things down because in the first place I am an American and hence justly proud of performance wherever performance has been accomplished, and in the second place because so many other Americans have not understood just what was accomplished in France—under terrible handicaps of time and transportation and lack of personnel.

At the time that this is being written long-distance aërial navigation seemingly has begun in earnest. The Atlantic has been crossed by flying machines of one sort or another, not once but thrice. A huge English plane has flown from the mother country down across the ancient civilizations to India itself; another has penetrated into Africa—to fly across the Mediterranean is no longer a feat worthy of more than passing comment in the newspapers. The British Government maintains a daily aëroplane courier service—which occasionally brings an important passenger or two—between London and Paris. The two cities are approximately as far apart as New York and Boston. Yet the air portion of this cross-Channel service ordinarily is accomplished in about two hours and a half, which, with the half hour allowed at each terminal for automobile connections between the centers of these two great metropolitan cities of Europe and their chief aërodromes, makes the time consumed hardly worth reckoning.

I know a young American girl, temporarily resident in Paris, who lunches every week or so with an English aviator who flies over from London for the special purpose and returns after luncheon—and thinks nothing of it. It has become a stunt to have an early *déjeuner* in Paris, lunch at a smart restaurant somewhere in Piccadilly and dine again in the Rue de la Paix. A flying passenger service between London and Paris for such as care to pay the price—eighty-five dollars in each direction—awaits only the execution of certain passport regulations between the countries. You see at every turn the great need of international law to govern these very things.

There is a similar daily courier service between Paris and Brussels—accomplished as a rule more easily than the Paris-London run, inasmuch as it does not involve a long pull over a body of water. Yet even with the vagaries and mist-producing proclivities of the English Channel the Paris-London service was maintained fifty per cent of the days of the hard months of January, February and March of the present year, and the British aviation officers showed no hesitancy whatever in predicting that this would rise to seventy-five or eighty per cent in the six months to follow.

Pathfinding Via Wireless

Fog no longer is a necessary deterrent. A pilot has taken a big plane from the Hendon aërodrome, just outside of London, to Paris, with barely a look at the country below him. He has flown in the tension of the direct wireless—in that marvelous and unseen path of electric transmission that night and day flows unceasingly between the Eiffel Tower, Paris, and Beacon Hill, London. Once in the ruler-edge path the pilot's task is an easy one indeed. Through the exquisite sensibilities of his wireless receiver he quickly comes to know whether he is following the ruler edge or is deviating, even ever so little a bit, from it. If he finds that he is deviating from his course his task is still simple. He begins to tack, to turn and to twist, all the while studying the tension strain of the through current. When it becomes steady and unvarying he knows that again he is in the straight path and headed direct for London or for Paris.

Five years ago this would have been fantasy, a whim worthy of a Jules Verne alone. To-day it is accepted fact; as simple and as accepted as that push button by your side or the telephone upon your desk. We have ceased to wonder, and stoically regard the long-distance aëroplane as calmly as the tricycle or the baby carriage.

"Will the aëroplane ever become a practical transport vehicle for freight or for passengers or even for mail?" you ask. Many men will tell you yes to that without hesitation. They may not be entirely disinterested, however, in giving you the answer, for unless all signs are failing we are shortly to be overwhelmed by hordes of promoters using the romance and the novelty of aviation for the launching of every sort of stock-jobbing scheme, with aërial navigation for its base. Back of these there will be, of course, many sound projects. But these will move slowly. Conservatism does not leap, and as a rule it asks but few confidences.

I am inclined, myself, to say that the answer to your question depends upon the exact construction that you put upon the word "practical." Most of the hard-headed transportation experts to whom I have put it—in aviation and without—lean to that belief. Here is one of them, who has made a careful study of commercial aviation ever since aviation began to have a commercial side. Let him speak for himself:

"For general traffic, even in commodities as light in weight and high in value as passengers or the mails, no. In such general cases the speed factor can hardly overcome the cost. But for special uses—the carriage of extremely high-speed and valuable posts, as well as passengers on special missions, where time is the urgent consideration and cost the secondary one, by all means, yes. To my mind the heavier-than-air machine to-day, and for many, many days hereafter, closely parallels the Pony Express of

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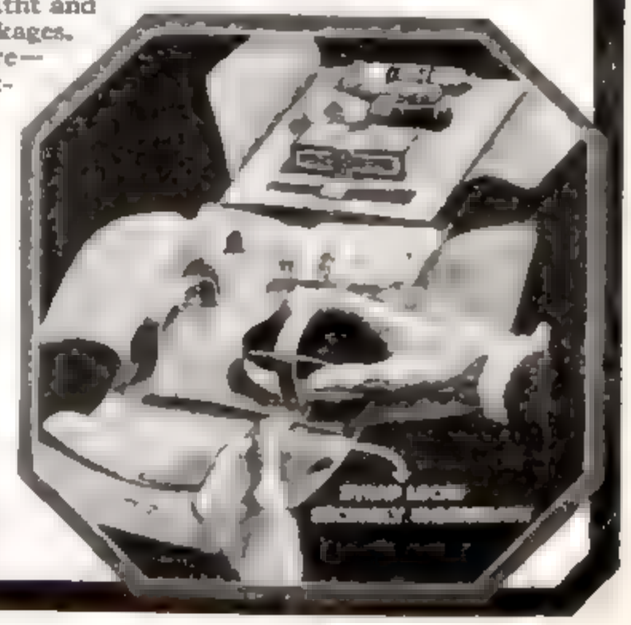

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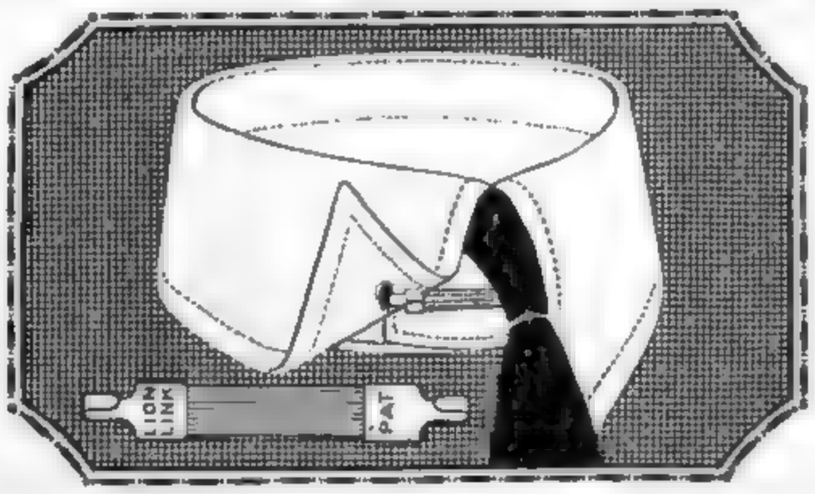

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our country more than half a century ago. You remember the Pony Express?"

Who that ever read of it could easily forget how, in those romantic days of the still great West when the railroad touched the bank of the Missouri but did not cross it, men—in reality they were scarcely more than mere boys, who discharged themselves from their jobs if they permitted their weight to rise above ninety-six pounds—rode in relays all the way from old St. Joe, the terminus of the railroad, to Sacramento, two thousand miles across the plains and the mountains? They rode against fearful handicaps but actually carried small packets of mail from one place to the other in but twelve days' actual elapsed time. It was the most romantic transportation that America has ever seen. Short-lived as it was—the telegraph spanned the North American continent within two years after its inception—it played a distinct and valuable commercial rôle and many a wartime merchant or banker of New York or Philadelphia or Chicago used it as a method of transmitting his most important correspondence with his agents or his customers in California.

A similar rôle falls quite easily to the aëroplane. If the Pony Express of 1860 was worth much to the merchant or banker in New York at that time what may not the air-borne pony express of to-morrow mean to their successors? To-day it seems as if destiny was about to appoint New York the financial capital of the world, against terrific odds of location—of isolation, if you please. At no time within the last half century has London been more than twelve or fourteen hours distant from Paris or Brussels or Amsterdam, hardly a greater time distant from Berlin or Vienna, with Rome and Madrid only a little farther away still. This has meant much in the transmission of letters, securities, valuables of every sort.

Aviation's Effect on Finance

"Give me a fairly reliable air-mail service across the Atlantic, 135 miles an hour as against thirty-five by our fastest water-borne ships," said a man the other day who has made a great study of international banking, "and I shall not have long to live to see New York the real money center of the world in fact as well as in sentiment."

"A service more valuable than cable?" I suggested.

"You cannot send legal signatures by cable," was his instant reply. "And banking, whether international or local, is built largely upon signatures; which, in turn, places New York—to-day eight days distant from either London or Paris—at a tremendous disadvantage in her attempts to seize and to maintain the high prestige of the financial capital of the world. The value of a dependable transatlantic air-mail service would be well worth a large cost."

Return, if you will, to the Pony Express. It could not transport passengers, no matter how dearly they might be willing to pay for the privilege. The aëroplane can and does, and makes the passengers pay the price, for it is no piffling matter, this running an airship. The fact that the crew in all probability consists of but one man, the pilot, argues little. For every plane that England held in the air during her fighting rôle in the great war so lately ended she had twenty men employed in the ground service of her aviation; with fifty more in training back in Blighty. This takes no account whatever of the number of men employed in the actual construction of the planes. When our own air service in France figured last September on having 4000 additional aëroplanes in service in France by this July—if the war had lasted until that time—it also figured on having 160,000 men for their operation and upkeep.

Of course under peace conditions this great proportion would quickly drop; yet there will remain—even under the most favorable conditions—the necessity for many men on the ground for every plane up in the air. The gasoline and oil consumption of a seven-hundred horse-power engine quickly runs to great costs. Indeed it is no piffling matter to operate an aëroplane, even of the simplest sort. And on short runs the time saving is so slight as by no means to be adequate to balance the overwhelming costs. This last Pershing found when he gave a passing thought toward establishing a courier service by aëroplane between General Headquarters at Chaumont and the Army's district headquarters at Paris, eighty-four miles distant. He took the matter up with the heads of his air service, but they gave him little encouragement.

"Under average and logical operating conditions it will take a plane close to two hours to make the run between the aërodromes outside of each place, even on the days when it is possible to make the trip. Add to that the actual running time of half an hour between the aërodromes and headquarters in each place and you have nearly three hours consumed; while a courier with an automobile or motorcycle with side car can do it in less than four hours, and in almost every condition of weather."

The idea was abandoned.

Chaumont-Coblenz Air Liaison

On the other hand between the General Headquarters at Chaumont and those of the Army of Occupation at Coblenz-on-the-Rhine aëroplane courier could be used and actually has been used to great advantage. There the great distances involved and the speed saving of the slowest plane over the fastest motor car have quickly overweighed any terminal disadvantages. Between the two important cities of London and Paris the delay in transshipment at Boulogne or Calais and Folkestone or Dover with the tedious boat trip across the Channel is quickly overweighed.

And what shall one say when one comes to consider the great distances that outlie the more closely built sections of the Old World? The vast distance from Cairo to Karachi, India, actually has been covered recently by a single plane and aviator—without relays—in thirty-six hours' running time and less than five days of elapsed time.

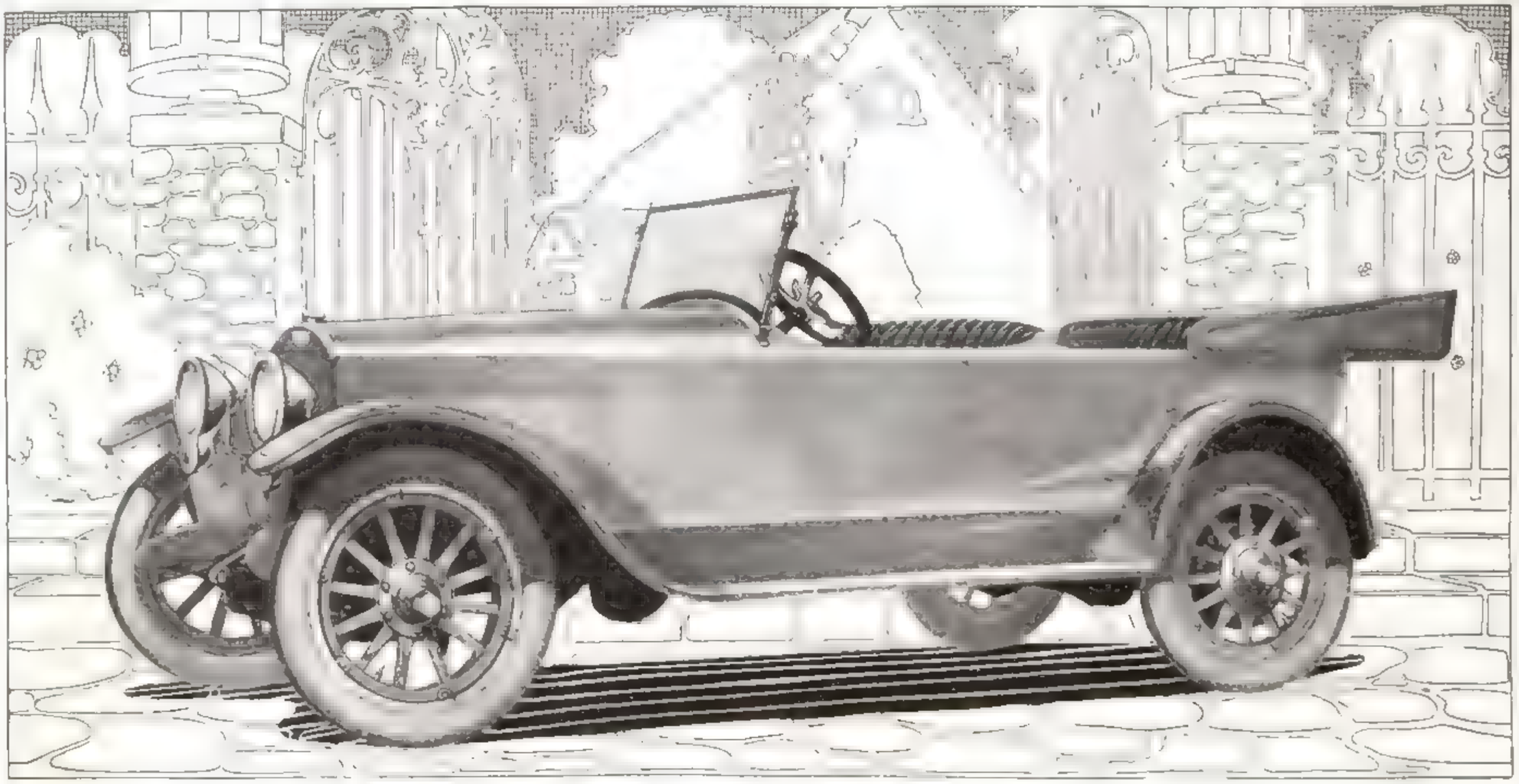
Recently the British found it necessary to bring one of their experts from Bagdad to the peace conference at Paris. The need was urgent. The expense was of no importance. The envoy came from the Euphrates to the Nile in ten hours' actual time. By the best of land-and-water transportation, going down through the Arabian Sea and round Arabia and up the Red Sea to the Suez, it takes six weeks to two months to go from Bagdad to Cairo. But just eight days after this man left the gleaming streets of the ancient political capital of the world he was in its modern one, upon the Champs Elysées and in the very shadow of the Arc de Triomphe. And he had used a steamer to cross the Mediterranean, a mere plebeian fast express of the P. L. M. to scurry across France. If there had been aëroplane transportation arranged all the way he might easily have done the entire trip in five days; perhaps in four.

Cost? Of course it costs. The expense of maintaining a long-distance air lane is terrific. To begin with there must be emergency stations set out at intervals of approximately 250 miles. In the wonderful standardization which England already has accomplished as a prelude to her commercial conquest of the air as once she conquered the seas she sets out landing and emergency stations of three distinct classes: In the third, or lowest, type her aviators find gasoline—they call it petrol—oil and the simplest of repair parts; in the second type the stock of repair parts is much more complete—axles, wheels, possibly even wings are carried; while in the first, or highest, type of landing station all these things are on hand, entire engines as well, for replacement, and complete machine shops with adequate personnel. Those of this highest type are placed at fairly long intervals—there are already two on the air-lane route between London and India. But provision is rapidly being made for many more of every type.

The aviator knows these stations. They are shown upon his maps and so clearly marked in actuality that they may be discerned even from great heights. The very knowledge of their existence is a great comfort to him. More than that, it is hardly possible that there would be many flights from England to India or to South Africa without them; the factor of uncertainty still runs high in aëroplaning.

"Of course," resumes the gentleman with whom we were just speaking, "though the aëroplane—the heavier-than-air machine—may be so expensive in operation

(Continued on Page 129)



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CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

(Continued from Page 126)

as to render it impractical for commercial uses save in long flights, the same thing does not hold true in case of the dirigible—the lighter-than-air machine. Fifty to sixty per cent of the power of the aëroplane is used for the mere purpose of holding it aloft; only the remainder is available for driving it forward or upward. With the dirigible all the power is used for driving, with the direct result that heavier loads may be carried at far less cost; and the allied factors of stability and safety are, of course, also much higher. It is the dirigible that may yet be the airship of largest commercial possibility; and this despite the almost complete military failure of the Zeppelin."

The English evidently think this way. Skilled as they are already in the production of heavier-than-air machines, and greatly as they are increasing their proficiency month by month, they are not neglecting the dirigible. On the contrary they are preparing to make it of immense commercial service, both for freight and for passengers. The recent remarkable performances of the R-34 should be proof enough of this. They are making a particular study of helium and other noninflammable gases, so as to bring down to practically nothing the fire risk from lightning or any other conceivable cause. It is enough here to say that England actually is making progress and within an astonishingly short space of time will be in a position to astound the rest of the world with the definite things she has accomplished.

All this time we have all but lost sight of that big plane that went scouting across the English Channel in the mist and dark and dropped the forbidden diamonds into the hands of the accomplice smugglers in the fields. That distinctly irregular transaction typifies the newest problem of the aëroplanes—the necessity for the convention to make international law for them and to give the convention real force to have it incorporated in the newest Treaty of Paris, which at this moment seemingly embraces all world topics, with the possible exception of prohibition and the height of women's heels. Yet without such a convention—and one of a real legal force—we should soon be in seeming chaos. To understand what such a convention may really mean let us again consider that freebooting aëroplane invading the sacred precincts of Albion and violating the laws of His Britannic Majesty.

No A. W. O. L. for Airships

If this is the year 1924 and the big airship cleared from the Paris aërodrome before heading north it is well to assume that she had a manifest and that the British customs agent there at the aërodrome took jolly good care to inspect her before she took off and began her flight into the night. London was her professed destination and the wireless of her manifest actually preceded her. Between the two aërodromes she had no legal right to stop, save in an operating emergency, and then she should have promptly wirelessed her plight to the nearest receiving station. Neither did she have a legal right to deviate from the direct air lane between the two cities clearly platted and in the aviator's map book, while the direct tension would show him beyond a particle of doubt how closely he was adhering to the path. When the freebooter alighted—somewhere near, let us say, Amiens—and took on the diamonds she started her career as A. W. O. L., and when she dropped that precious cargo in the Surrey field she began to be a deliberate offender without much hope of mercy.

For understand, if you will, that the same laws of the convention that provided that an airship of her size and carrying capacity must have full wireless equipment—despite the cost and the weight, a legal necessity, just the same as for water-borne ships above a certain size and type—provided that she must be registered at the leading aviation stations of the world. The distinguishing mark and number that she bore upon the under surface of her avions were placed there with the definite idea of identifying her. To attempt the removal of them or to change them in any way whatever would be to compound felony. And one wonders, if he stands at the elbow of Constable Barney Bruce, why the airship after she had dropped the diamonds did not proceed on to London and register in at the aërodrome there, in accordance with her manifest. But one understands when he realizes the efficiency of the British air patrol, despite all the great difficulties under which it labors, that after all the best gamble was to beat it back to France, where surveillance of every sort though always more elaborate is always less thorough, thus giving a larger chance of escape.

It is because of these very things that the aviation convention of the great peace treaty of 1919 has laid down so very carefully the international rights of the airship. It has begun by realizing the inalienable rights of a nation—for military or any other reasons—to interdict certain portions of its territory from being traversed by aëroplanes. Not long ago a humorous periodical printed a picture of Jersey City deserted by 1930—the aëroplane wedding parties traveling from New York to Atlantic City and Washington had reduced it to an Arras-like and untenanted ruin by pelting it with old shoes and bottles. There was more truth than fiction in that idea, for in the future no wise man will knowingly build his country place directly underneath a through air route. And the air routes will be placarded and to a large extent public property, for despite the provisions of international law against casting anything overboard from an airship traveling across the land, there are bound to be for a long time the noise and the utter lack of privacy.

Limiting Ownership of the Air

There is, however, a still more serious side to the situation. Not long ago one of the more southerly Latin nations of Europe actually sought to bar its territory to the planes of other nations unless they should pay a definite tax to it, and then proceeded on the theory that it would begin the sale of air rights over the land just as water rights and mining rights and oil rights are sold with so many titles in the United States. That would have furnished a dangerous precedent had it been permitted. England, with her own fairly definite notions of the freedom of the seas, proceeded months before the signing of the Paris treaty to serve notice to this Latin nation that she would permit no such attitude upon its part, with the direct result that into the air convention has been written a clause that provides that any nation may interdict as much of its territory as it pleases against aëroplane traffic, but that it must forbid the very same territory to its own planes, freight or passenger, private or commercial, that it forbids to the recognized and registered planes of other nations. In other words, a Canadian aëroplane flying into and over the United States has recognized rights, both of entry and of passage, just as a British ship sailing into New York Harbor and up the Hudson River to Yonkers or to Newburgh has certain recognized rights, both of entry and of passage.

These things are of great importance. On the other hand it is of equal importance that a foreign ship—air or water—coming into a nation comply with certain definite rules. The rules of the water pathways are historic and for a long time now have been basic law. Water ships do not land hit-or-miss along a nation's coast line, but come to certain recognized and mapped ports where there are custom-houses and the other paraphernalia of legal entrance. In the same way air-borne ships must come to recognized air ports—ports whose gateways may not be so readily discernible to the naked eye as the gateways of Boston Harbor or of New York, but which are carefully mapped and have a very definite existence.

And even the naked eye may see the aërodrome—in some open, level, treeless place, closely adjacent to our larger cities. On every local and international map of the air lanes these will be set down and their very form and markings standardized. The international convention has provided for all these things.

For instance, beginning with the assumption that the aërodrome, square or round, has a rough diameter of about a mile, it is quickly divided into three great sectors of equal size all rising from a base line oriented so as to proceed directly east and west at the extreme south edge of the field. The left sector is the landing stage; the central one, the neutral ground; and the right, the take-off, or departing field. It is from this last, of course, that flight begins. The aviator leads his plane out from

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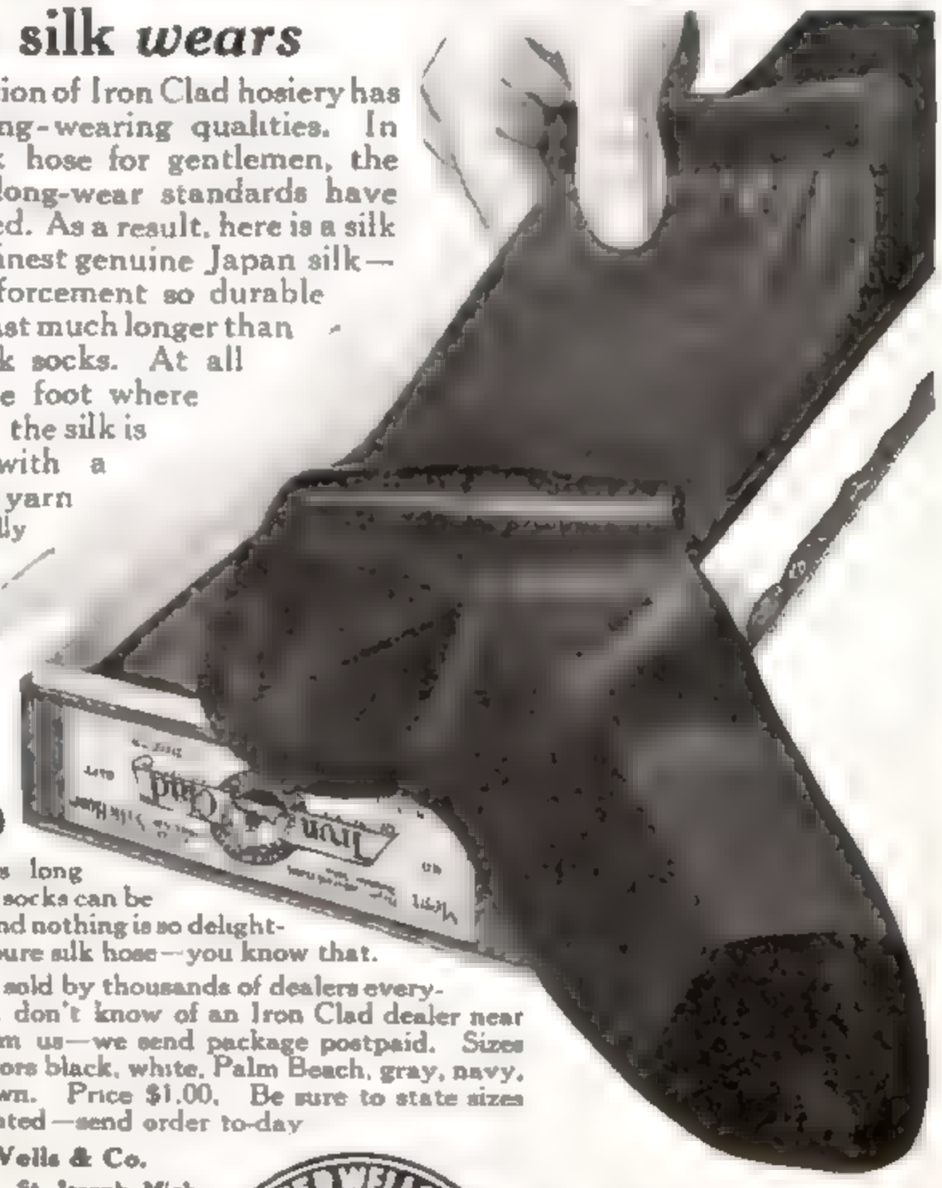

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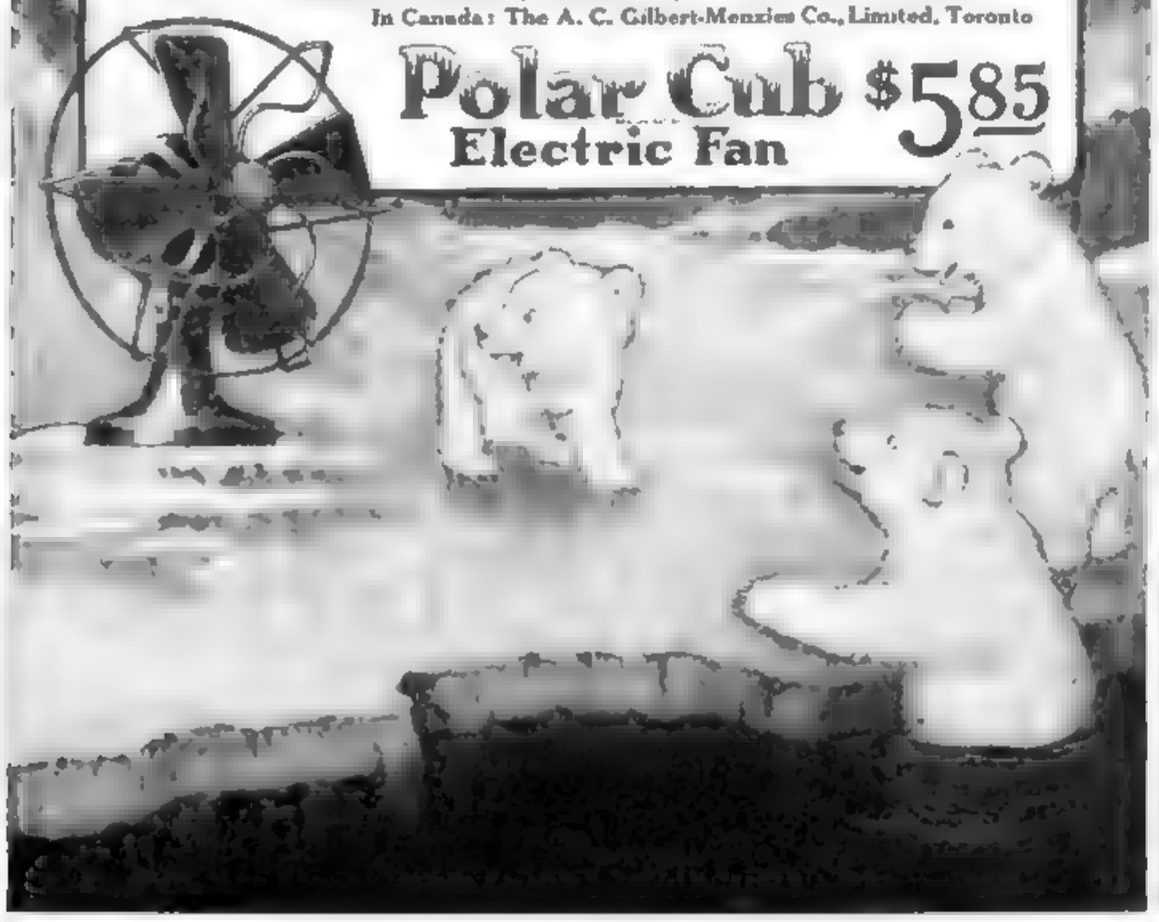

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the neutral ground, which has direct connection with the hangars and their repair shops, and proceeds to the extreme right of the take-off. From there he begins his flight.

When he returns to the ground—at this or any other standardized international aërodrome—he lands in the left sector at its extreme left. After which he can taxi—to use his own pet phrase—slowly back to the central, or neutral, field and thence to the hangars. It is all simple and orderly and good traffic regulation, and so should work out with no more trouble and complication than the traffic handling at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue in New York.

Even the markings of these international aërodromes are, under the workings of the new convention, to be standardized. In rough they consist of a huge rectangle with one side open about thirty feet by forty, oriented to the compass, with the long base line and the open side on the north. The three closed sides of this rectangle, the distinguishing mark and the number upon it—which correspond to the markings in the aviator's standardized maps—are fashioned of whitewashed stones in huge lines four feet in width. At night lights, either white or colored, will serve as guides to nocturnal aviators.

Moreover, it is still entirely possible that these aërodromes will be further marked by huge lighthouses—great balloons plainly marked and numbered and held aloft two or three thousand feet by steel cables and so keeping within a reasonably fixed position. In turn these balloons will also carry night lights—that is, if they are ever introduced in great numbers. The wisdom of their adoption is in great question by many expert aviators.

"I should find myself living in constant dread of them," says a distinguished British flyer of my acquaintance, one who has risen very high in the ranks of his profession. "Suppose a thick fog comes upon me in the air as so often it does—and I am flying 135 miles or better. If I miss the balloon that marks my destination I can go quite a distance beyond, can't I, before I realize that I have gone astray? But it is not missing that I am afraid of, old man. It's the other thing. For suppose I do not see the old balloon but run into it; that the steel cable should cut off one of my wings, as easily it might. A nice fix I'd be in then. And you know what that means."

Powerful Lights for Aërodromes

Indeed I do know. An aviator falling with his machine, but dropping on a long incline, or volplane, and right side up, has a good fighting chance of saving his life. But pancaking! The aëroplane drops to the earth in a plummet line. And an insurance actuary would give nothing for an aviator's chances in such a catastrophe.

The English aviator insists great arc lights upon the ground and pointing straight upward would give plenty of direction, by day as well as by night. I myself have seen, on certain of our own American railroads, these same intensely high-powered electric lights used in block-signal service and giving abundant and definite indication even at a long distance and with a brilliant sun blazing upon them. The thing seems incredible, yet it has been accomplished with no difficulty whatever.

Though these matters and many others are being laid down in the international convention it does not become effective save as the various states adopt it and then only in such as have ratified it. In the meantime the states that have adopted it will have a full right to bar completely from their territory all aëroplanes of nations that have refused or neglected to ratify the convention—a right that some of them are preparing to exert without delay. England and France are moving very rapidly in this matter; most if not all the other large European nations will fall in line without great delay. England in particular is making her air regulations as effective and as efficient as her great plans for the expansion of her traffic in the air lanes of the world. She is preparing to designate the certain definite entrance ways and exit ways that the convention permits, and, as I have already shown earlier in this article, is actively engaged upon the organization of her national aërial police.

In the space of this article I have dwelt upon only some of the more important international features that the Paris convention recognizes and seeks to adjust. There are many others in its forty-one articles and six great annexes. The examination and licensing of both machines and their crews for air worthiness in international traffic are of grave importance. An aëroplane is not a toy to be trusted in the hands of careless builders or operators. I have mentioned once or twice the necessity of defining the ports of entry and the procedure for using them. With that phase of the problem comes the question of a right of an aeroplane to fly over a state from frontier to frontier. May not the state which is so flown over have the right to compel a landing and, if it feels that it is a necessity, to compel a search of machine and crew and passengers? And shall a foreign commercial aeroplane, having landed once within the confines of a state, be permitted to carry freight or passengers to another point within that nation? This latter has been a vexed question in the case of watercraft, and at no point more troublous than along the water portions of our Canadian frontier.

Similarity of Sea and Air Laws

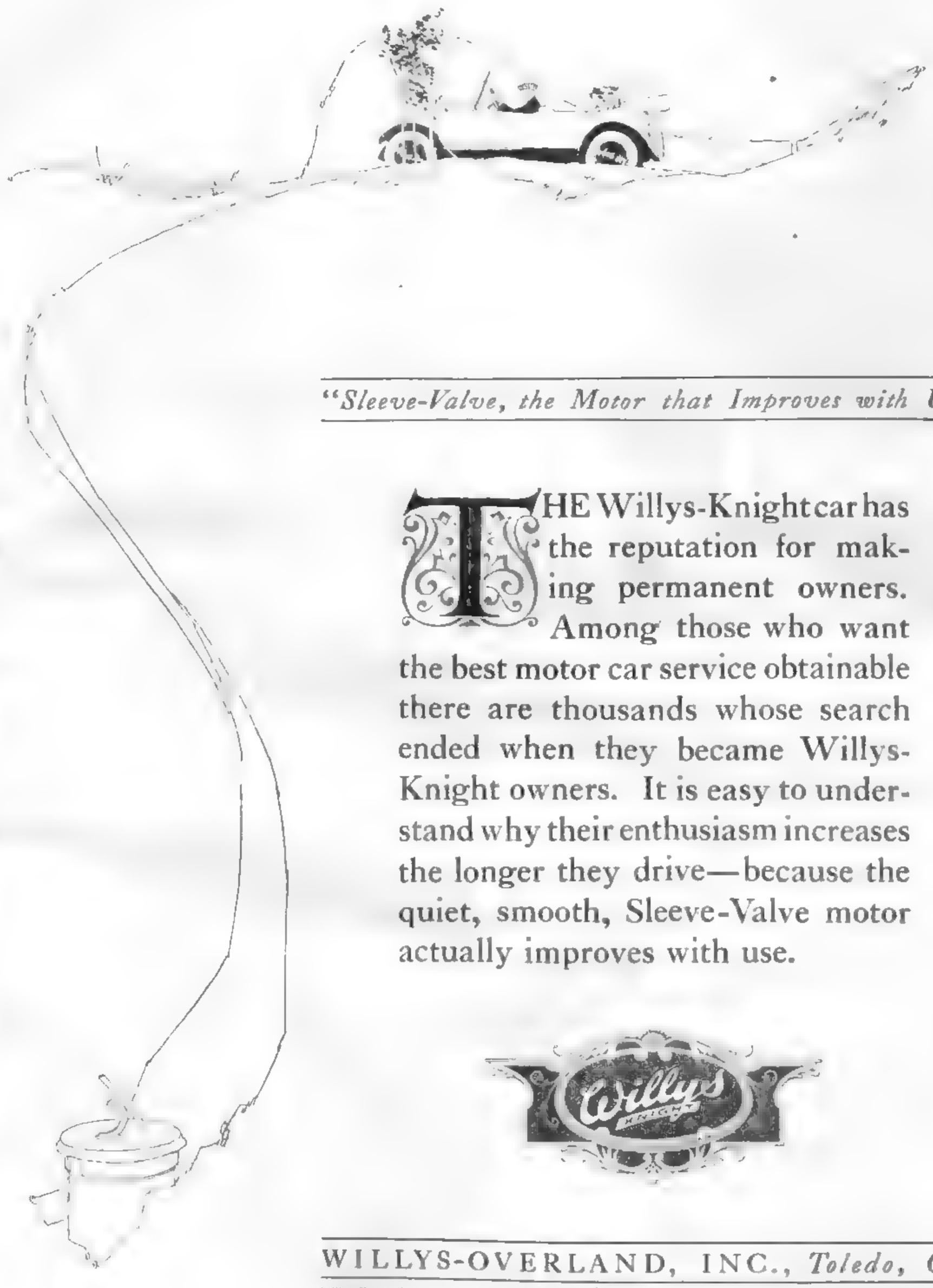
The convention recognizes these things. It states that an international aëroplane, duly inspected and licensed and registered, has a definite right to fly across a nation from frontier to frontier; but that on the other hand the nation so crossed has an equal right to compel a descent and examination. It prohibits the carriage of dangerous articles—particularly explosives—and states that nations shall have the right to forbid, entirely or in part, the use of photography or wireless on the part of a foreign craft over their territory. Military aircraft are placed in a class apart and may not fly outside their own country save by a special authorization of the state visited, in which case treatment shall be in accordance with the usual rules prevailing in the case of visiting ships of war. In many instances the ancient rules of the sea have thus served as foundations for the new laws of the upper regions, and in the case of crimes committed on craft in the high heavens have been copied almost literally.

In some of these points the convention serves as a guide rather than as a master. And for that reason, perhaps, its provisions include an arbitration clause for the settlement of disputes, and one which definitely places it on a peace basis, as not affecting the rights and duties of belligerents or neutrals in time of war. As regards the future, this Paris convention of 1919 looks toward the formation of a permanent international commission on aërial navigation, which will keep in close touch with all the developments in the navigation of the air.

These things are definite. A great deal was accomplished in Paris in the last weeks of the peace conference in settling down the basic law for the air lanes. And the United States though coming in tardily has had a real part, thanks to the ability of her representatives, General Patrick and Admiral Knapp, in the making of this basic law. This gives us no excuse, however, for now sitting back complacently and surveying with quite just pride what has been done, for with the making of basic law for the freedom of the air lanes only a beginning has been touched.

England knows this. The formulation of international air law she recognized as only one foundation for the great campaign of commercial aviation upon which she is preparing to embark. In her opinion an equally great foundation lies in the correlation and the standardization of her various phases of aëroplane activity. While we flounder in America—while the aviation of our Army goes in one direction, the aviation of our Navy in another, and our commercial aviation plans, what there are of them, in a third—we surely are some individualists, we Americans—England plans cleverly and definitely to correlate all her activities and then first to standardize her aircraft, so that a plane compelled to drop at one of the stations which already she is placing all over the world—to make a single instance, because of engine trouble—may find another there fit and ready for almost instant use, and so go forward without serious delay. The other great nations of Europe are also awake to the possibilities of the situation. They are not only building commercial planes in great quantities but making definite and correlated plans for their use.

And all this while we nod.



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BEEF, IRON AND WINE

(Continued from Page 17)

At this point, a photograph, animated by the jar of his forward movement, went tumbling to the floor from the piano top. Clusters of Jen's lovers were gathered there, some of them now in uniform—none of them pleasing in the sight of current lovers. With a little cry of anguish Jen stooped and recovered her treasure. It was a picture of Elmer and Edward sent from abroad on a post card just after they had gone ashore in France as joint salvors of the Black Python.

"Who is the gob?" asked Mr. Yates, leaning jealously over her shoulder.

"That's Mr. Styles, one of papa's friends. I've never actually seen him; and yet, I don't know, he seems like one of the family and I feel as if I had known him all my life. You know how you will sometimes. It seems he was papa's right-hand man in salvaging that ship after her crew had abandoned her. I think he's an elegant-looking fellow—there, don't you? There's something so congenial-looking about him. I don't know, you feel as if you would be safe with a man like that anywheres. Don't you think so?"

At this very moment—such is the magic hand of chance celebrated by the poet—Mr. Styles was taking in his horny grip the full-chested brazen mermaid which served as a knocker to the front door. Whatever his shortcomings, it could not be said of him that he had a hand like a woman.

So summoned, Jen ran and opened the door, immediately gave a pretty shriek, clapped her hands together, gave way and said: "Come right in, Mr. Styles. I knew you the minute I laid eyes on you. Why, where is father?"

"Delayed," said Styles. "He had to stop over to see about his license. He's O. K., though—sound of wind and limb and playful as a kitten."

"Well, I declare, didn't your ears burn you a minute ago? Mr. Yates and I were just talking about you. Mr. Yates, this is the Mr. Styles I had reference to."

"Speak of the devil," said Styles, shaking hands with Yates and Mrs. Higgins. "What were you saying about me?"

"Nothing but good, you may rest assured of that," said Jen. "Right this way. Supper's all on the table. You see we were going to wait for you the way one little pig waits for another."

"You're having chow. Had I better butt in now?"

"Most assuredly," Jen answered with consuming earnestness. "I should never forgive myself if you didn't. Besides, I know you are one that can take us just as you find us."

"Elmer wrote us that you had a dreadful passage," said Pearl, heaping up his plate.

"Pass Mr. Styles the raised biscuit, mother," said Jen.

"Jen made these herself," said Pearl graciously. "She can beat her mother on them now. He says the ship next door to you capsized."

"She took brine through the nose once or twice all right," said Styles. "It seems good to get home food, Mrs. Higgins."

"I suppose it does," said Pearl. "Poor boys, I suppose nobody knows what you have been through that hasn't been and seen for themselves."

"How did you feel, going through the war zone?" asked Jen.

"It's funny about me," said Styles. "I don't want to pose for the hero stuff or anything like that, understand; I'm not one of these guys that like to go round hanging on a lot of dog."

"It wouldn't be your nature to," interjected Jen.

"Well, be that as it may, I never gave those tin fish a thought," continued Edward. "I used to take my clothes off every night just the same as if I was home. I tell you! I doped it out this way: if they're going to get me, they'll get me, so why cheese myself up over it?"

"Yes, of course—if only anyone can bring themselves to think that way," said Pearl.

"But the suspense," breathed Jen. "Mustn't the suspense have been awful?"

"Yes, the suspense is awful," countered Styles with his most congenial look.

Mr. Yates cleared his throat and called harshly for a glass of water.

"Now, Mr. Styles, you know what I mean," drawled Jen, pouting and prolonging that last word and playing the part of a well-intentioned girl being teased and having her words taken in a wrong sense.

"Of course we never knew when we rolled in where we might wake up for breakfast," added Styles. "It might be neither here nor there, as the C. P. O. said."

"I can't get over it, thinking you've been there right in the thick of it," murmured Jen. "Didn't your heart beat faster the first time you went into action?"

"Only from eagerness to get into the riot," said Styles with a wink at Yates. "Then again I got a smoker's heart. You would expect it to pound some."

"Have you?" said Jen. "Why, Mr. Yates here has a weak heart too! Mercy, that reminds me—speaking of disease—I've forgotten my medicine!"

"There, you see what havoc you've created," said Pearl, giggling.

"What do you take?" inquired Styles.

"Beef, iron and wine," answered Jen, holding up a squat triangular bottle.

"Strong mixture," commented the wireless operator. "Sounds like a punch in every snifter. But you don't look sick."

"That's what I tell mother. I don't look sick and people don't give me credit for being sick. But that's always the way with nervous diseases: the patients don't get any sympathy because they don't show it in the face. But I have—I've fallen away something fierce."

"I wish you could see how that girl has lost flesh," sighed Mrs. Higgins. "Of course she keeps up as best she can in company and holds in and holds in, but the minute your back is turned she goes all to pieces. I sometimes think that girl hasn't got a drop of blood left in her body. She hasn't any reserve, don't you know. The doctor says himself she hasn't a blessed thing to fall back on. She looks like the ghost of her former self."

"Some ghost!" said Styles.

"I don't know. The young people now aren't what they were when I was a girl. They haven't the stamina. Why, I can remember going out and dancing till sunrise and coming home with not a dry stitch on my body; and into my bed and take forty winks and up again and do a big day's work and think nothing of it. We had to in those days. But I don't know what's come over them now; they don't seem able to do it. Jen is just as dependent on her sleep as a baby; and she's a total wreck if she doesn't get it. It just seems to take the starch right out of her."

"Let's change the subject," said Jen. "There's a thousand and one questions I want to ask you. For one thing, you haven't told us what a submarine looks like, going through the water."

"You don't see those babies," replied Styles. "You wake up and hear tell about them."

"Just you think! They're right off this coast now."

"Off this coast?"

"Shoals of them! The new ships have to take their trial trips nights now. And the spies! My land, they say you can't trust your next-door neighbor nowadays! That's Mr. Yates' business, you know—he's in the secret service."

"I'll keep it dark," said Styles, raising his eyebrows.

"Oh, it's all right if we know it," Jen hastened on. "It's only outsiders we have to be afraid of. Yes, he leads such a life—up at all hours of the night. Whenever a report comes in he has to drop whatever he is doing and go investigate it."

"What gets reported?"

"Lights mostly. It makes me creep all over to hear about these mysterious lights. You know, they think there's somebody on shore trying to get into communication with a submarine to tell them when the next trial trip is due."

"We know there is," Mr. Yates chimed in gloomily. "The thing is to catch them."

The knocker was just then brought down sharply on the front door and the two women gasped.

"I thought I was sent for," Pearl assured them, with one hand on her heart.

But it was Mr. Yates who was sent for. The purser of the steamer Etta was waiting for him on the porch with a countenance as white as paper.

"You got a sailor in there with you?" said the purser. "Big fellow with light curly hair?"

"Yes," said Mr. Yates.

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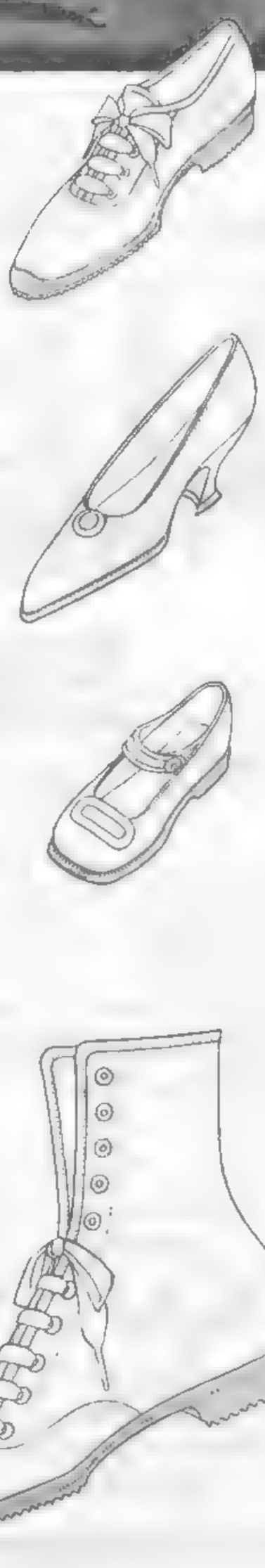

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"He's wanted," gasped the other, swallowing hard. "That is, we think there's been foul play. We can't locate Elmer Higgins. He got aboard and he was still aboard at Indian Head, that I'll swear to; and when last seen he was talking to this big sailor. Come to dock, everybody walks off the Etta, and lo and behold Elmer was among the missing."

"You think this fellow threw him overboard?" inquired the detective.

"We don't know what to think," replied the purser.

"What earthly reason could he have had?"

"Reason? Why, man, the Government had just paid him off for his share in the salvage of that ship! He had the money in gold in a canvas bag stamped with the government stamp, tucked inside his grip; and he was going round making his brags about it too. Hawkins there brought it aboard; and it was all one man could stagger under."

Mr. Yates was in a quandary. Glad as he might have been to see the fellow jugged, to find responsibility for his safekeeping resting on his own shoulders was not so pleasant. The whole business of being a detective had suddenly grown to ominous proportions.

"But what became of that bag?" he inquired, for want of something more to the point. "It didn't walk off itself, did it?"

"He might have got it ashore in the confusion," said the purser. "Or more likely he sank it and knows just where he can get at it. Gold won't rust."

"I know, but isn't it stark staring madness for the man to come here of all places, Jim? Inquire his way here and sit down to supper with them just as if nothing was out of the way?"

"I suppose you'll be arguing next that Elmer is right here with us," said the purser tartly. "I can't furnish you with a theory: I'm simply stating facts; and if they look you out of countenance who's to blame for it?"

"No evidence of a struggle, I suppose?"

"No; but the punt was gone. Cut clear. That's a blind of course."

"And what is it you want me to do?"

"That's for you to make up your mind, ain't it?" returned the purser. "The judge is out of town and the deputy sheriff is flat on his back with sciatica. So you do just as you please. I've haired myself up about it long enough and I'm about ready to wash my hands of it."

"Just a minute, will you?" called Mr. Yates weakly. "I'm not in the best of trim myself, as a matter of fact. I've had one of my sick days."

"I've got a lot of business matters that want going over," the purser flung back over his shoulder. "Why don't you just lay low and keep an eye on him and see that he don't get out of bounds till you see whether some more evidence don't turn up?"

The wretched detective, left to his own devices, stared into the gloom. He presently made up his mind that that would be perhaps the best course open to him. There was certainly a bad look about the thing. Granting that for some reason Elmer had left the steamer in the punt, why had Styles lied in giving the reason for his nonappearance? The sailor had said that he stopped over to see about his license. But how could the man see about his license on an island to all intents and purposes deserted? It was a twelve-mile row to the town from Indian Head. Was it reasonable to think that Elmer would have turned back in such a craft when but a stone's throw from his home, and after so long and perilous an absence?

Of one thing the detective was convinced: It would never do to advise the Higginses openly that their lord and master was thought to have been thrown to the fishes by the very man now sheltering himself under their rooftree. He passed miserably back into the house.

Jen was showing Mr. Styles her book of snapshots and looking on over his shoulder.

"Yes, that's Mame Lowell," she was saying. "Isn't she a perfect scream in that picture? She's the dearest girl, really! She's married now; got the swellest bungalow with built-in bookcases, don't you know; and the dearest man that ever walked on two legs; and she has two maids and doesn't have to lift a hand herself. She weighed only ninety-six pounds when she was married and now she tips the scales at one hundred and seventy. Would you have thought she'd have fleshed up so? But they say he just worships the ground she walks on. Here's Mr. Yates back. It's not the lights again, is it?"

"No," said the detective in a low tone. He was in a very great dilemma. He knew that a party should be organized at once to drag for Elmer's body; but to go on that errand would leave the suspected criminal to make his get-away. On the other hand, to insist that Styles accompany him, he would have to publish to the Higgins household the dreadful cloud under which the fellow rested. He would, therefore, have to wait for a moment alone with him.

At Jen's request he picked his violin out of its case in the corner—for his instrument was already an inmate here if Mr. Yates was not—and played them a selection to the lady's accompaniment. With the last note she let her hands drop limp in her lap, palms up and with a deep sigh as if she had been drinking at a fountain.

"I do think the violin is the next thing to the human voice, don't you, Mr. Styles? And doesn't Mr. Yates play exquisitely?"

"You're some girlie with the box yourself," said Edward.

"Oh, Mr. Styles, now you know you're just trying to say something nice! You mustn't do anything to make me think you're insincere. I've scarcely touched it since father's been away—not anything to amount to anything, that is—and my fingers are as stiff ——"

"Mother," said Jen with a look of discovery, "whom does Mr. Styles remind you of?"

"I've been sitting here asking myself that very question," said Pearl. "His face is just as familiar to me."

"Cousin Willie," supplied her daughter in triumph.

"Why, so he does!" said Pearl. "You always were the greatest hand for seeing likenesses."

"It's Cousin Willie to a T. I don't know, there's something about his eyes and the way he carries himself; and he's got the same identical voice and all. I should think it was Cousin Willie in the room with us. Cousin Willie's on a Montana ranch," she explained in an aside to Edward. "He's really a splendid young fellow and he writes the most interesting letters home. You've no idea how strong the resemblance is."

"I used to rustle cattle in Texas myself," said Edward.

"Mr. Styles, really?"

"Fact! I could pound the leather with the best of them at one time. The boys used to call me a ridin' fool, down there. It's funny about me. I seem to be always hanging on by the skin of my teeth, somehow."

"A real cow-puncher?"

"A man had to be there, whether he wanted to or not. You take the punchers in Texas; they just naturally shove their feet clear into the stirrup and pray to God they won't fall off. Yes, it's a man's country down there."

"I thought you must have, you seemed so supple and athletic," said Jen admiringly. "We don't breed such men in our pale Northern climes. Why, perhaps you would be interested to see Cousin Willie's lasso that he sent us? Mother, bring it in!"

It was hanging from a peg in the back entry. Pearl fetched it.

"Aha! It's a grass rope," said Styles, taking it into his hand expertly. "Mexican horsehair is more my style."

"I'm just itching to see it in action," cried Jen. "How would it do if we were to go outside and lasso Mr. Yates?"

"Fine! I do my best work in the dark," said Styles as she threw open the front door. Mr. Yates joined them on the lawn with an air of dark reticence. Almost at once a Boy Scout rushed up to him with the information that the mysterious light had been seen flashing again, this time clearer than before, from the windows of the house on Indian Head.

"All right," said the detective hoarsely.

"Just one minute!" cried Jen, and dashed into the house.

Only one course was now open to Mr. Yates. He came close to Styles and exhibited a pearl-handled revolver, barrel foremost.

"You are under arrest," he said directly.

"Now don't be new," said Styles as shortly. "I know your stuff cold. You are afraid I will work loose here and compete for the privilege of paying up back taxes. Nothing doing! What's the charge?"

"You are wanted for the murder of Elmer Higgins," croaked the detective.

Mr. Styles went cold along his spine.

(Continued on Page 137)

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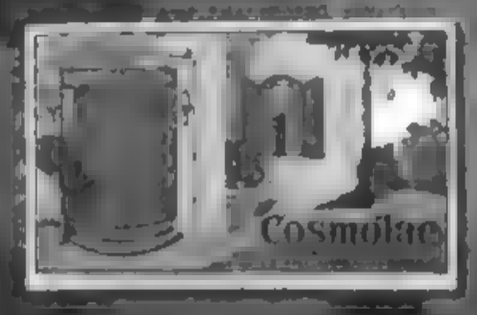

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(Continued from Page 134)

"Funny what a long time it takes sound to travel here," he said. "Once again on the slapstick stuff."

"You heard me!"

"Has the body been found?"

"Do you confess then?"

"And I called this a bowl-and-pitcher town!" said Styles in humiliated accents.

At this point he might perhaps have cleared up the mystery to everybody's satisfaction; for he thought he knew the meaning of this light in the house on Indian Head. But on second thought, piqued by the detective's attitude, he decided to say nothing.

"Go ahead and see what you can hang on me," he said.

"You can see for yourself what a shock it would be to the lady to know the facts at the present time," continued the detective. "I am going to take you with me in the boat. At the first sign of a suspicious move ——"

"Drill me through the bean, hey?" supplied Styles. "Well, you have the opening number."

Jen now reappeared on the scene. She had the hide and hair of a timber wolf drawn round her shoulders and in her eye shone an imperious light.

"Don't either of you say a word against my going, for you'll only waste your breath," she said, taking each of them by an elbow and urging them forward. "I just can't contain myself a moment longer. I'm going with you or I'm going by my lonesome. Hush!"

They were already mingling with the throng bound for the movies. Snatches of fevered discussion fell on their ears:

"What I can't see is—there he snatched her from the jaws of death with hardly a stitch on her, picked her out of those raging waters wet to the skin; and then when they came out of the cabin together she was in full regalia. She had on an elegant dress, there. How do you suppose —— Yes, but what will her father say to all this? You know he was opposed to it in the beginning. Well, I guess he'll know better another time than to step between two lovers —— Don't you remember? They marooned him on the coast of Arabia and left him there to come to his senses."

"Look here, Jen!" said Yates, snatching at a straw. "You can't leave them in the lurch this way at the movies."

"I telephoned Sade Haskins to take my place, Thoughtful," said Jen sparkling. "Come on; I may not be such a burden as you think for."

Mr. Yates was in no frame of mind to argue. He followed them along the path which led to the dock where was moored the mahogany-planked speed boat lent by its owner to the Government. The Beat 'Em To It was laid down on sharkish lines. Its wicker lounging chairs were equipped with cushions of purple leather having the monogram of the former owner stamped in one corner. It was fitted with a lustrous mahogany foredeck and a teak bilge deck that was worth its weight in plug tobacco, Styles assured the lady.

"Mr. Styles says he will steer," Jen called back to her detective.

The secret-service man had already cast off and turned the engine over. This ladylike boat was capable of thirty knots an hour. As it ripped up the surface of the harbor with a soft purring note, Jen leaned forward in her wicker chair and her white fingers beat the accustomed tattoo on the mahogany foredeck. She had got into the picture at last. Yonder was Arabia, and her blood—impoverished though her mother declared it to be—sang in her veins merrily.

In the interests of steering, she leaned against the sailor more and more attentively, the fierce light of a Rhine maiden in her eyes. The polished hull of the Beat 'Em To It slipped through the water with the very least skin friction possible to such a craft. Delicate sheets of spray were torn up at her stem, providing her with the silver fins of a flying fish forward. The moon was just rising, silvering the rough surface of the harbor. The tendrils of Jen's hair were diamonded with spray and whipped Styles' cheek. In short, for Jen, it was that maximum of sensation at a minimum of cost which all know who have had innocent enjoyment of the pretty playthings the Government provides.

Styles, who was beginning to ask himself what was the posture of his affairs in case Elmer had gone down with his punt and bag in the waters of Pull-an'-Be-Damned, could not enjoy himself so freely. Perhaps he would better have let them have the whole earful at one and the same sitting

Mr. Yates barked a savage order

"I'll tell him how to put the helm," Jen flung back over her shoulder. "You don't have to think of a thing but the engine, Mr. Yates."

"Hand him this to put in his kisser," said Styles, drawing a cigar from the pocket of his blouse. Jen held it up invitingly, but the engineer made a morose refusal.

"Jealous," she whispered zestfully, and slipped it back into Edward's pocket with a little pat. "Oh, how I love the open spaces!" she confided to the sailor. "Glorious! Just glorious! Did you ever read The Last Ride Together? 'Ride, ride together, forever ride?' I had to read a criticism on it just before leaving college. Browning has such a gift for expressing unrequited love, don't you think so?"

"Some gazabo," muttered Styles, drawing out the cigar again and putting it in his own kisser.

"It has such gorgeous imagery," murmured Jen. "Of course there it's horses and here it's a boat, and then again the circumstances are so entirely different; but still and all ——"

"What's that right ahead?" said Styles sharply. "Lying dead in the water?"

"That's a ledge. Go to the right of it. Do you think there's going to be any danger, really, Mr. Styles?"

"No, there may be a little fun though."

Jen drew a shivering breath.

"I know well enough what you call fun," she replied. "I don't see how you daredevil types ever live to grow old. Gracious! My hand is just as cold as ice," she affirmed, laying it on Styles'. "Why, so is yours, Mr. Styles!"

"It's the wind," said that worthy. "Then again my circulation has been poor lately on account of the chow on that last ship."

At this point Yates took the wheel, for they were already skimming the eddies of Pull-an'-Be-Damned, a narrow gorge, where—as often happens with irregular coastlines—the remnant of one tide crawls over the back of another. To a small boat which did not have power to keep out of its way, this ugly patch of water spelt disaster; but the Beat 'Em To It made little account of it. In three minutes it was clear of the snarl and drawing up rapidly on Indian Head. The ruin of a pier could be made out. Mr. Yates brought his craft side on to it and his prisoner made fast.

"You had better stay aboard," said Edward to Jen, whose face began to look rather intense. But she was fairly on the wharf by then.

"Did you see a flash of light in that kitchen window?" said the detective in thick tones.

The mere question invested the house with a chill terror. That gray structure seemed no more the work of man than the weeds along the shore. A single funereal cedar shadowed it. Its foundations were banked with shriveled seaweed. Seen though deep gloom—for the moon was just then behind a cloud—decrepit, its walls bulging, its black windows glinting with their many panes, it was a thing to dream of.

"Isn't it weird?" breathed the lady shakily.

"There's a figure there, just behind that hencoop," said Yates with rising certainty.

Mr. Styles, making a quick turn, was in time to see the detective bringing into play an old single-barreled shotgun he had picked up out of the bottom of the boat. Now, though in prolonging this expedition he may have had some thought of the figure he was to cut with Jen Higgins—for to a man in possession of all the facts to stalk this house would be child's play—he was certain that neither of them could improve his position with the lady by going gunning for her father. He therefore knocked up the barrel of the gun as the detective fired.

At a distance of a hundred yards a figure leaped into the air and staggered toward the seaside, going from rock to rock like a chamois. The two pursuers, who had run forward together, saw him leap into a tiny boat and pull for all he was worth in the direction of Pull-an'-Be-Damned.

Events now multiply. Yates and Styles, taking Jen between them, returned to their boat.

"That's the end of him," said the detective, breathing hard. "His boat will never live in those waters. And now for you!" he added hoarsely, his blood thoroughly up, and he sprang upon Styles like a tiger.

Edward himself had good reason to act with quick decision, for, as it was, he stood

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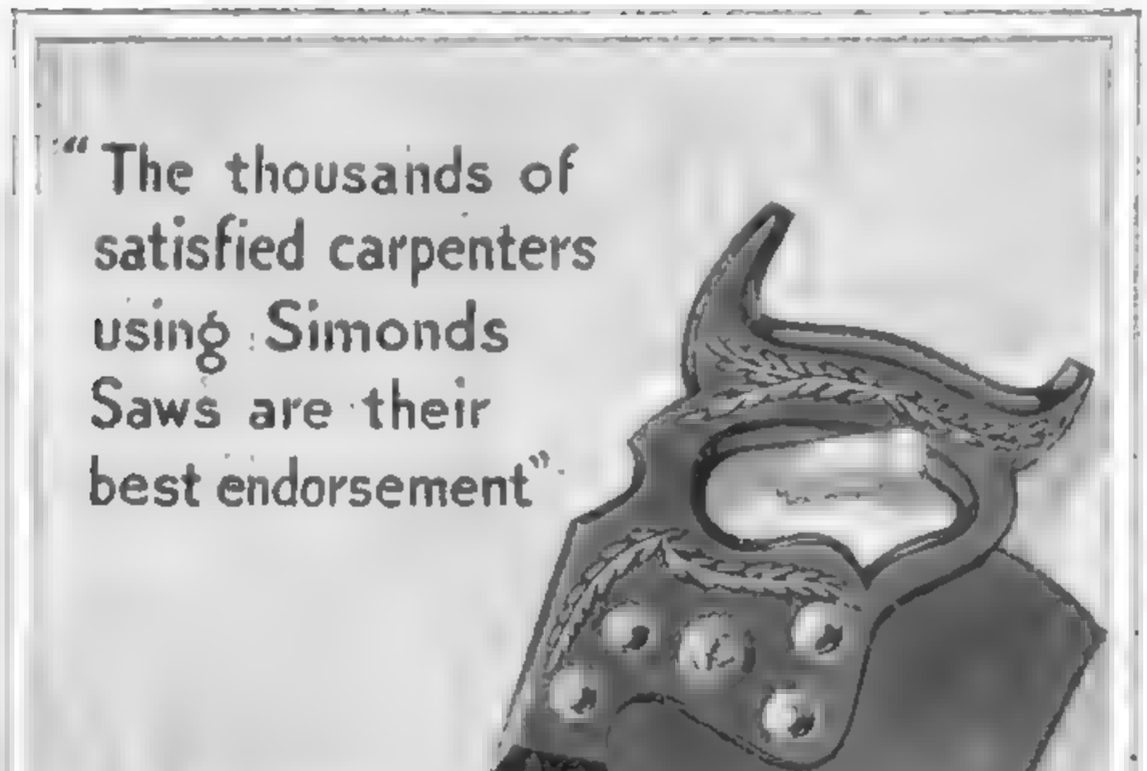

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charged with the murder of this man now going to his death. He had neither time nor inclination to explain. In a trice he had laid the secret agent on his back, faint with pain and with a gag thrust into his mouth. But how to hold him there?

He was not long in doubt. Jen, who knew Yates to be the aggressor, was close at hand. Supposing him to have pitched into Styles in a fit of jealous rage—for she had not seen Styles knock up the barrel of the gun—she knew at once where her duty lay. It was not for nothing that she had affirmed Mr. Styles to be the sort of man you could feel safe with anywhere, and she now decided to cast in her lot with him boldly.

Edward, kneeling on the chest of his victim, heard the shriek of something being torn close to his ear; and Jen, who could not be long at a loss in a situation like the present—for she knew all that the pictures could tell her—handed him a glimmering strip heroically rent from the recesses of her own person.

"Some souvenir!" muttered Edward, affixing it with a few rapid passes.

"Tie his wrists to his ankles!" whispered Jen tensely.

"Words fail me," said Edward, standing up. "Speed is life, girl! Take the wheel!"

But strain their eyes as they would for some vestige of the punt and its unfortunate passenger, they could see nothing of them in those angry waters. Cold sweat beaded Edward's brow. If Elmer had gone down the case against him would be black indeed.

"Do you see anything?" he whispered hoarsely.

"There's the new ship stealing forth," said Jen.

The enormous black prow of the new cargo carrier was in fact forging past the headland. She was making her trial trip by night and was bound for the open sea.

"If there really was any significance in those lights, we shall soon see the sequel," cried Elmer Higgins' daughter, gripping the wheel hard. And almost at once, putting her hand—which was as cold as a cod's cheek—on Edward's, she inquired calmly:

"What is that thing moving along there in the shadow of that rock, do you imagine? There, it's in the moonlight now! Just follow the line of my finger."

"Holy cow! It's a periscope," cried Styles, forgetting everything in the tremendous significance of this hollow slip of steel, black as ink against the low moon and making a slight feather as it glided through that waste of seething silver. At these ominous words the captive, whose ears had not been plugged, flopped once or twice on the teakwood deck.

The line of travel of this sinister object was certain to plant it dead in the path of the great ship, and that at no distant time, in the opinion of the stricken watchers.

"My God! Must we stand by and see them go to their doom?" cried Jen. She could think of nothing, she said later, but the third reel of The Wine of Youth, where the two young Americans adrift in a dory had put a periscope out of action by squirting white paint on its lens out of a bilge pump.

"That was the first thing that entered my mind," she said to Sade Haskins. "It wasn't until we were right on top of it that I happened to think of the lasso. You've no idea of the different things that will come into your head at a time like that."

Styles in fact had found himself on a sudden standing there with Cousin Willie's lariat in his hands.

"When I give the word, rope it," Jen cried fiercely.

This unlikely object had never been returned to its peg in the back entry.

"What you need is experience," argued Styles hoarsely. "Those things aren't simply pinned on, deary."

"Do you want me to think you're afraid?" shrieked Jen.

"You're one impetuous woman, I'll tell the world!" muttered Styles, beginning to make up the rope in coils.

"Get a wiggle on!" said Jen, pale as the vase of alabaster behind which she had taken refuge only that morning. How overwhelming are life's changes!

Edward Styles, one time Texas Ranger, opened out over his head the loop of Cousin Willie's lariat and dropped it neatly over that infernal black round thing now scarcely thirty feet away. In the same moment Jen stopped the engine without getting out of her chair.

"Of all weird things," she whispered, beginning to shake a little, "this is the weirdest! Do you suppose they don't know what's up?"

Styles laid a clammy hand across her mouth as a signal to her to be silent; and immediately after put a heavy strain on Cousin Willie's grass rope.

To the infinite surprise of both of them the periscope did not turn its evil eye in their direction. Strangest of all, it offered no more resistance than a dream thing.

"It—wabbles," breathed Styles fearsomely. "How do you explain that?"

Jen, who had found her voice again despite him, whispered: "What do you suppose that dark object is right beside it, just at the water's edge? My soul and body! It's a head of human hair!"

"You said it!" said Styles grimly. "Sit back and let me handle this, girlie! They're trying to get out."

But Jen Higgins was never the woman to draw back when once she had put her shoulder to the wheel. The Beat 'Em To It still had way on her. Putting the wheel hard over Jen slewed the boat into line with this abhorrent object, leaned over side and twisted those wonderful fingers, which Mr. Yates had said could never be quiet, into that same head of hair.

"Hold him under till he drowns," she cried. "Hun that he is!"

"Have a look at him first," said Styles.

By its own efforts, brought back to life by pain, a human countenance uplifted itself there.

"It's my own father!" wailed Jen, sinking back into the wicker chair and closing her eyes.

"And a sight for sore eyes, too, I'll tell the world!" observed the sailor, reaching down a helping hand.

"I wish I could describe to you the sensation that came over me when I saw who it was I had hold of," Jen told Sade Haskins in going over with her the various occurrences of the night. "I just wanted to put my hand out to see if I was dreaming; and I had the strangest feeling—just as if I was withdrawing from myself, don't you know.

"Just you think, there we had our minds all made up for a submarine, and it turned out to be nothing more or less than one of the spiles Hat Tyler knocked off our old wharf when the Minnie Williams was launched. You know, they call them tide walkers because they are water-logged at the bottom and stick right up out of water. It looked so real—father tells mother he guesses she'll have something to bless Hat for now, if she never did before, because he was just about at the end of his resources when he got his arm round that thing. And there I was on the point of drowning my own father! Just you think how things will come round!

"Mr. Styles says—you know how picturesque he is—he says he is one fortunate gob that he didn't get a white wig out of that night's work. Of course it was all his fault really, for not letting on sooner. But he's just as contrite! I read the riot act to him, I can assure you. But you know how he is. So congenial and all, and just as witty as he can be. And there he sat that whole blessed evening, as cool, and not knowing but what he might have to go to the chair as a result of it.

"And poor Mr. Yates! Wasn't he crestfallen? And well he might be, trussed up as he was! I feel myself getting perfectly scarlet all over if I so much as catch sight of him on the other side of the street. It makes me so furious!

"Mother came down after getting my clothes off me and getting me into bed—you know I was perfectly sick over it for a time; the reaction, I suppose, and one thing and another—and there was Mr. Styles at the sideboard and looking as sheepish as if he'd been caught in the act.

"Mother said 'What are you up to now?' but he begged the question and got as *red*. And, come to find out later, he had been helping himself to my beef, iron and wine on the sly. He told father that sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander. Well, at the time, he tried to look as if nothing had happened; and he asked mother, 'How's the little lady?' He's perfectly possessed to call me the little lady; and—you know—I rather like it now. Mother said, 'She's a total wreck, Mr. Styles.'

"And what do you suppose Mr. Styles said in answer to that? You know what a convincing talker he is and everything. It just carried me off my feet when I heard it. Why, he said, quick as a wink: 'I'll take my chances on the salvage, Mrs. Higgins.'

"I tell him he ought to write a play."

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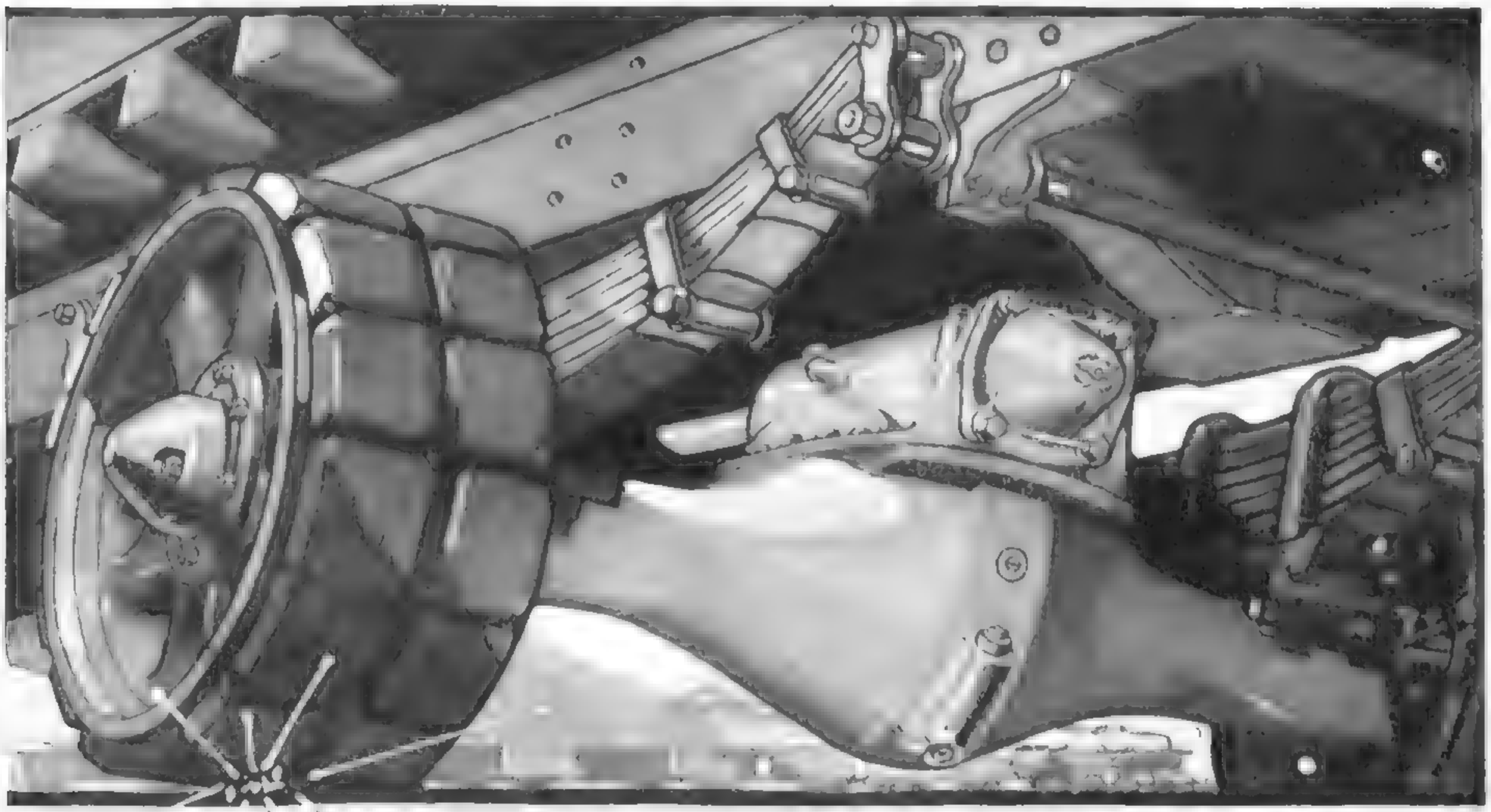

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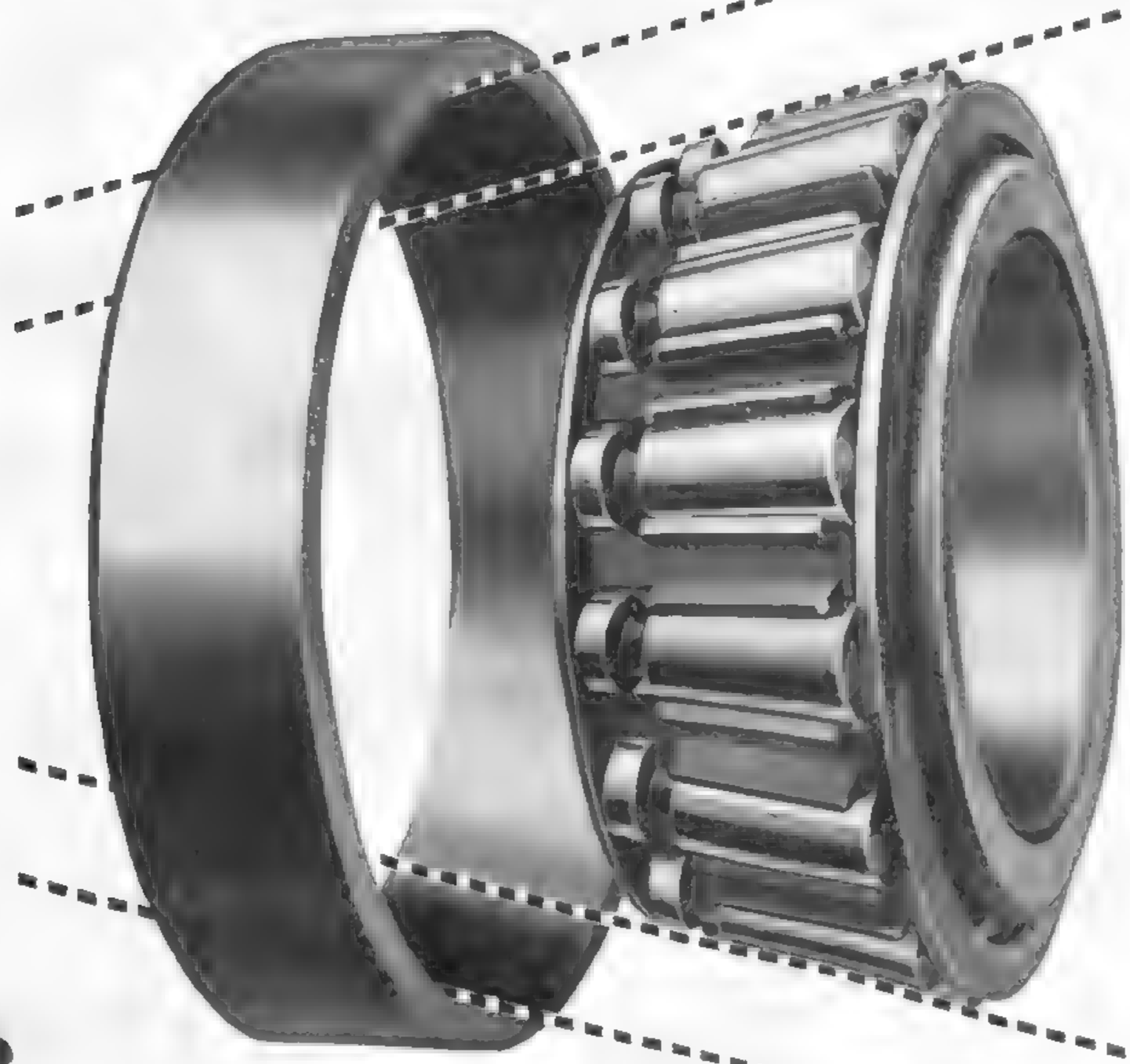

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THE LIGHT BOMBASTIC TOE

(Continued from Page 13)

Not so roseate as the Birmingham vista had been, it was yet better than anything else that occurred to them.

It had been a wildcat scheme from the outset and could have originated nowhere save in the happy-go-lucky brain of Quintus Weefalls. Quintus was the original and permanent world's champion in seeking the rose paths of life. He could argue a confirmed skeptic into believing his most harebrained scheme foolproof. And really the conception of the Maizquint had not been bad.

Quintus and Maizy, when cornered, admitted that they had been born and raised in Montgomery, Alabama. There they had met, mutually wooed and, with equal mutuality, wed. Once safely married, it was a case of spontaneous combustion. Montgomery was entirely too confined for their cosmopolitan personalities and so they fared northward and wound up in Jersey City, where they took on a superurban polish in record-breaking time. Thereafter they developed undeniable skill as dancers, took note of their extremely pleasing voices and served four months in the chorus of a negro musical-comedy tabloid.

But, being of the South, they turned yearning eyes southward. Of what use, they argued, all this veneer without opportunity to exhibit it before their less fortunate fellows? Both knew considerable of Birmingham and of dancing. They decided to exploit the former with the latter. So to Birmingham they came, bursting with optimism and possessed of seemingly adequate capital. They leased the skating rink from Semore Mashby at a rental that filled them with delight and brought songs of gladness to the parsimonious soul of Semore, on whose hands the hall had long rested as a white elephant.

Their scheme had been cursed from the outset. The little flurry of interest and success that attended the opening died soon. Investigation made plain that the trouble was in the Elliott household, for between father and daughter lay the weakness and the strength of the Maizquint.

Quintus and Maizy talked it over and decided that the best course was a siege at the heart of eighteen-year-old Sunshine Elliott. Sunshine responded readily enough. She was fond of ultra-modern dancing and frankly in awe of the metropolitan aplomb of Quintus and his dancing partner. And as president of the Rosebud Beautifying Society, Sunshine brought with her for a brief week the membership thereof, and necessarily the colored youth attended that they might trip the light fantastic with their especial lady friends.

All of which caused Elliott père to become royally peeved. Belahazzer fondly desired to see his one and only daughter safely united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Cass Driggers, the dark brown young gentleman who by profession was first aider to distressed automobiles. And he was fearful that Sunshine had succumbed to the scintillant charms of Quintus.

Belshazzer's opinion of any masculine person who made—or attempted to make—a living by sliding large feet over a polished floor to a jazzy accompaniment was not flattering. He forbade Sunshine's attendance at the Maizquint. She remained away and the Rosebud Beautifying Society followed her lead. The dancing business went to pot. Then Sunshine and her father had a heart-to-heart talk of more or less violence, which resulted in a declaration of war. Sunshine asserted, with greater spirit than tact, that she intended to master the intricacies of the elegant new dances taught at the Maizquint. Belshazzer immediately planned the extermination of that worthy and innocuous institution.

Contemporary conditions were against the Maizquint. Belshazzer had recently been elected Grand Magnificent High Potentate of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise and in his flush of power he manipulated the collective wills of the majority members pretty much as he pleased. And this particular time he pleased to will them against dancing. With the able assistance of the green-eyed Cass Driggers, might-have-been-betrothed of Sunshine Elliott, he did a bit of electioneering, and at the weekly meeting the previous night had successfully slipped through two readings of a resolution placing the lodge on record as opposing dancing. And as every potential patron of the high-priced Maizquint was a member of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, the condition of things when the third and last reading should have been successfully held the following Monday was not very pleasing in prospect to Quintus and his pretty little wife.

At three o'clock the following afternoon Quintus Weefalls alighted from a car before the massive Terminal Station, stepped carefully across the street so that he might not blemish with dirt the immaculate gray-suède uppers of his black patent-leather shoes and minced into the colored waiting room. He made his way to the window and purchased a ticket for Attalia, at which town one destined for Gadsden alights from the train. As he turned away he heard a voice a soft, dulcet voice; a voice aquiver with gladness at the meeting:

"Mistuh Weefalls!"

He whirled and bowed with a single motion.

"Ise dawg'd if'n 'tain't Miss Elliott!"

The young girl dimpled bewitchingly.

"Is you goin' to Attalia too?"

"Too?" he echoed. "You ain't mean to tell me you is goin' they?"

"I suttinly is!"

"On this heah fo' 'clock train?"

"The ve'y same one."

Into the mind of Quintus Weefalls there leaped his wife's mandate. He was to charm the radiant Sunshine in hopes that she might dissuade her father from pursuance of his course of vengeance against the Maizquint. The wealth of a contagiously sunny nature was injected into the smile he bestowed upon her.

"If'n this ain't the ve'y fines' luck!"

She made it unanimous.

"Ain't you talkin' now?"

"Ain't I jus'? I always hates to travel alone."

"Also me."

"I is been thinkin' ——"

A strange voice broke in upon them, a voice in which there was an ill-concealed nuance of ribaldry:

"Reckon I is done caught you now!"

They turned to face a small man, younger and even more dapper than Quintus Weefalls; a junior fashion plate, flawless from the crown of his blue felt hat to the pointed and scintillating toes of his screamingly yellow shoes. They chorused the newcomer's name:

"Florian Slappey!"

The newcomer bowed with exaggerated politeness. He stroked his chin with his left hand that they might miss none of the brummagem brilliance of his newest ring.

"Right the fust time off! Reckon you didn't hahdly espec' nobody to see you-all, eh?"

Quintus shook his head in puzzlement.

"How come not?"

Florian winked portentously.

"Huh! Reckon I ain't deef."

"'Bout which?"

"I is been heahin' things."

"Which things?"

"Oh! I guess when a man an' a gal which is been settin' up to each other fo' a long time stahts off on a trip t'gether ——"

Then they understood at what he was driving. Sunshine gave him a playful shove.

"G'wan, Flo'ian, you is the kiddin'est man! You talks like we was 'lopin'."

"You said it, Sunshine!"

Quintus threw back his head and roared with laughter. He winked knowingly.

"You is sho' some deteckative, Florian."

"I reckon I is got sense 'nough to put one an' one t'gether an' make a couple." He turned to the girl: "S'posin' I tell Cass Driggers you is elopin' with a han'some man from Jersey City?"

She shrugged.

"You c'n tell Cass Driggers anything which you like. I ain't botherin' my haid bouten him sence he is been fightin' the Maizquint."

"No-o! I ain't hahdly reckon you is. Not now, noways."

Florian inspected the pair closely. He had been joking, but now the idea came to him seriously that perhaps they were eloping. Certainly they had been more than friendly in the immediate past and there was every reason why they should resort to an elopement, the principal motive being the rabid parental opposition in the Elliott household. Florian mumbled to himself. The more he thought of it the more convinced he became that there

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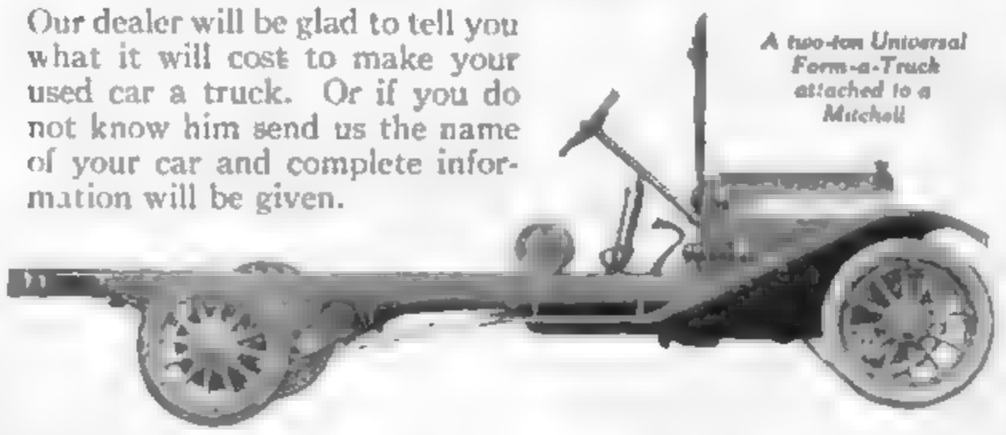

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might be truth hidden in his jocular conjecture. "Is you-all elopin'?"

"Don't be silly, Florian!"

"You ain't said you ain't."

"An' we ain't said we is."

"How 'bout it, Quintus?"

Quintus was quite sure that Florian was not serious. The idea appealed to him as so utterly preposterous that he didn't fancy anyone else could consider it soberly. And Quintus fancied himself considerable kidder. Good enough; if Florian wanted to kid with him he'd give as good as he got.

"Reckon this heah is a free country, Flo'ian. They ain't no law which says a man cain't think anything he wants."

"Even if'n it's about gittin' ma'ied right soon?"

"Even such."

Sunshine gazed from one to the other of the men. She had a strong hunch that all was not as it should be, yet the repartee seemed harmless enough. She felt her youth and unsophistication pitifully and she didn't want to make herself ridiculous by taking either of the men too seriously. Therefore she blundered into the very worst move she could have made. She put a restraining hand on Florian's arm.

"Don't you go tellin' my pa no such foolishment as that me an' Mistuh Weefalls is elopin' together with each other."

Florian stuck tongue in cheek and shook his head waggishly.

"Reckon I knows when to keep my mouth shut."

The announcer bellowed a mouthful of unintelligible words through the waiting room. Quintus suspected that Attalia was mentioned and grabbed his suitcase in one hand and Sunshine's in the other. "Tha's our train! Le's us go!"

Adieus were uttered hastily and they passed through the ticket gate toward the waiting Chattanooga train. Florian stood at the door of the waiting room staring through the smoky train shed. His eyes were narrowed with the travail of excesive thought. He plucked nervously at the place where he had once attempted to grow a mustache. And quite unconsciously he spoke his convictions aloud:

"Ise bettin' they is elopin'!"

He had not meant to voice his thoughts, therefore he jumped when a nasal feminine voice cut eagerly through the atmosphere and dinned into his ears:

"Who is elopin'?"

"Quintus an' Sun——" The words slipped out of their own volition. He clamped his lips together too late. He flashed an overt hostile glance at his interrogator and his lips curled into a sneer. "Huh! I might've knowed it was you!"

"Quintus Weefalls an' who else?" persisted Callie Flukers doggedly.

Florian surveyed the too-spare frame of Callie Flukers, from gaudy hat to run-down heels. His expression was not complimentary to Callie, but that worthy and skinny gossip had no thought at the moment for opinion of her person. She was after information and lots of it.

"And who else?" she echoed herself.

Florian turned insultingly away. He detested this high-voiced carrier and amplifier of tales.

"Nobody else!" he snapped.

"Then how could he be elopin'? Men don' elope by theyse'ves. Leastaways, not these days."

"Quintus Weefalls' business is hisn, Sis Callie, an' I is got a heap better things to do than wo'y my head bouten it."

"Hah!" cackled Sis Callie triumphantly. "Lis'en at him, will you—an' him jus' a-wonderin' to hisse'f a minute ago was Sunshine Elliott really elopin'."

"Who said sumthin' 'bout Sunshine Elliott?"

"You did!"

"Di'n't!"

"Did! You said 'Sun——' an' then coughed yo'se'f short. An' besides, I is been watchin' Quintus Weefalls an' that gadabout gal of Belshazzer Elliott's fo' nfteen minutes in the depo' yonder."

"Then," raved Florian Slappey, "I reckon you knows as much about them as what I does."

Sis Callie Flukers patted in satisfied fashion the parallel lines which did duty in her anatomical make-up as hips.

"Reckon I does. An' I knows they is elopin'."

"Then what you ast me fo'?"

"You ain't said they ain't elopin'."

"An' I ain't said they is, is I? I reckon folks is got a right to git ma'ied if'n they wants to, ain't they?"

"Some folks. But Sunshine Elliott is as good as engage' to Cass Driggers an' it ain't decint ——"

"If'n she's swappin' Cass fo' Quintus Weefalls, then all I is got to say is that Sunshine Elliott is got a heap mo' brains in her haid than what I give her credick fo'."

"They ain't nothin' wrong with Cass."

"N'r neither they ain't nothin' right with him. In my 'pinion Cass Driggers is a swell zample of a li'l' less'n nothin' a-tall."

"At least," scorched Callie Flukers in her most intensely personal manner, "he works fo' a livin'."

"Yeh," countered Florian acridly, "an' he ain't the only pusson I knows which is tried to git ma'ied an' coul'n't."

Callie glared. Then she swung round and sped out of the waiting room and out of earshot. Florian stared after her long and furiously. He hated this talemonger with an intensity commendable if only for its consistency. He lighted a Turkish cigarette and inhaled slowly.

"Ise gamblin'," he proclaimed to himself, "that Sis Callie Flukers is thinkin' thoughts!"

He was right—plus. Sis Callie was not only thinking thoughts—she was saying words. Just at that particular moment she was saying them to Christeen Gethers, a lady who ran Callie a very close second in the Gossip Stakes.

Christeen listened in pop-eyed glee.

"An' while they ain't zac'ly admitted to me that they was runnin' off to git ma'ied," finished Sis Callie, "they done tol' Florian Slappey that, an' he passed it on to me."

Christeen was filled with unholy delight at the news. In the first place Christeen's husband, one Isaac Gethers, had recently been defeated for the Grand Magnificent High Potentacy of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise by Belshazzer Elliott, and while Christeen herself had on one hectic occasion tried to defeat her husband for that exalted post, she was extremely resentful of the outsider who had stolen the proudest decoration from the Gethers 'scutcheon. And in the second place Christeen disliked Sunshine on general principles. Disliking people was Christeen's specialty and she worked at it overtime. Sunshine was young and pretty and popular and she boasted poise, polish and culture—and a figure.

On the tongues of two such persons as Christeen Gethers and Sis Callie Flukers conjecture ceased to be and fact was born. While Christeen was giving Miss Mayola Kye lurid details of the departure from Birmingham of the eloping couple, Sis Callie was telling Mrs. Cleophus White in strictest secrecy.

According to the second edition of the Flukers story, Quintus had confided in her regarding the then impending matrimony and pledged her to secrecy.

"An' Ise on'y tellin' you, Mis' White, cause'n I an' you is sech good frien's an' I knows you ain't gwine tell nobody else."

Immediately Mrs. Cleophus White streaked it for the home of Mrs. Simeon Broughton with full details. And at the same time that Mayola Kye retailed it to Mrs. Acey Upshaw, Christeen was on her second lap, with Poppy Blevins for an audience, and Callie was going strong with Narcissy Moultrie.

Within forty minutes nearly every man and woman in Darktown was possessed of more vital statistics regarding the stormy courtship and elopement of Quintus Weefalls and Sunshine Elliott than would have been possible had the elopement been a fact. And eventually it came to the horrified ears of Belshazzer Elliott, related by marriage to Sunshine in the capacity of father.

By the time it reached Belshazzer it was so perfect as to minutiæ of detail that there was no disbelieving it. And it tallied perfectly with Sunshine's sudden and unaccountable passion for a visit to her uncle, Bachus Elliott, in Gadsden. Bachus and Sunshine had never been overly fond of one another and Belshazzer felt now that he should have been suspicious from the first.

Then an awful thought came to Belshazzer. A horrible thought. An almost unthinkable thought. Too often he had witnessed movies wherein a polished city scoundrel elopes with the unsophisticated small-town girl and fails to sanctify their union in ways made and provided in the marriage laws of the state in question. It was bad enough, reflected Belshazzer, to have Quintus Weefalls for a son-in-law, but it would be a heap worse under the circumstances not to have him for a son-in-law.

Thereupon Belshazzer, after much heckling with a long-distance operator, procured his brother's ear on the telephone. Bachus listened with rabid impatience to the tale of his Birmingham brother.

"Then you means, Belshazzer, that she ain't comin' to visit me a-tall?"

"I ain't meanin' nothin' of the sort, Bachus. What you ain't got in yo' haid is no brains. Co'se she is comin' to see you, but the visit ain't nothin' on'y camelflage. What I wan's you to do is to meet the train an' see that they is really ma'ied. Un'erstan'?"

Bachus grunted. It was very clear.

"They's gwine be ma'ied," he grated into the transmitter. "They is gwine be ma'ied if'n I is got to kill this heah Quintus feller to make him do same."

Meanwhile, beatifically ignorant of the tempests that had been loosed in the cities of their departure and destination, Quintus Weefalls and Sunshine Elliott had been enjoying their journey to the ultimate. Their conversation, innocently personal, had principally to do with Sunshine's fondness for dancing, her detestation of her father's unreasoning and obnoxious opposition to the fast-expiring Maizquint; and, on Quintus' part, with the foundering of his hopes for a prosperous several seasons as master of the dance in Birmingham.

"If'n they was on'y some way to win yo' father over so he'd withdraw his oppysition to us'n an' kill the las' readin' of that motion in the lodge," wailed Quintus.

"'Tain't no hope of that," gloomed Sunshine. "When pa gits his mind sot on a thing they ain't nothin' less'n th'ee angels an' fo' sticks of dynamite gwine budge him."

Tempus fugited with pleasing swiftness. In an inconceivably short space of time the conductor announced Attalia, and Sunshine and Quintus collected paraphernalia. The train stopped and they alighted. Then they, too, stopped.

Mr. Bachus Elliott hove into view and bore down upon them. Under normal circumstances Mr. Bachus Elliott was a man of unfortunately forbidding mien. He was a veritable giant of a man; deep of chest, broad of shoulder and lowering of brow. He walked with a vicious swing and his tremendous muscular arms dangled menacingly from muscle-knotted shoulders. Quintus gave one look and trembled. He didn't know Bachus Elliott and he had an overpowering hunch that he didn't want to. Also, it was agonizingly plain to him that Bachus intended to make his acquaintance suddenly and positively.

Sunshine started forward gamely, albeit she, too, was more than a little apprehensive.

"Uncle Bachus ——"

Bachus glared past her at the cowering Quintus.

"This heah is Quintus Weefalls, ain't it?" he bellowed.

Quintus' lips were dry. He tried futilely to moisten them, then bobbed his head in assent. Bachus swung away.

"Come along with me," he roared, "both of you!"

Sunshine resurrected her voice:

"Where to?"

"You come along with me!"

They came—for a few steps. Then Quintus' mind got busy. It worked like lubricated lightning. It was patent that this mammoth uncle of Sunshine's harbored no very deep love for him and that something had been planned in which Quintus was the plannee. He felt a premonition that something was about to transpire which was not entirely beneficial to himself.

There was a crowd at the little Attalia station and Quintus grimly determined that if something was bound to happen he'd better let it happen there. In the presence of disinterested witnesses it was apt to prove less violent. He conscripted a quavery voice and addressed Bachus:

"Mistah Elliott?"

Bachus stopped, whirled, glowered and grunted:

"Huh?"

"Where you is goin' to?"

"Tha's fo' me to know an' you to fin' out. You come along!"

Quintus ceased to locomote.

"Heah's where I stays at until you tell me where we is goin' to."

He was surprised at his own display of nerve. So was Bachus. Bachus said so. Quintus was adamant. Bachus threatened.

"Li'l' cullud man," he rumbled, "I ain't use'n to have no folks go contrariwise to me."

(Continued on Page 146)

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(Continued from Page 142)

Quintus was in a cold perspiration. He was desperate. He was resolved that Bachus should never get him out of sight of witnesses. He didn't know what it was all about, but he did know that it was not pleasant. "I remains right where I is at ontil you explains, Mistuh Elliott."

"Oh, you does, does you?"

"I does!"

Bachus hesitated. Then: "I is takin' you an' Sunshine to a preacher."

Quintus flashed a wild glance at Sunshine and Sunshine gazed with drooping-jawed surprise at Quintus.

"Preacher?" they chorused. "What for?"

"To git ma'ied," snapped Bachus.

Worse and more of it.

"Who says we wan's to git ma'ied?" queried Quintus inanely.

"I does!"

"But but "

"I reckon," sneered Bachus, "that nex' thing you is gwine tell me you-all ain't elopin'!"

"Co'se we ain't!"

The frank denial had an immediate and forbidding effect on Bachus. He stepped close and towered fearsomely over the shaking figure of the dancing teacher.

"Lis'en heah at what I is sayin', Mistuh Weefalls! This heah is gwine be a brief an' p'inted dialogue an' I is gwine do all the talkin'. Belshazzer jus' telyphoned me from Bummin'ham that you-all was elopin' together with each other an' he says I was to see that you was propilly ma'ied. An' he di'n't say nothin' else. So, b'lieve me, I is gwine do what he asts!"

"But Mistuh Elliott ——"

"Don' you but me no buts! I tol' you I was the one gwine do the talkin'. You keep yo' fool mouth shut an' come along!"

The horror-stricken eyes of Quintus and Sunshine clashed. They liked one another; liked one another very much. But they had no desire to commit mutual matrimony. In the first place, Sunshine was genuinely fond of Mr. Cass Driggers, of Birmingham. And in the second place, Quintus Weefalls was thoroughly and completely married to Maizy Battel, once of Montgomery and later of Jersey City.

Quintus was extremely up against it. He groaned at the thought that this was but another of the multiform entanglements arising from his unmoral scheme to keep the Birmingham populace in ignorance of his married state.

At first he thought of telling Bachus that he was already married. The idea was hastily discarded. With Bachus' mind navigating in channels not particularly complimentary to either his niece or her gentleman friend, it was patent that an eleventh-hour admission of his marriage would cause Bachus to think thoughts resulting in a condition not pleasant for Quintus. Confession of past marriage was obviously out of the question.

It was equally impossible for Quintus to marry Sunshine. He knew that such a thing as bigamy is extremely punishable. Whereupon an idea came to him full panoplied. He reached out strong fingers and covertly pinched Sunshine's plump arm. Her eyes flashed a message of understanding. It said plainly as words: "I is follerin' yo' lead."

Quintus laughed. He tried to make it a hale-fellow-well-met laugh and succeeded only in emitting a quavery giggle.

"Never heard of no folks gittin' ma'ied twice," he vouchsafed.

"Huh? Twice?"

"Tha's what I done remahked."

"What you mean—twice?"

"I means what I said! Me an' Sunshine is done ma'ied a'ready!"

He distinctly heard Sunshine's startled gasp of surprise. Then out of the corner of his eye he saw a faint smile decorate her lips as comprehension of his plan came to her. She knew that by his assertion of their existing marriage he would avoid a ceremony in Attalia which would be binding upon both of them, planning—when they later returned to Birmingham and safety—to make explanations which Bachus would never listen to judicially.

"Ma'ied a'ready?" Bachus was finding it difficult to deal with this new phase of what had been to this moment a very simple affair.

"Co'se we is!" clinched Quintus with growing confidence. "We got ma'ied secret an' private befo' we ever lef' Bummin'ham. We is still ma'ied. So how come you wants us to git ma'ied again?"

"Belshazzer di'n't know you was ma'ied."

"Suttinly not! You don' think we was advertisin' it, does you? Now if'n you insis's on us doin' it again ——"

"Is it true, Sunshine, that you an' Mistuh Weefalls is a'ready ma'ied?"

Miss Sunshine Elliott returned her uncle's stare calmly. Her poise was magnificent.

"Co'se we is!" she replied. "Seems like anyone with any sense could tell that!"

Bachus shook his head in bewilderment.

"Ma'ied a'ready," he muttered. "Then of co'se they ain't no use gittin' ma'ied again, is they?"

"Suttinly not!" they agreed in enthusiastic unison.

"I swanny ——" He mopped his forehead. "Durn that Belshazzer! He never was no han' to fin' out things in adwance." Bachus turned away. Convinced that they were safely married, it was plain that his duty was terminated. "I'll jes' telyphone Belshazzer bouten you-all bein' a'ready ma'ied."

Sunshine started forward pleadingly.

"Nemmin' 'bout that!"

"I promised I'd telyphone him after I seen you-all."

"But ——" Quintus grabbed Sunshine's arm in warning and she reconciled herself to the lesser of the two evils.

Bachus reached his brother on the telephone.

"Quintus Weefalls an' Sunshine is done came," he proclaimed. Quintus watched nervously and saw Bachus smile. "Sho' now, Belshazzer," said the big man at the telephone, "they is ma'ied safe an' soun' as you ever was in yo' life."

A few moments of idle conversation, then Bachus turned and extended the receiver toward Quintus. "Yo' new pa wants to make talk with you."

Quintus inhaled sharply. His new pa! There was menace in the thought. Events were piling up a little too rapidly for his peace of mind. He advanced timidly toward the telephone, knowing that he must needs be very circumspect in speech within hearing of the now genially smiling Bachus.

"Hello!"

The voice of his temporary father-in-law came back to him over the wire adrip with honeyed sweetness. "Hello, Quintus! That you?"

"Yassuh. This is me!"

"We ain't been sech good frien's in the pas', is we, Quintus?"

"Nossuh, not so's you could notice it. But 'twa'n't my fault."

"I know it wa'n't, son." Quintus winced. "But I just want to say that the pas' is pas' an' bygones has went. We is both gwine fo'give an' fo'get. Ain't it the truth?"

"Y-y-yassuh! Sho' is!"

"An' I wan's you to know that they ain't no hahd feelin's betwix I an' you over how you run away with Sunshine. She's a good li'l' gal, Quintus, an' I wan's you should treat her right."

"Yassuh. Ise sho' gwine treat her right! Sho' is!"

"I knowed it. I always said you was a fine young man. I think we is gwine make a very happy fambly, don' you, son?"

"Oh, yas," groaned Quintus, "we is gwine be mos' ve'y happy."

"An', Quintus, bouten that Maizquint dancin' school ——"

Quintus perked up his ears. In mentioning the Maizquint, Belshazzer was striking close to where Quintus lived. "Yassuh, bouten the Maizquint?"

"I is ben fightin' that dancin' 'cademy, Quintus, 'count'n I is 'posed to dancin'. But, of co'se, now that you is ma'ied to my daughter an' is theyfo' became my son-in-law I ain't so narrow-minded that I cain't see where I was wrong. I is a lib'ral an' a broad-minded man, Quintus, an' when I is wrong I admits it."

"Y-yassuh, yo' sho' does!"

"An' bein' as you is in the fambly now, Quintus, I is decided that I is gwine withdraw that motion which I had up in the lodge which says The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise is ag'in dancin'. In fac', bein' a broad an' lib'ral man, I is gwine intraduce another motion which says that they favors it! An' I is wishin' that the Maizquint will be ve'y sicksessful an' make heaps of money fo' you an' Sunshine."

Quintus staggered. Of all that had occurred in the very immediate past this was the most viciously ironical. Belshazzer, father-in-law, was a gray bird of another color from Belshazzer, militant enemy. He groggily relinquished the receiver to Sunshine in order that the supposed bride might receive the congratulations of her

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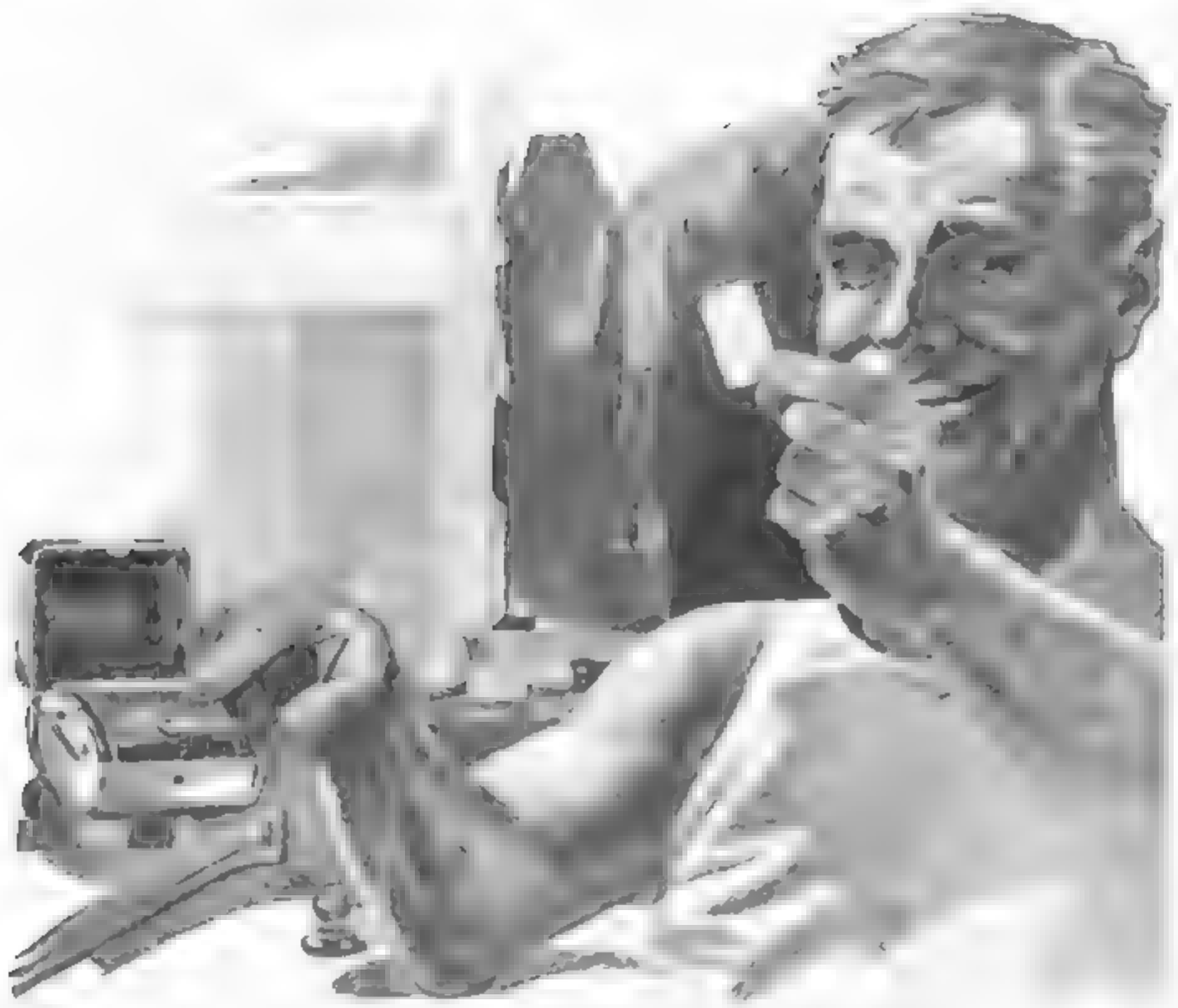

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forgiving father. And Quintus gave himself over to an intensive few moments of wracking thought.

So far as the general colored population of Birmingham was concerned, Quintus Weefalls knew that he was ephemerally married to Sunshine Elliott. Until five minutes before his dilemma had been embarrassing, but that was all. Now its complexion had changed.

To-day was Wednesday. On the following Monday night the meeting of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise was to be held. At that meeting, provided that Belshazzer Elliott still considered himself the father-in-law of Quintus, he was not only going to put the quietus on his motion, which would have put the lodge on record against dancing and so ruin the Maizquint, but he was going to fight for the adoption of a resolution which would make the lodge an ally of the pretentious modern dancing academy and insure success and prosperity for Quintus and his real wife.

Provided Belshazzer continued to regard himself as Quintus' father-in-law! There was the big rub. Quintus determined that Belshazzer must at all hazards be kept in the dark as to the true status until after that epochal meeting, for Quintus knew well that, once the lodge had taken a decided stand either way on the dancing-school question, the matter was settled for a long time to come.

That much was certain. Until after the meeting Monday night Belshazzer was fated to be his father-in-law, the only fly in the ointment being that such a condition made Sunshine his wife—and Quintus already had a wife; a wife for whom he cared devotedly. The inventor of the Quintessence Shiver and the Battel-ax Glide was up against a puzzling proposition and he knew it. But necessity for thought mothered a real idea. He waited until Sunshine had finished her conversation with their almost mutual parent and managed adroitly to remove himself from the presence of the mollified and now congratulatory Bachus. They boarded the interurban trolley for Gadsden, alighted in that busy and flourishing little city and strolled past the city hall. It was Sunshine who mentioned the vital topic of the moment.

"You is done done it now, Mistuh Weefalls."

"Done which?"

"Comprimised me."

"Huh! I reckon you ain't one-half so comprimised as what I is. I reckon I is the mostes' comprimised man in this heah world."

"That bein' the case," proffered Sunshine with amazing aplomb, "I reckon the bes' thing us can do is to git ma'ied."

Quintus quivered.

"You too? Ain't they nobody gwine stop tryin' to git me ma'ied to somebody which I don' want to ma'y?"

"Well," flashed the girl, "I don' want to ma'y you, neither!"

"Thank the Lawd fo' that! After this I reckon you don' hahdly want to ma'y nobody, does you?"

And then Quintus got a surprise. Quite suddenly and without warning Miss Sunshine Elliott lost her poise. Her delicate frame shook with a paroxysm of sobbing and her voice came to his ears a-choke with tears.

"Yes, I does want to ma'y somebody! Indeedy I does! An' now I cain't! I wan's to ma'y Cass Driggers—an' I wan's to ma'y him no-o-o-ow!"

For three consecutive seconds Quintus stared raptly. Then he threw back his head and gave his thigh a resounding slap.

"O-o-oh! Gal!" he chortled. "You sho' said sumthin' that time!"

She looked at him through a mist of tears.

"Meanin' which?"

"You wan's to ma'y Cass Driggers, does you?"

"Y-*y*-yes! Co'se I does!"

"Now? Right away? T'-morrow?"

Her face brightened.

"The sooner the quicker."

"An' if'n I could 'range it fo' you an' Cass to git ma'ied an' live happy ever after t'-morrow, yo'd be willin' to he'p me out on a li'l' scheme of mine?"

"Quintus Weefalls, if'n yo'd do that I'd do anythin' you ast which was hones' an' respectful!"

"Cullud gal! You is sho' gwine have yo' chance. Now lis'en close an' 'tentive at what I is sayin'."

Quintus plunged with impassioned fervor into the details of his conversation with Sunshine's father and his ideas of the necessity for continuing the marriage deception until Monday night should have passed.

"T'-day is We'nesday, Miss Sunshine," he wound up, "an' if'n you is willin' to he'p me, I is willin' to he'p you. All what you is got to do is to keep yo' pa thinkin' that we is ma'ied ontil after he is done put the lodge on reco'd as favorin' dancin', which is gwine inshuah the sicksess of the Maizquint.

"Now I is been figgerin' that it woul'n't be fair to you to go on playin' like you is my wife, which same you ain't, thank heaven—not meanin' no 'fense—ontil nex' Chuesday mawnin' on account the reppitation which you would have lef' woul'n't make clothes fo' a th'ee-legged fly. Now my plan is that I gits Maizy Battel, which is really my wife ——"

"Huh? Maizy Battel yo' wife?"

"Sho' nuff! Who's wife you reckon she is?" And Quintus explained briefly his marital condition and the reasons for its concealment since their advent to Birmingham. "Anyway, as I was sayin', I gits Maizy to come up heah with Cass. When Cass gits heah, safe away from all chance of talkin' too much, we is gwine tell him that I ain't ma'ied to you because I is ma'ied to Maizy, an' meanwhile he is gwine have been so mis'able thinkin' you is a'ready ma'ied to someone else that he's gwine 'gree to anything.

"Now all what I is gwine ast him to do is to marry you heah t'-morrow and remain with you in Gadsden ontil Chuesday mawnin'. Then after the lodge 'fairs is done been 'tended to proper fo' I an' Maizy we will go to yo' pa an' splain it has all been a mistake. Now I asts you, Miss Sunshine, is you willin' or ain't you willin'?"

"But my stayin' heah ——"

"You is gwine be with Cass, ain't you? An' Cass is gwine be yo' husban', ain't he?"

"Ye-eh ——"

"An' you is gwine be havin' a swell an' quiet honeymoon."

The prospect was too roseate for opposition. Sunshine did not understand very clearly just what she was agreeing to, but she did know that her agreement carried with it marriage to Cass—and she said an emphatic yes. Immediately Quintus went into executive session with long distance. The house in which Maizy boarded in Birmingham boasted a telephone, and within ten minutes they were talking.

"Reckon you is been heahin' things bouten me, ain't you, Maizy?"

Her deep-throated chuckle came back to him over the wire: "Reckon I is, Quintus."

"An' you ain't been jealous?"

"Ain't I always said I trus's you, sweetness boy?"

"You is sho' nuff one swell wife, Maizy. But what I called up fo' is to tell you this: They's a sick wind which don' blow no good, an' I is got a bran'-new plan. What I wan's you to do is to git to Attalla t'-morrow mawnin' on the local train an' I want you to have Cass Driggers with you. Understand, you is got to bring Cass Driggers! An' you ain't to splain him nothin'."

"S'posin' he won't come?"

"You make him come! You is a persuadin' woman where men is concerned at, Maizy. Ise gwine meet t'-morrow's train and be lookin' fo' you an' Cass."

Her voice was a bit doubtful.

"I'll be there, hon, but ——"

"Time's up!" The sharp voice of long-distance central cut in. Quintus and Maizy exchanged hasty adieus. And in her cozy little room in the Twenty-third Street lodging house Mrs. Maizy Battel Weefalls settled herself to some thinking. Finally she rose, doffed her gaudy kimono and rescued from a battered old wardrobe her very best gown. Her lips were set determinedly. She adored Quintus and intended responding to his trust in her.

"Mistuh Cass Driggers," she reflected grimly, "you is gwine be in Attalla t'-morrow mawnin' if'n you is got to be drug."

She found Cass Driggers mooning in calf-like misery before the portals of the Frolic Theater on Eighteenth Street. He was a study in applied misery; one lily on his breast and he'd have passed for a first-class corpse. He fairly oozed unhappiness. It stood out all over him like goose flesh. His eyes flickered with the one spark of interest remaining in things mundane when Maizy addressed him in her most fetching manner. He consented to walk to Capitol Park. They seated themselves on a bench.

(Continued on Page 149)

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(Continued from Page 146)

A remark, which was at once a comment and a criticism, burst from the lips of Mrs. Weefalls.

"My goodness! Mistuh Driggers, you sho' ain't no happy-lookin' man!"

"Huh! You said it!"

"I wan's you to do me a favor, Mistuh Driggers."

"I ain't in the favorin' business, Miss Battel. I ain't want nothin' to do with nobody 'ceptin' on'y if'n they is ridin' me in the fust ca'iage at a fun'ral."

"This is diffe'ent, Mistuh Driggers. I wan's to have you accompany with me somewheres."

The suggestion was sufficiently startling for Cass to roll one languid eye in her direction.

"Where?"

"Gadsden!"

Cass rose. He rose abruptly and angrily. A gaunt and forlorn dignity perched upon his shoulders.

"If'n you thinks you can go pokin' fun at me, Miss Battel ——"

"I ain't pokin' no fun"

"Then you keep Gadsden outen this heah convumsation. I ain't got no min' to make talk bouten Gadsden."

"An' you won't go with me?"

"Miss Battel, I is tellin' you hones' an' se'ious that if'n jedgment day was come an' the wo'ld was bu'nin' up an' they wa'n't on'y one town which was covered with asbestus an' that town was Gadsden—if'n that was the case, Miss Battel, I'd burn!"

Maizy was momentarily nonplused. She had anticipated difficulty but no such adamantine opposition as this. Quintus was trusting her to produce Cass the following morning. Maizy was a fairly expeditious thinker in an emergency and this was nothing if not that. She evolved a scheme before she knew it. It was an idea staggeringly inspirational. She conscripted a lugubrious expression and plastered it all over her face.

"You ain't the on'y pusson which is been done dirt by recent events which has jus' happened in the immedjit pas', Mistuh Driggers."

"I reckon I is been done the dirtest."

"You ain't, neither."

"Is!"

"Ain't!"

"Well, if'n I ain't, who has?"

"Me!"

"You?"

"Yeh, me! I reckon you think it ain't nothin' fo' a man to go off an' desert a gal which he is engage' to an' marry another woman without even tellin' the fust gal that he was thinkin' 'bout it. I reckon yo'd think that wa'n't nothin' a-tall."

"Who done any sech low-down trick as that?"

"Quintus Weefalls!"

"An'—an'—you is the gal? You an' Quintus is engage'?"

"Was!"

"Sufferin' canned tripe! Now ain't that jes' one mo' li'l' slice of purple hell?"

Maizy drove home her advantage. She painted luridly the crass duplicity of Mr. Quintus Weefalls. She not only did the job expertly but she discovered that she had the most avid listener in the world for the task in hand. She called her darling Quintus every thinkable evil name, and Cass fervently made each unanimous.

"So we is in the same identical boat," finished Maizy. "You an' me both. We is los' our chances fo' gittin' ma'ied, an' our future wife an' husband is each other's that same."

"Ain't you tootin' now? Jumpin' jellyfish! I wisht I could git even with that Quintus Weefalls!"

"Also me. I wisht I could. An' with Sunshine Elliott too."

Cass stiffened loyally.

"We ain't 'scussin' Sunshine."

"No-o," she drawled, "we ain't 'scussin' Missis Weefalls!"

"Missis Weef ——" He clenched his fist and slammed it against the bench. "Ow! Ain't it sumthin' fierce? Ain't it now? I wisht I could git even! I wisht we could both git even! I wisht—I wisht—dawggawn! I wisht we could git even by maryin' each other!"

He paused, aghast. The words had come first but the idea was engendered yet more swiftly. Maizy was staring wide eyed as though this was not the goal toward which she had been working for ten minutes.

Cass was entranced with his idea. Sunshine was lost to him. Quintus had become his eternal enemy. He fancied Quintus was more than a little fond of Maizy despite his marital passion for Sunshine. And after all Maizy wasn't at all a bad sort. She was easily the best-dressed colored woman in Birmingham and she had some money

"They ain't no reason," muttered Cass reflectively, "'gainst us gittin' married'"

"No-o, reckon they ain't, Mistuh Driggers. On'y Ise thinkin' that jus' gittin' married ain't enough. We wan's Quintus an' Sunshine to know we don' care bouten them a-tall."

"You 'loocidated it then, Miss Battel."

"An' if'n we ——" She paused and went through the business of thinking. Finally: "I is got a idea, Mistuh Driggers; a real swell idea which says they is gwine see with they own eyes that our lives ain't wrecked none whatever."

"What yo' idea is, Miss Battel?"

"We is gwine up to Gadsden on the early mawnin' A. G. S. train an' when we gits there we is gwine git a marriage license an' then we is gwine fin' Quintus an' his wife—Sunshine—an' make them to be the witnesses at our weddin'. Tha's what we is gwine do, ain't we, Mistuh Driggers?"

"Ain't we? Er—a—is we?"

"We is! It's a glo'ius idea, an' then they is gwine know we don' care if'n they runs off an' ma'ies one 'nother ev'y day in the whole week. Ain't it the truth?"

It was the truth. Mr. Driggers admitted that it was. He was speechless with amazement at the artistic conception of vengeance. He was backed into his corner, walloped hard and dropped for the count by a torrent of persuasive oratory which foamed from the impassioned lips of the inspired Maizy. By the time she had finished he was completely convinced that there had never been a scheme of revenge evolved in the known world that was quite so perfect. In fifteen minutes he was sure that no other plan of procedure would leave life worth living. And so they strolled downtown again and said good-by to each other in front of the Penny Prudential Bank Building.

"But remember," cautioned Maizy, "you is done promised sacred that you ain't gwine say a word to nobody bouten I an' you elopin' to Gadsden together."

"I 'members," pledged Cass earnestly. "I ain't gwine drap nary word."

He fled to his boarding house with some slight interest in life restored by the prospect of the immediate future. After all, matrimony with Maizy as the party of the second part wasn't entirely a drab outlook. He jammed a suitcase with his very best clothes and extracted a sizable roll of money from his trunk. Then, because time had to be whiled away, he drifted into Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor.

The place was crowded. It was crowded with men who knew Cass intimately. A score crowded commiseratingly about him.

"Ise sayin' tha's a devil of a trick fo' a feller's gal to do, Cass—run off an' make ma'iage with another man!"

Cass ducked and tried to get away. Bud Peaglar extended earnest congratudolences.

"Bet I woul'n't stan' fo' it if'n I was you, Cass."

"Bet I woul'n't neither," chimed another.

"Ise bettin' she's been lovin' this heah Quintus feller fo' the longes' time," consoled another good friend, "an' ain't on'y been usin' Cass fo' a come-on."

"He sho' is been treated real shabby!"

Cass fled. There was considerably more of haste than of dignity in his exit. He stood on the curb quivering with rage. He'd show 'em—he'd show Sunshine and this poolroom gang of Job's comforters that he was as good as the next man and a little bit better than the one after. Believe him, there wasn't nary one of that bunch could elope with no swell gal like Maizy Battel.

He rambled into March Clisby's Gold Crown Ice Cream Parlor. March circled the counter to wait personally upon this new shining star of misery.

"It's what I calls tough luck, ol' man," said March friendlily, "yo' gal runnin' off this-a-way."

It was the same when Cass dropped into the lodge rooms of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, seeking sanctuary from his friends. Wherever he went he ran into sobby sympathy. It cloyed and annoyed beyond belief. He prayed that the colored population of Birmingham be stricken dumb. He finally made his way to the Champion Moving Picture Theater—Colored Only, intending to slip in unobserved and sit alone through the agonies of the feature picture then on display. But in

Clear Across the Gulch

FROM the rugged hillsides where the ore is mined to the furnaces across the gulch, the carrier goes singing over the wire cables. No other means of transportation is available. Only wire can place the metal at the service of man.

Mining, lumbering, farming, manufacturing and shipping—practically every industry uses wire in various forms. Wire ropes haul and hoist everywhere. Elevator cabs of wire run up and down on wire cables. Wire fences enclose fields and factories. Wire safety guards for machinery protect workers. Wire window screens, clothes lines and picture cord are in almost every home.

Wright Wire Company has been supplying these various needs for more than a generation. Its products—known as Excelsior Wire products all over the country—are made to meet the most exacting tests. Its standard of quality is universally accepted. Its reputation is the result of 36 years devoted exclusively to developing wire manufacture.

Excelsior products cover the widest range of wire requirements in steel, iron, copper, brass and bronze. Branch warehouses of Wright Wire Company are conveniently located to supply dealers. You can, therefore, obtain Excelsior Wire products with promptness and the assurance of real dollar-for-dollar value.

EXCELSIOR WIRE

CLINTON-WRIGHT WIRE COMPANY

Successors to Clinton Wire Cloth Co., Wright Wire Co., Morgan Spring Co. and National Manufacturing Co.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Photograph showing use of "Lift-the-Dot" Fasteners. The front curtains, when not in use, are carried in pockets in the apron which fastens up flat against the top.

On the new Wilys-Knight Touring Car, the [illegible] curtain is also held in the rear bow with straps, held securely by "Lift-the-Dot" Fasteners. The curtain can be put in place or removed in an instant

LIFT *the* DOT *Fasteners*

have enabled automobile body engineers to improve greatly their curtain designs and to add many convenient features.

At the same time the beauty and compactness of "Lift-the-Dot" have contributed to the good appearance of the car. Despite the higher cost of "Lift-the-Dot" Fasteners, they are now used generally by the makers of good cars, and by top-makers and carriage trimmers everywhere. "Lift-the-Dot" is the one successful locking fastener. It self-locks securely on three sides but is unfastened instantly by lifting on the fourth side—the side with the DOT.

"Lift-the-Dot" Fasteners are now used also on luggage and sporting goods and musical instrument cases, where they are more convenient, better-looking, more durable and easier to apply than buckles, catches or old-style fasteners.

TRADE MARK

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The "Lift-the-Dot" Fastener
The "Durable Dot" Fastener
The "Velux Dot" Fastener
The "Anzo Dot" Fastener
The "Segma Dot" Fastener
The Common Sense Fastener

TRADE MARK

The DOT *Line of Fasteners*

is a complete line of fasteners including not only "Lift-the-Dot" but five other types of fasteners. In the Dot Line there is a fastener for every need. Each contains some distinct improvement developed by the Carr Fastener Company.

Manufacturers of any goods requiring fasteners should know this line. Catalog mailed on request.

CARR FASTENER COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

the lobby he ran into a laughing, giggling, care-free crowd. There was Florian Slappey and Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Broughton and Dr. Brutus Herring and Lawyer Evans Chew and Fashion Wilson and Ella Dungee and Mr. and Mrs. Pliny Driver. Each was a trifle more saccharinely sympathetic than the last. They couldn't have expressed keener sorrow had he been recently exterminated.

Human nerves could not stand it. And Cass was no more than human. Like a cornered rat he defended himself, salvaging some semblance of dignity from the ruin of his castles in Spain.

"Huh! Reckon I don' care!"

"Co'se yo'd say so, Cass, but ——"

"I means it!"

"You an' Sunshine was sweethea'ts."

"Her? Sunshine? Sunshine Elliott, you mean? Why, I ain't been lovin' that gal fo' the longes' time! An'"—under the crossfire of incredulous grins—"I can prove it!"

"We's from Mizzouri!"

"I can prove it!" he insisted doggedly.

"Le's heah you!"

Cass glanced portentously up and down the crowded street.

"C'n you-all keep a secret?"

"Suttinly we can."

"Well, lis'en heah at me if'n you thinks I is lovin' Sunshine Elliott. Lis'en at this: I is been engage' to marry Maizy Battel sence befo' Sunshine ever looked twice at Quintus Weefalls!"

He paused triumphantly and complacently surveyed the impression he had made. It was impression aplenty. His tidings proved a knockout. And Cass proceeded gloriously to spill the few beans that were left in the dish.

"Maizy and I is elopin' t'-morrow mawnin' to git married!"

There was no gainsaying such proof as that. It was iron-bound. His hearers were convinced in spite of themselves and they scattered excitedly to spread the secret. So it was that when heavy-eyed Cass Driggers and laughing-eyed Maizy Battel Weefalls pulled out of the Terminal Station on the first lap of their journey to Gadsden the following morning the colored population was still aseethe with this latest and choicest morsel of gossip.

No one on the train suspected that Cass and Maizy were eloping. Cass uncomfortably felt that it was incumbent upon him to make some show of ardor, but there was something so distantly aloof about Maizy that he didn't dare. She was icily impersonal. Beyond nerving himself to the point of addressing her by her first name, he acted like the merest stranger. It was Maizy's superb poise that held him spellbound. She was as safe under its cloak as though it was something tangible—chain mail, for instance.

The day was yet young when the train choked to a halt before the station at Attalia. Maizy alighted first, not even trying to conceal the grin of elation that persisted in making her attractive face even more attractive. Behind her labored Cass Driggers, tugging manfully at his huge veteran suitcase and her neat almost-alligator-skin grip. And on the platform they almost collided with the expectant Quintus Weefalls and Sunshine Elliott.

Cass froze up. His face turned a pale green and his eyes became shot through with yellow. It was Quintus who addressed him.

"I is sho' glad you come up with Maizy, Mistuh Driggers."

Cass turned away in regal hauteur.

"I ain't a-tall interest' in what you is glad of, Mistuh Weefalls."

"Of co'se when we esplains ——"

"They ain't no 'splanations necessary."

"But, Mistuh Driggers ——"

Cass turned gloweringly upon his bête noire.

"If'n you 'splains any 'splanations to me, Mistuh Weefalls; or if'n you so much as opens yo' mouth to me one mo' word I is gwine bust you one!"

Quintus looked at Maizy and Maizy looked at Quintus. Sunshine was gazing starry-eyed love direct at the indifferent Cass. Quintus nodded toward that young man.

"Wha's eatin' him?" he inquired politely.

Whereupon Maizy pulled a tactical boner.

"I coul'n't git him up heah no other way," said she, "an' so I had to elope with him!"

A wild whooshy wail surged from Sunshine's lips.

"Elope? Cass was elopin' to make ma'iage with you?"

Mr. Driggers turned the sad and sorrowful eyes of unrequited love upon her.

"Why not? What does you care? Ain't you done gone an' been married a'ready?"

"No-o! I ain't!" And Sunshine wept a copious flood. The tears were plentiful and sad and salty.

Cass stared in bewilderment toward the others of the group. He felt himself distinctly out of the know. Everybody else appeared to understand, but he didn't. His travail of the previous day returned with Antæan strength. And then Maizy took a hand. With remarkable tact and deft phrase she explained the situation to Cass Driggers.

Her strategy was unimpeachable. She first plunged Cass into the nadir of despair, then raised him to the zenith of beatitude. By the time her task was completed he had attained a state of supreme exaltation. True, he didn't yet grasp the thing in its entirety, but he did understand that Sunshine was not married to Quintus and that she was waiting to marry him that very day and that all the payment he was required to make for this stupendously luscious bliss was to keep his mouth shut regarding the nuptials until after the next Monday meeting of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise.

He promised. Just at that moment he would have promised anything short of murder. It was agreed that the to-be Mr. and Mrs. Cass Driggers were to remain in either Attalia or Gadsden until the following Tuesday morning. That was all. With the advent of the day following Monday night they were free to do as they pleased.

Quintus volunteered to break the news to father. In truth, he rather relished the task. It would be no mean triumph—this telling the Grand Magnificent High Potentate of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise just how he had been outgeneraled. Quintus was very much pleased with himself. He almost believed that he had planned every minute detail. He allowed his brain to run riot and voiced his plan of telling colored Birmingham that he and Maizy had become wedded to one another in Gadsden, thus putting an end once and for all to the deception that had begotten the trouble.

And so Cass and Sunshine were married. They found a neat little boarding house on the outskirts of Gadsden and promised to remain in seclusion until Tuesday morning. They promised eagerly. Remaining in seclusion for several days was not without its advantages.

Quintus and Maizy wished the newlyweds well and boarded a southbound fast train. But instead of getting off at Birmingham they continued through to Bessemer. They spent the night in that city and the following morning took a trolley, transferred at Fairview and eventually established themselves in a quiet boarding house near the Moro Park section of Ensley. They had one idea in the world—to make themselves a little more inconspicuous than nothing at all until the following Tuesday.

They were partially successful. That is, they were completely successful for part of the time. The cosmos cracked Sunday afternoon while they were rambling arm-in-arm down the wide shady street leading to Fairfield. From the ecstatic void of absolute content a voice whipped. It dinned in their ears above the racket of a recalcitrant motor. A dilapidated flivver careened crazily up to the curb and jerked to a halt. Quintus whirled, such hair as he had trying its best to stand on end.

He gazed straight into the eyes of Belshazzer Elliott, his supposed father-in-law!

"Quintus!"

"M-m-mistuh Elliott!"

"What you is doin' heah in Ensley?"

"J-j-jes' w-w-walkin' 'roun'."

"Where's Sunshine?"

"Sunshine? Sunshine?"

"Yeh, my gal Sunshine!"

"Oh; her! I reckon she's up to Gadsden."

"You reckon?" howled the paternal parent of the bride. "Does you mean to stan' there an' tell me you ain't know fo' shuah?"

"W-w-why, yes! I r-r-reckon I does!"

Belshazzer saw Maizy. He passed a shaky hand across his corrugated forehead.

"An' what is you doin' heah, Missis Driggers?"

Maizy didn't answer. She failed to recognize her name at first. And when she did she hedged desperately.

(Concluded on Page 153)

AROMINTS

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

The Original Mints

5¢ Everywhere

Says Willie Pep:

"The Story of Joy I've Come To Tell"

I'm a regular joy boy. I pacify thirst on dusty trips. I put pep in playing and snap in work. I take wear from weariness and finish the day with stimulating zest after dinner. I bring the joy of Aromints.

These little solid discs of tantalizing goodness——SOLID THRU AND THRU—refresh and stimulate. I'll say they do. Their pep-ularity's immense! You'll enjoy these zestful bits of pressed cane sugar, flavored with the fresh juice of tender peppermint and wintergreen leaves, or licorice, or spiced with cloves or cinnamon.

The sanitary package is a crowded nickel's worth

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The Aromint Mfg. Company, Limited
Toronto, Canada

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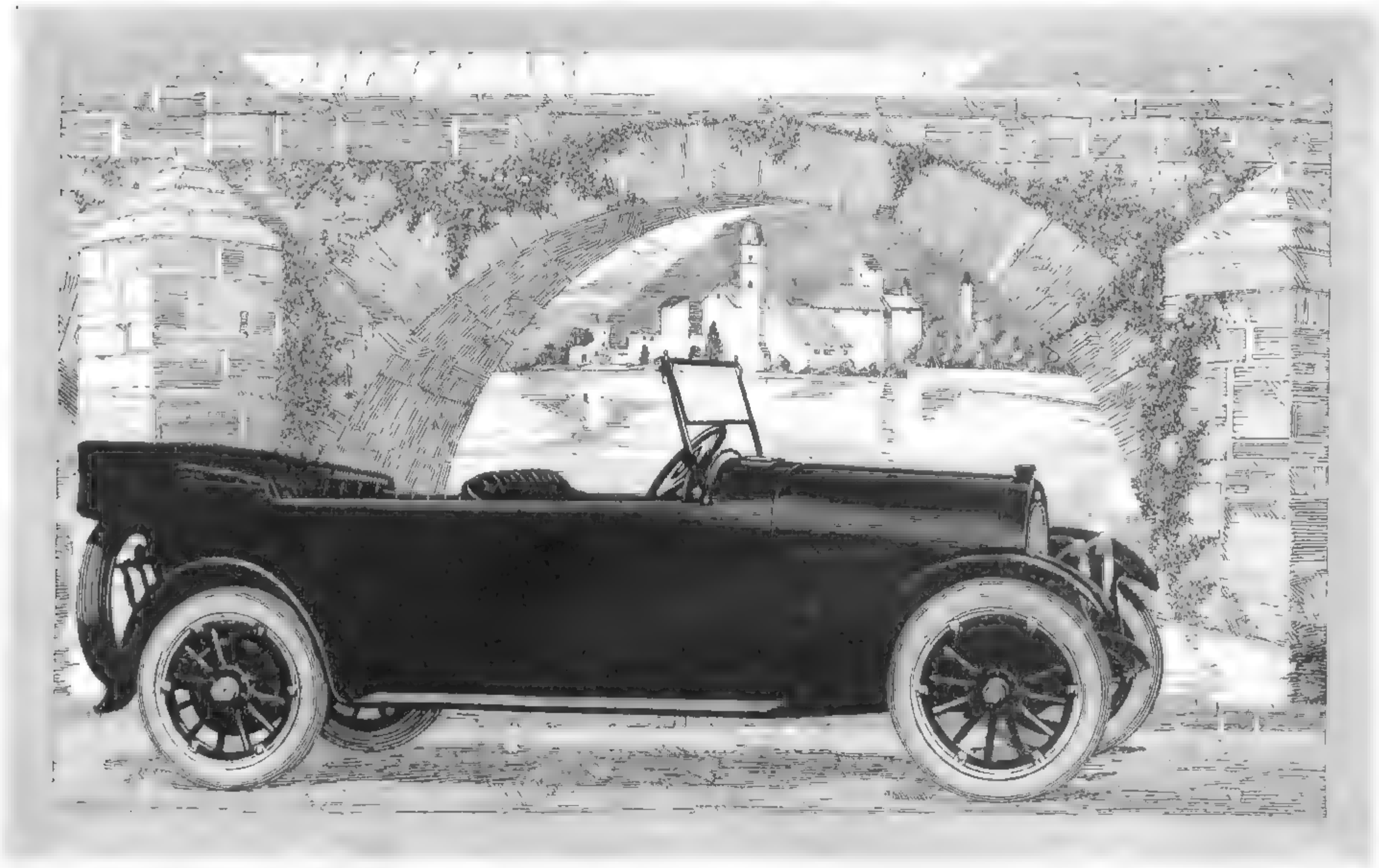


THE HABIT OF BEING *FIRST* ~ MADE THIS MODEL 1920

APPERSON

"The Eight With Eighty Less Parts"

As people study the Model 1920 Apperson they discover that it is no sudden inspiration, but a natural outgrowth. The Apperson Brothers began making motor cars in 1893.

The Apperson purpose was to do the right thing first. They meant to lead. They succeeded.

Early in the development of the industry they produced the first double-opposed motor; the first car with float feed carburetor; the first car with electric ignition.

Apperson—*first!* An Apperson won the first American speed contest. An Apperson made the first 100-mile non-stop run. An Apperson made the first overland tour. For twenty-six years it has been Apperson—*first!*

From the early days down to more recent times when the Apperson stamp was placed on the first Chummy Roadster and the Eight with Eighty Less Parts, the Apperson Brothers were satisfied only when they were pioneering.

So it is only logical that this Model 1920 Apperson rushes in high, with a gliding acceleration, from 1 to 40 miles an hour in 20 seconds—

Drops from 40 miles an hour to a standstill in 4 seconds—40 yards—

Whirls about in a 38¼-foot circle—and this is a 130-inch wheelbase car—

Shows the speed of the Jack Rabbit racers of other days with a tire and gasoline mileage hitherto unknown in cars of this power and size.

For your certainty in securing the most car for your investment—drive an Apperson *first*—then decide.

Both the Model 1920 and the Anniversary are in readiness at your dealer's.

APPERSON BROS. AUTOMOBILE CO. *Manufacturers of Custom-Made Motor Cars* KOKOMO, INDIANA

EXPORT DEPARTMENT—ONE HUNDRED WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

(Concluded from Page 150)

"I jus' came down."

Something was wrong and Belshazzer knew it. He flung open the tonneau door in a manner that brooked no opposition.

"Git in!" he commanded tersely. "I wan's to make some talk with you-all."

They were absolutely devoid of desire to make talk with him. They stalled valiantly, but Belshazzer was immovable. They entered the car. He swung it round, headed back through Ensley Highlands, hit the newly paved interurban road that connects Fairview and Birmingham and consigned speed ordinances to the lower regions. Twenty minutes later he quivered to a halt before his pretentious home on Avenue F. Then his eyes, too, popped open and his jaw dropped. As for Quintus, he cast one shocked glance at the tableau on the veranda and slumped in his seat like a half-filled sack of meal.

"Ol' Maizquint Dancin' Palace," he soliloquized, "you is done daid an' buried!"

The scene on the porch was pregnant with unpleasant possibilities. It couldn't well have been worse for Quintus and Maizy.

The central figure in the picture was an overlarge, superpowerful negro man who thirty-seven years before had been christened Bachus Elliott. To his right squatted a dumb and excruciatingly miserable Cass Driggers. On his left was Sunshine. They were saying nothing and saying it frequently. Belshazzer shook his head. Events were too rapid and too surprising for his comprehension.

He fairly dragged Quintus and Maizy to the porch. There Bachus rose and his voice boomed triumphantly across the lawn.

"This heah is a swell daughter what you is got, Belshazzer."

Belshazzer bristled like a fighting cock.

"What you mean by yo' base 'sinuations, Bachus?"

"I means what I says. Any gal which marries one man an' spen's her honeymoon with another ain't no lady!"

"Who spent whos' honeymoon with which?"

"Sunshine! I heard tell bouten it up home, but I di'n't b'lieve it at fust until I onwestigated. After I done same I saw that Sunshine was spendin' her weddin' trip with this heah li'l' Cass Driggers shrimp. Co'se they said they was married to each other, but I knowed better an' as soon as they said what they said I puck 'em up an' brought 'em to Bummin'ham."

Belshazzer turned upon Quintus:

"An' you is been spendin' yo' honeymoon with Cass' wife, ain't you?"

"No!" The monosyllable rang out in chorus from the four principals.

"But—but you an' her an' she an' him ——"

Quintus threw his arms wide in a gesture of surrender. He turned a haggard appealing face to his wife.

"You tell 'em, Maizy. You is a wonder on 'splainin' schemes of mine which is done flivvered."

For the third time within five days Maizy rose to the explaining occasion. She started a little bit before the beginning and went straight through to the end, omitting no detail and not failing to amplify those that were best calculated to rouse sympathy for herself and Quintus.

As for Quintus, that gentleman had fallen into a comatose state. On the very eve of supreme success, when things looked brightest, direst disaster had come. Twenty-eight additional hours and the meeting of The Sons and Daughter of I Will Arise would have been over and Belshazzer Elliott, believing Quintus his son-in-law, would have defeated the original resolution against dancing and substituted for it one that would have insured the perpetual success of the Maizquint.

But now all bets were off. Quintus watched the expression of Belshazzer's face with a curious morbid interest. For a while, as Belshazzer came to understand that his daughter was married to the man of his and her own choice and not to the dapper dancing master, Belshazzer smiled. But Quintus was not fooled regarding that smile. He knew that it was the sardonic smile of victory in a contest in which Quintus was the vanquished.

The fateful lodge meeting was scheduled for the following night. Quintus envisioned the embittered and unshackled Belshazzer as mounting the platform and orating magnificently upon the damning evils of dancing and the necessity for the extermination of the Maizquint. He and Maizy were doomed professionally; there wasn't a vestige of doubt about that. He settled down in his chair in limp and lachrymose agony of soul.

And finally Maizy's story was finished. Belshazzer reflected meticulously. Then he kissed his daughter.

"You sho' done wrong to fool yo' pa, chile, but I fo'gives you. An' b'lieve me when I says you is better off married to Cass."

He faced Quintus.

"Ain't you shame' on yo'se'f?"

Quintus flung his head high. He was beaten but he was no quitter.

"No!"

"Runnin' off with my gal ——"

"I never run off with her. It was all a mistake. I was married to Maizy all the time."

"But ——"

"Now lis'en heah, Mistuh Elliott! I ain't mindin' to argify with you. 'Tain't no use. I know when I is beat. But I is remahkin' that you is done I an' Maizy dirt. I ain't sorry fo' nothin' I is done or fo' nothin' which you thinks I is done. One mo' day an' we would of had you beat. But we is los' an' I ain't gwine give you the fun of seein' me welch. You go right on ahaid an' hol' yo' ol' lodge meetin' an' put 'em on the books ag'in dancin'. You cain't make me mad no mo'. It's gwine ruint us—I is admittin' that—but folks is stood a heap wuss things 'thout dyin'. Go right ahead an' run the Maizquint out of business!"

Belshazzer put out a gentle, restraining hand. His expression was sanctimoniously forgiving. "Wait a li'l' minute, Mistuh Weefalls. You is pregressin' too speedy."

"Huh?"

"A truly great man," said Belshazzer unctuously, "is one which sees the errer of his ways sometimes, an' when I thunk you was my son-in-law I done a heap of thinkin'. An' that thinkin', Mistuh Weefalls, made me believe mebbe I is been hasty in my judgments. Mebbe they ain't no hahm in a high-class an' silect dancin' 'cademy like what you an' Mis' Weefalls runs. An' so I is been thinkin' ——"

Quintus rose groggily and placed a beseeching hand on Belshazzer's shoulder.

"Don' you kid with me, Mistuh Elliott! Fo' the Lawd's sake, don' you go kiddin' with me!"

"I is se'ious, Mistuh Weefalls."

"Does you mean to say, Mistuh Elliott, that even though I ain't went an' ma'ied yo' daughter you is gwine defeat yo' own motion to-morrow night? You mean you is gwine put the lodge down in favor of dancin' so's the Maizquint will make a sicksess?"

Belshazzer nodded solemnly.

"Yes, Mistuh Weefalls, I means jes' that. I is a righteous man, Mistuh Weefalls, which don' want to do no injustices to nobody, an' I is wishin' the Maizquint a long an' proeperous life. As I say, I is a hones' man."

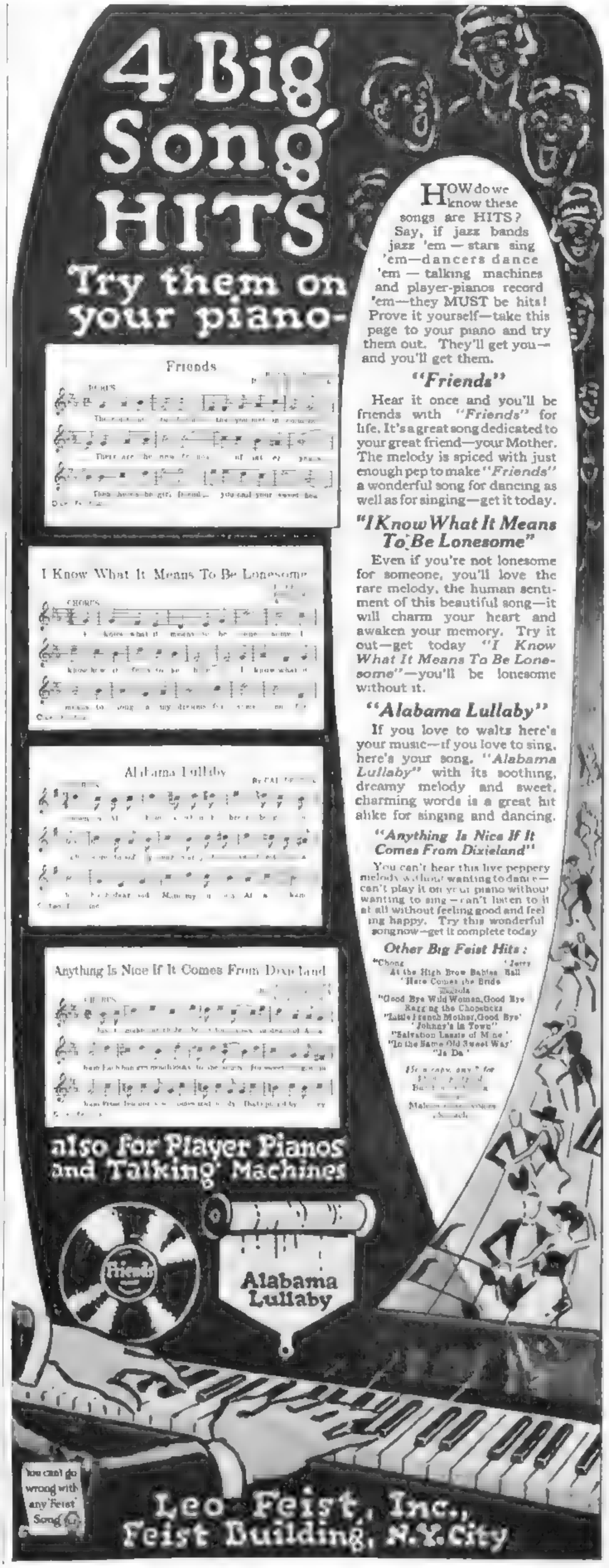
"Nossuh," negatived Quintus, his voice freighted with bliss, "you ain't no hones' man, Mistuh Elliott. You is a angel!"

After darkness rosiest dawn had come. Cass and Sunshine were happy and forgiven. Quintus and Maizy faced certain success and undreamed-of prosperity. And even Belshazzer Elliott was happy.

Belshazzer, in fact, was unusually happy. He fairly reeked with self-content. He was conscious of a sensation of unctuousness, of nobility of character. He had proved himself of a large and forgiving nature.

Then, too, there were other reasons—more practical ones. He extracted from an inside pocket a long, neatly folded document for which he had paid a sizable sum. He had procured the document two days previously when still under the delusion that Quintus Weefalls, part proprietor of the Maizquint Dancing Palace, was his son-in-law.

The document was a conveyance in fee simple of the dance hall from Semore Mashby to Belshazzer Elliott!

"And," muttered Belshazzer sanctimoniously, "if'n I hadn't of been lib'ral minded an' changed my views bouten dancin' this heah asset woul'n't of been nothin' on'y a liability!"

4 Big Song HITS
Try them on your piano-
Friends
I Know What It Means To Be Lonesome
Alabama Lullaby
Anything Is Nice If It Comes From Dixieland
HOW do we know these songs are HITS? Say, if jazz bands jazz 'em — stars sing 'em — dancers dance 'em — talking machines and player-pianos record 'em—they MUST be hits! Prove it yourself—take this page to your piano and try them out. They'll get you—and you'll get them.
"Friends"
Hear it once and you'll be friends with "Friends" for life. It's a great song dedicated to your great friend—your Mother. The melody is spiced with just enough pep to make "Friends" a wonderful song for dancing as well as for singing—get it today.
"I Know What It Means To Be Lonesome"
Even if you're not lonesome for someone, you'll love the rare melody, the human sentiment of this beautiful song—it will charm your heart and awaken your memory. Try it out—get today "I Know What It Means To Be Lonesome"—you'll be lonesome without it.
"Alabama Lullaby"
If you love to waltz here's your music—if you love to sing, here's your song. "Alabama Lullaby" with its soothing, dreamy melody and sweet, charming words is a great hit alike for singing and dancing.
"Anything Is Nice If It Comes From Dixieland"
You can't hear this live peppery melody without wanting to dance—can't play it on your piano without wanting to sing—can't listen to it at all without feeling good and feeling happy. Try this wonderful song now—get it complete today
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"Little French Mother, Good Bye"
"Johnny's in Town"
"Salvation Lassie of Mine"
"In the Same Old Sweet Way"
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If you intend to build or renovate your bathroom be sure to write for our instructive book, "Bathrooms of Character."

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World's Largest Makers of All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures

The Poets' Corner

Harlequin Astray

LITTLE songs they were, and slender—
Who should know so well as I!
Poor and light the lute that played them,
And the simple clown who made them
Just a rustic singer passing by—
Artless songs and slight, Milady,
Who should know so well as I!

Yet they were made of April—
The little gray April rains,
And frightened rabbits scurrying,
And April birds awing,
And harebells hidden in April lanes
For verger bees to swing,
And ferny hollows warm and deep,
With brown little fauns curled up asleep,
And the questing spice of the clove pink's musk,
And the soft, fleet, vanishing sapphire dusk
Aflicker with ragged bats,
And a pale little, frail little amber moon
Atilt in a sky of jade—
And bread and cheese and sixpences—
As honest songs are made.

But you had danced to harpsichords
And the linnet lilt of flutes,
And stately in the candlelight
Curtsied low to powdered lords
And heard the violins sigh—
Ah, rustic songs were mine, and slight—
Who should know so well as I!

Yet under the dripping hedgerows
In the heart of the sweet white rains,
I've hidden with Puck and the cross wet crows,
Fashioning little refrains:
Out of the lips of the gypsy June,
Ripe as a roadside berry,
Out of a topaz autumn moon,
Mellow as old mulled sherry,
Out of a laugh and a love and a tear,
And a pair of elbows frayed,
And the tinkle of bells on a motley cap—
For that's how songs are made—
And oh, but the day's awry, Milady,
And ah, but the world's askew—
For I might have sung to Columbine
The songs I've sung to you!

—Dorothy Paul.

E Pluribus Unum

TERENCE O'BRIEN, be off on your way!
It's little the heart of me cares after all.
For what does it matter to me if you're huntin'
A sweetheart for spring and another for fall?

So it's Molly McShane that has taken your fancy,
And you've come here to tell me as soft as you can,
And you're fearin' my heart will be broke, now I'm jilted?
Well, faith! Can you beat the conceit of the man?

Am I angry, you ask, at the turn things are taken?
Am I grievin'? Well, wait—let me set back an' smile!
I'll make a confession that sure will surprise you:
I've cheated you, Terence my lad, this long while.

For 'twas never yourself that I loved for a minute,
'Twas all the young lads that my heart ever knew
Rolled up in a parcel like, pleasant and handy,
And, Terence O'Brien, the wrappin' was you!

When you smiled it was Larry peeped out from your lashes,
And Tim looked at me in the midst of your frown,
Your brogue took me back to a lad in Killarney,
The wave in your hair gave me Andy McGown.

The cleft in your chin was a copy of Michael's,
Your wit had a flash that brought Barney to mind,
You whistled like Shan, you'd a shoulder like Paddy's,
Your kisses were Seumas's, lovin' an' kind.

So, Terence O'Brien, be off on your way!
It's little the heart of me cares after all.
For what does it matter to me if you're huntin'
A sweetheart for spring and another for fall?

—Blanche Goodman.

Runner Quinn

(To Pvt. George W. Quinn, Co. D, 308th Infantry, killed in action near Dead Man's Mill, Argonne Forest, Sept. 29, 1918)

THEY didn't give Quinn the D. S. C., for
they don't know how he died,
But three still forms around him sprawled,
they could have testified;
They could have told before he was cold—
If he hadn't plugged their hide.

No one was there when the thing was done,
deep in the Argonne glade,
No one but Quinn and the three in gray, and
there the four have stayed,
Where the night winds' hush through the
soughing brush
Is a psalm for the Unafraid.

We'd never have known how he was bumped
save in the strangest way,
And that was when, from overseas, came a
note the other day,
Which made it clear why we didn't hear
From the major during the fray.

But Quinn would have reached the new P. C.
if saint or devil could;
He'd have plowed that message through
honeycombed hell—he was offspring of
the wood,
And he knew its craft long ere the draft
Had sucked him in—for good.

A terrible hick from up the state, he fell in
with the city bird,
And nobody knew who his buddy was—he
was short on the spoken word;
But in rifle pits when they tallied hits
It was rare that his bullets erred.

Yet he shouldn't have drawn the infantry—
with his sight in one eye bad
And a mean little limp that he tried to hide,
poor old lumbering lad. . . .
Well, the farce was fin when they picked on
Quinn
As a runner! . . . The best we had!

The best? . . . So you don't compree it,
eh? Well, neither did we at first,
But through all the Vesle and then the
Aisne when Jerry sent his worst,
It was: "Private Quinn! This chit goes in
To the major. . . . Now show a burst!"

And despite the best that Fritz could spill,
Quinn ever sifted through,
Ever until that morning—near a cemetery,
too—
When they cut our line with their Maxims'
whine,
And Quinn was two too few.

We had milled around their cushy nest till
men and lead were low
When I started Quinn with a yelp for more,
and—well, I didn't know
That my jerky scrawl was the last roll call
He'd answer—for three below.

The boches must have wormed around our
flank on a path that had been clear,
A right of way that Quinn bought in at a
price you'd reckon dear,
But a runner's trail is long—its hail
Is "Where-do-we-go-from-Here?"

After he left there wasn't much chance to
wonder if he was dead;
Another runner had wiggled through, and
soon we pushed ahead
With never a thought that Quinn had fought
Till the trail was blazed in red.

And I didn't hear of his little show, things
hummed so thick and fast,
Until from a captain of pioneers there came
the note at last:
"Quinn died as game as his racial name!
And it wasn't odds he asked."

The captain had found him measured out
with his fallen foemen three,
Had found the message—the torch, you say?—
that he bore for you and me;
It was tucked away for that certain day
When the trail's eternity.

No—they didn't give Quinn the D. S. C., but
the tomb wherein he's laid
Was fashioned for all the ages from God's
blessed sun and shade,
And the night winds' hush through the
soughing brush
Is a psalm for the Unafraid.

—Arthur McKeogh.

For a Sure Quick Start

The Wagner Starter cranks your car surely, quickly and properly because it is made-to-order for that individual engine.

Long before your engine sees actual road usage, Wagner Engineers determine from a series of skillful tests just what is required to start it.

The starting requirements of this engine were measured at high temperatures and low, at different positions of the crankshaft, duplicating severest as well as easiest starting situations.

From these starting measurements, the Wagner Starter is made-to-order. As a result, the Wagner Starter is exactly suited to your car. It will respond instantly to your command, even when faced by emergency tasks. It will serve your engine faithfully and reliably. In every particular, it will give you a starting service satisfactory to an unusual degree.

It is well to make sure your next car is Wagner-equipped, including starting, lighting and ignition.

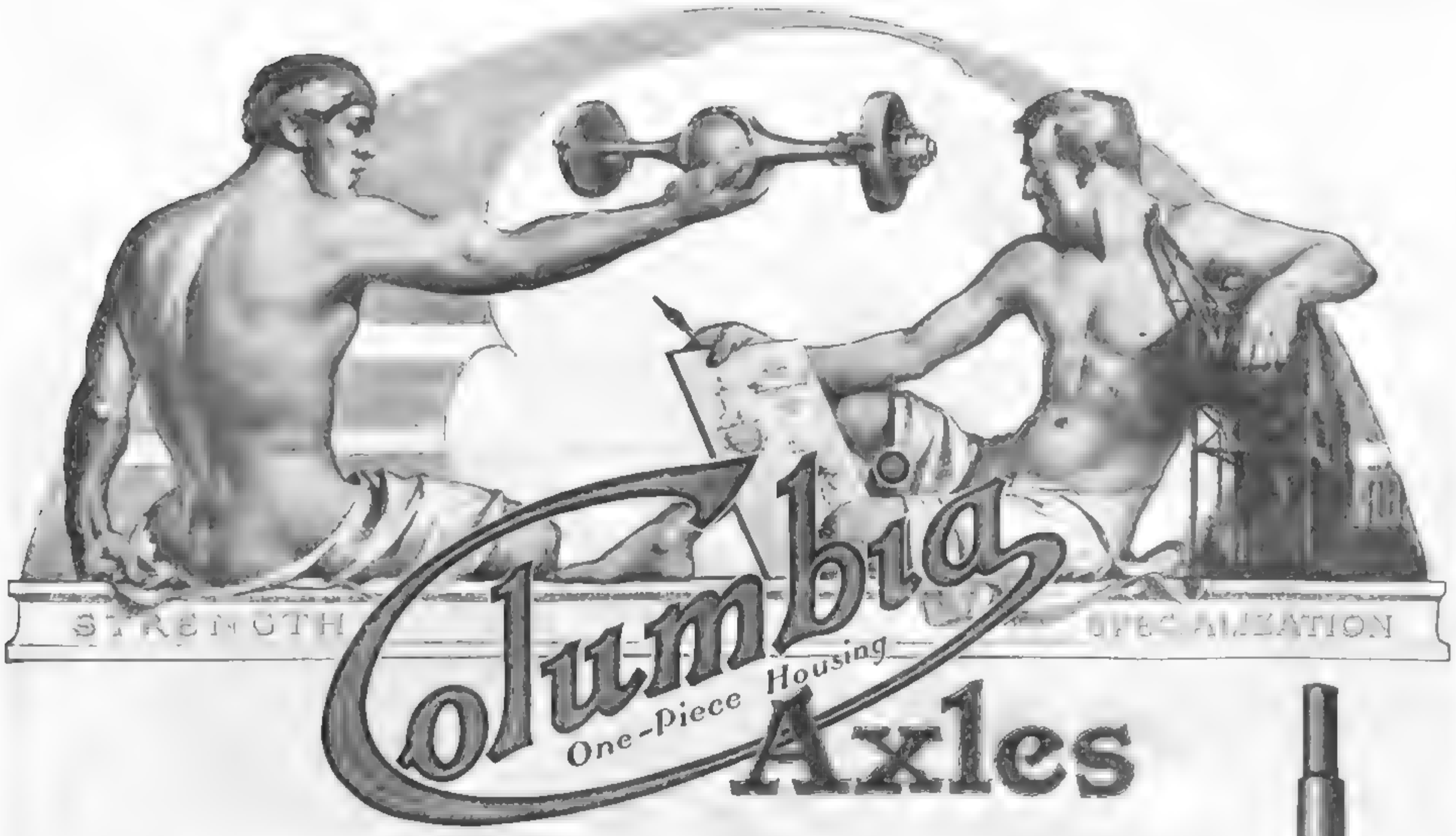
Wagner Electric Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

*New York. *Chicago *Philadelphia. *St. Louis *Detroit
*Los Angeles. Washington, D. C. *Kansas City
St. Paul *Denver New Orleans.

Wagner, Quality

STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION

THE STARTER THAT IS BUILT TO ORDER



The Cap-Sheaf of Axle Strength ---the One-Piece Housing

—So that if you knew all there is to know about *all* axles, you would choose Columbia Axles.

That is the spirit in which they are designed, built, priced and sold.

That we do not deal direct with the car buyer only increases our sense of obligation to him.

It may be, probably is, rarely that the extra strength, extra safety features of Columbia Axles are ever put to the test.

Nevertheless we steadfastly adhere to our established practice.

Columbia Drive Shafts and Ring Gears are larger and stronger than usual, the Columbia has much more than usual Bearing Surfaces and Braking Surfaces.

And the Columbia One-Piece Housing, perfected and introduced by this Organization, when tested to destruction in our laboratories, shows fifty per cent greater torsional strength.

These elements of greater Strength and Safety in Columbia Axles have gained the decision of many Motor Car Manufacturers to equip their cars with Columbias.

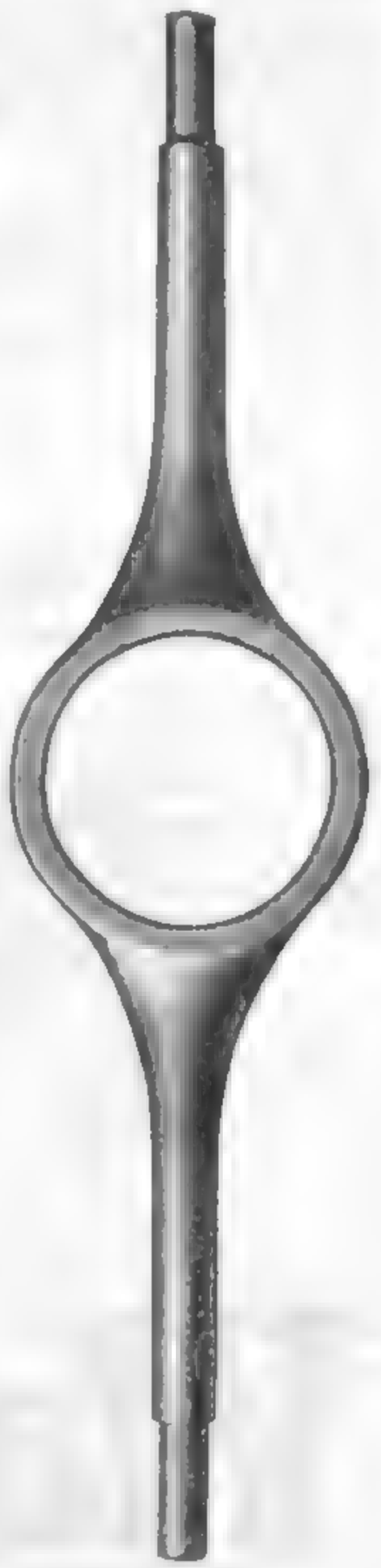
Where Car Manufacturers evidence the greatest sense of responsibility to Car Buyers, there you find Columbia Axles.

And your discovery that the car you consider buying is equipped with Columbia Axles may well be taken as an earnest of superior quality units throughout.

Columbia One-Piece-Housing Axles are made in several sizes for cars of different weight.

Manufacturers, dealers and others interested in Superior Axles will receive prompt, full and frank response to inquiries addressed to this Organization of Axle Specialists.

ONE-PIECE HOUSING
SEMI FINISHED



ONE-PIECE HOUSING
COMPLETE

THE COLUMBIA AXLE COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.

THE PRICE WE PAID

(Continued from Page 22)

belligerent engaged in the present war has been able to defray from tax revenues.

During the single fiscal year 1918 the income tax yielded $2,839,027,939; the manufacturers' tax on munitions, $13,296,927; the estate tax, $47,452,880; transportation, $64,437,535; beverages $330,864,862; tobacco, $156,188,660. These are some of the chief items that enabled us to pay forty-eight per cent of the war cost from current income.

Secretary McAdoo was able to report to Congress one month after the armistice was signed that "During the past year the stupendous financial needs of America and the nations associated with her in the prosecution of the war have been met. From a peace basis the nation has gradually adjusted itself to a war basis. Non-essential industry has largely given way to essential industry.

"The payment into the Treasury of vast sums in war taxes and from bond sales, and the transformation of our varied and complex economic life to the supreme task of winning the war, have been accomplished without shock or financial disturbance. The credit and business structure of the nation remain sound and strong.

"The fundamental fact underlying these great economic achievements has been the inflexible spirit and purpose of America to secure for the world the blessings of that kind of liberty and justice in which America was conceived, and without which neither America nor civilization can exist. Falsely reputed by her enemies to be a heterogeneous people incapable of united action, America has revealed herself to the world as a solidified, homogeneous, altruistic and unselfish nation, willing to expend her blood and treasure without stint for the vindication of her ideals and the rights of mankind."

A revised statement of expenditures and receipts prepared by the Treasury Department shows that exclusive of public-debt transactions the receipts for the year 1917 amounted to $1,124,324,795.02, and expenditures for the year $2,026,678,446.74, including $885,000,000 on account of the purchase of obligations of foreign governments.

From this it will be noted that, exclusive of public-debt transactions, fifty-five per cent of the expenditures for the year were paid from revenue receipts. If the purchase of obligations of foreign governments is deducted from the total ordinary and special expenditures—that is, expenditures exclusive of transactions in the public debt—the result is $1,141,678,446.74, and the above figures show that approximately 98.5 per cent of this amount was paid from revenue receipts.

The Cost per Capita

A similar analysis for the fiscal year 1918 shows that, exclusive of transactions in the public debt, the receipts for the year were $4,180,425,155.99, and expenditures for the year were $13,196,071,287.40. These figures indicate that, exclusive of public-debt transactions, 31.6 per cent of the expenditures for the year were paid from revenue receipts. If the purchase of obligations of foreign governments is deducted from the total ordinary and special expenditures—that is, expenditures exclusive of transactions in the public debt—the result is $8,456,636,537.40, and the above figures show that 49.4 per cent of this amount was paid from revenue receipts.

The other periods in the history of the country at which the debt stood at a maximum amount were on August 31, 1865, shortly after the close of the Civil War, when the total debt was $2,844,649,616; in 1851, after the Mexican War and the payment of the Texas indemnity, when it amounted to $68,304,796; on December 31, 1815, when all the bills for the War of 1812 had been settled, when it was $127,041,341; and on April 1, 1791, for which date, after all adjustments of the Revolutionary debts had been made, the debt was found to be $76,781,953.

Reduced to a per capita basis the Revolutionary War debt amounted to $18.88; that after the War of 1812 to $14.64; that at the close of the Mexican War to $2.84; that at the close of the Civil War to $81.58, while at the present it is $224.30 and, if the estimated maximum for the late war is reached, will be about $280.

The national wealth of the United States to-day is something round three hundred billion dollars, so that the present debt is about eight per cent of the wealth of the country and if it reaches its estimated maximum will be about ten per cent of the national wealth.

In order to retire the principal of the debt incurred in the prosecution of the war Congress has made an appropriation for an annual sinking fund, beginning in 1920, equal to the sum of (1) 2½ per cent of the aggregate amount of bonds and notes issued under any of the Liberty Bond Acts, less an amount equal to the par amount of any obligations of foreign governments held by the United States on July 1, 1920, plus (2) the interest which would have been payable upon the bonds and notes held in the sinking fund. The period required to liquidate the debt by this arrangement is estimated at twenty-five years. The specific appropriation called for by this act, in addition to that for the interest charge, will be in the neighborhood of $500,000,000.

The national income of the United States at this time may be conservatively estimated at more than sixty billion dollars. To meet the present interest charge of approximately one billion dollars calls for about $1.66 from each $100 of income, and to meet the estimated maximum interest charge for thirty billions of debt, say $1,250,000,000, would require about two dollars out of every $100 of income.

Allies' Debts Far Exceed Ours

The gross interest and sinking-fund charge would thus be $1,750,000,000, $16.37 per capita; about three dollars out of every $100 of national income. Assuming, however, that the interest on an amount of debt equivalent to the loans to foreign governments will be met by the payments from such governments and that the principal of an amount of debt equal to such loans will be finally liquidated by the payment thereof, then the actual charge against the American people for the payment of interest and the liquidation of debt within twenty-five years will be only $1,300,000,000 a year—a per capita charge of $12.15; or, say, $2.17 for every $100 of national income.

Let us compare now the debts and resources of the other great nations of the world with those of the United States. According to the latest statistics available the national debt of Great Britain now amounts to more than $36,000,000,000, of which approximately $33,000,000,000 has been incurred since the beginning of the war, on August 4, 1914. On a per capita basis the debt would amount to, say, $782.60. The national wealth of Great Britain is estimated by authorities at $120,000,000,000, and the national income at $15,500,000,000. The proportion of debt to wealth therefore would be thirty per cent, and assuming the interest charge to be about $1,575,000,000 it would require to meet it about $10.16 out of every $100 of income.

It should be noted here that it is estimated Great Britain will be reimbursed by her allies and dominions to the extent of about $5,000,000,000 for advances made to them during the progress of the war. Assuming this to occur, the burden of debt to be borne by her own people would be reduced to $674 per capita, calling for a contribution of $8.70 a year from every $100 of income to meet the interest charge.

The figures available for France, Italy and Germany are not so reliable as those for Great Britain and for our own country, but a close approximation would give the gross debt of France as about $36,000,000,000 and the per capita debt $900; the gross debt of Italy as about $12,600,000,000 and the per capita debt $350; the gross debt of Germany $39,000,000,000 and the per capita debt about $600.

Though all figures for national wealth and national income are necessarily estimates and of no great scientific value the accepted figures for France, Italy and Germany are especially indeterminate. However, they probably roughly approximate the facts and may be used for comparative purposes.

The national wealth of France was estimated before the war at $62,000,000,000 and the national income at perhaps $7,500,000,000. The wealth of Italy prior to

Aids Digestion

RAPID eating, keeping the brain constantly at work during meal time, and bad cookery—these lay the foundation for the conditions that nine out of every ten Americans suffer from. The food is imperfectly masticated, there is an insufficient flow of saliva, and the inevitable result is seen in the various mild forms of indigestion with which we are all familiar.

Under such conditions there is nothing better than the routine use of my original pepsin chewing gum. It stimulates the salivary glands, insures sufficient saliva, relaxes nerve tension, and aids the digestive processes.

Thousands have avoided minor digestive troubles by the simple expedient of chewing Beeman's Pepsin Gum for ten to twenty minutes after each meal.

D. E. Beeman

CHICLE

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

the war may be taken at $25,000,000,000, while the national income was perhaps $4,500,000,000.

For the German Empire before the war the wealth was estimated at upward of $80,000,000,000 and the income at round $10,000,000,000. An official estimate of recent date gives the cost of the war at 161,000,000,000 marks. At the par of exchange this is, say, $39,000,000,000, the figure at which we have estimated the debt, for it is well known that no part of Germany's war expenses has been met from taxation, not even all the interest upon her debt. The amount required for the interest charge is probably about $2,000,000,000.

The total wealth of all the nations engaged in the war was computed at $750,000,000,000 when hostilities began.

The obligations to repay money borrowed to conduct the war now outstanding against the seven nations which chiefly financed the war represent a sum greater than the developed wealth of any single nation of the world other than the United States. The promises to pay represent a sum six times as large as the deposits of all the banks of the United States, twelve times as large as all the gold and silver mined since the beginning of the world, twenty times as large as the value of our annual foreign trade. The indebtedness incurred was for organized destruction and for every one of the fifty-two months of the war $300,000,000 was added to the world's debt.

Great Britain's two loans offered to the British public in the first year of the war were more than the Empire's loans for the twenty years of the Napoleonic wars. The borrowings of both Great Britain and Germany from August, 1914, to November, 1918, represented an increase of indebtedness that was more for each than the combined direct cost of the world's greatest six military struggles in the 125 years preceding the great war. That direct cost was $21,000,000,000.

War Debts Will Be Met

Can these huge and incredible debts be paid? Always this question is asked after a great and destructive war, and always it has been answered in the affirmative. Great responsibilities develop great capacities among nations as among men. France has repeatedly shown the world a superb ability to overcome the weight of war burdens; Great Britain, Holland and even the Balkan States have done likewise. Macaulay spoke of the prompt payment of the interest on eight hundred millions sterling of British debt in 1815 as a thing that in 1792 would have been unbelievable. That interest at five per cent meant to the British Empire a yearly interest obligation, roughly, of $200,000,000. "It was in truth a gigantic debt," wrote Macaulay, "and we can hardly wonder that the cry of despair should have been louder than ever." That is, 103 years ago the British Empire was in despair over an annual obligation to find a sum that was not so large as the net earnings of a single American industrial corporation in 1918. In a single fortnight of November, 1918, the American people made a gift of money to conduct welfare work among its soldiers that would have taken care of the British Empire's gigantic debt of 1815 for more than a whole year.

In the four Liberty Bond Acts Congress set aside "for the purpose of more effectually providing for the national security and defense and prosecuting the war" ten billion dollars to be loaned to the Allies. They had received of this sum on June 9, 1919, $9,070,535,015.56. Great Britain got $4,270,000,000; France, $2,627,477,800; Italy, $1,550,500,000; Belgium, $330,995,000; Cuba, $10,000,000; Czechoslovakia, $47,040,000; Liberia, $12,000; Rumania, $20,000,000; Russia, $187,729,750; Serbia, $26,780,465.56. Forty-three million dollars was set aside for Greece, but she had not drawn a penny of it. Liberia had taken only $12,000 of the $5,000,000 set aside for her. Russia is the only country that has drawn up to the last cent of the credit established for her in the early days of the war.

Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip and other American financiers coming home from Europe have brought back the news that there is a widespread and prevalent feeling in Europe that they should not be called upon to pay back this money, but the sentiment, if it exists, has not found any voice in responsible quarters. No present disposition is discernible in the United States, either on the part of the Government or the people, to turn these loans into freewill gifts.

Demand certificates of indebtedness signed by the duly authorized representatives of the various governments are now held for all funds that have been advanced, and now bear interest equivalent to the rate of five per cent per annum upon the entire amount advanced. This rate has been fixed upon consideration of the rate of interest paid by the United States on Liberty Bonds and certificates of indebtedness and of the loss of revenue resulting from the tax exemptions accorded to these issues and other incidental costs and expenses.

Loans Were Bread on Water

Very little of this money loaned to the Allies went out of the country. Most of it was spent right here buying war materials. The subscribers to the Liberty Bonds loaned the money to the Government on interest. The Government, in turn, loaned it to the Allied Governments at the same rate of interest. The Allies immediately paid it back to the Liberty Bond subscribers for coal and copper and steel and iron and leather and chemicals and all sorts of war supplies.

Moreover, we supervised the expenditure in this country of the money we loaned the Allies. A committee of the War Industries Board told purchasing agents of the foreign governments just where to buy and what price to pay. This system protected the borrowing Ally, prevented competitive bidding against the other Allies in the United States, and assured the foreign governments the same price, same terms and the same treatment our own Government demanded in making purchases for itself.

The price of wars has gone up. They cost more than they used to. Like spinach and potatoes and copper and oil and tobacco and steel, wars have felt the cosmic urge of the increased cost of living. This war cost more than any other war the world has ever known. It is the biggest and most expensive and most destructive enterprise that mankind has ever engaged in. The total cost of the wars that were fought in Europe between 1793 and 1860 was nine billion dollars; from 1861 to 1910, fourteen billion dollars. The first three years of the great world war cost the belligerents ninety billion dollars.

The expenditure of these huge sums in the destruction of human life and property is a gauge or measure of the imperfections of organized society and the foolishness of man. Wars never settle anything.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr Lowry.

The Great Task of Construction

With the coming of peace the Bell System faced an enormous construction program. Conditions arising from war resulted in the wiping out of the reserve equipment normally maintained, and necessary to give prompt connection to new subscribers. The release of industry and accumulated growth of population now makes telephone demands almost overwhelming.

Telephone construction, including buildings, switchboards, conduits, cables and toll lines, must, from its inherent nature, be undertaken in large units. A metropolitan switchboard, with its tens of thousands of parts, may require from two to three years to construct and install.

Only great extension can meet the present excess burden of traffic and provide for future requirements. Extension which cares for immediate demand, only, is uneconomical and calls for continuous work of such a character as to be frequently detrimental to the service.

During the war the Bell System devoted all its margin to the needs of the Government. The great task of getting back to normal pre-war excellence of operation requires the reestablishment of an economic operating margin capable of taking care of a larger growth than has ever before confronted the Bell System.

Construction is being pushed to the limit of men and materials; while every effort is being made to provide the best, present service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

Sell Us Your Spare Time

We will buy it and pay you a good price for it.
Wouldn't you like $100.00 extra in September?

Scores of spare-time representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* will earn more than $100.00 in this month.

Why not you too? You need not invest a single penny to learn all about our plan. Experience is unnecessary. Profits begin at once. You assume no obligation by requesting details.

More than a million Curtis subscriptions will expire in the next few months. You can share in the profits on this business if you clip the coupon to-day!

The Curtis Publishing Company, 355 Independence Square, Phila., Pa.
Gentlemen:—Tell me all about your spare-time money making plan. I m interested.

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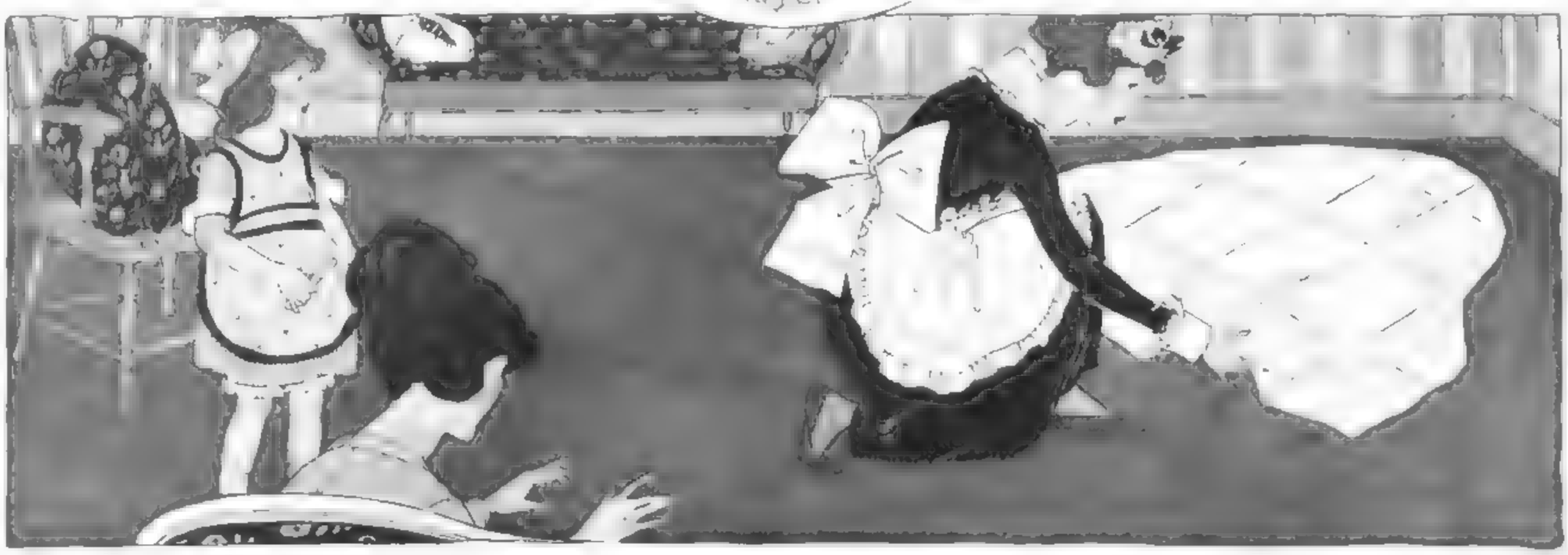

Won't you let us *send you* a paper floor pattern?

THERE is not even a semblance of an obligation. When you place this pattern upon your parlor floor, we believe you will be surprised to see how little space would be taken up by a Lyon & Healy Apartment Grand. In fact, the space required is hardly more than needed by an upright. This piano possesses a sufficient length of string to make the tone rich and satisfying.

The Lyon & Healy *Apartment Grand Piano*

has acquired a foremost position through its depth of tone of marked individuality, and because of its modern features. Among these are the Candelectra and the Silento. The architectural lines of this instrument are delightful and its beauty is further enhanced by the rare quality of the brown mahogany casing. Yet its price is but little more than that of a first class upright. A liberal plan of purchase is offered. Old pianos taken in exchange as part payment. *Send for the pattern today.*

Everything Known in Music CHICAGO

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Gentlemen: Please send me, free of charge, your floor pattern and illustrated booklet of the Lyon & Healy Apartment Grand.

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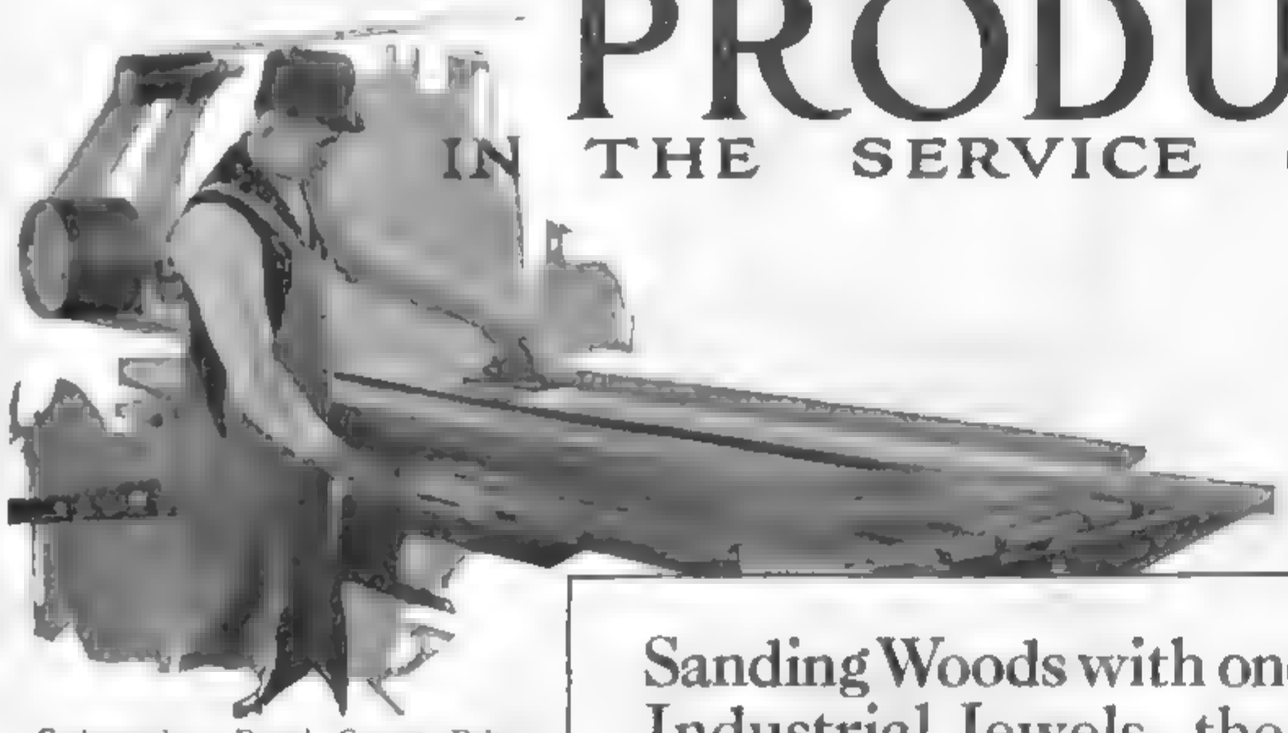
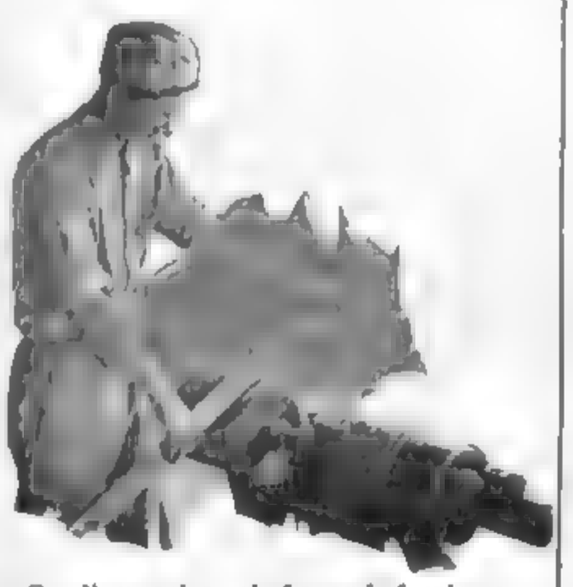
CARBORUNDUM PRODUCTS

IN THE SERVICE OF INDUSTRY



Carborundum Brand Garnet Belts sanding a panel. They are accurately made—the joints are strong and flexible.



Sanding poles, shafts and furniture parts. Note the flexibility of Carborundum Brand Garnet Cloth. The cloth does not crack—the grain stays on.

Sanding Woods with one of Nature's Industrial Jewels—the Garnet.

There is just one line of abrasive work for which nature produces a material superior to anything that can be manufactured—and that is the sanding of woods.

Hence from the North River section of the Adirondacks we bring one of nature's industrial jewels—The Garnet—clean, hard, sharp Garnet Crystals that give us just the right abrasive for the finishing of wood surfaces.

These Garnet Crystals are brought to Niagara Falls, where they are crushed and washed until all impurities have been eliminated—Carborundum Brand Garnet is absolutely pure. Then the grains are graded with positive uniformity by sifting through silk screens.

Then in the giant abrasive paper and cloth making machines the graded grains are automatically spread on the glue coated surface of the backing and miles of finished products are turned out in a day—every inch of every mile absolutely uniform in its grading and coating.

Carborundum Brand Garnet Paper and Cloth are very fast cutting—Because of their freedom from impurities they do not glaze over or clog—Because of their great flexibility and the unusual care used in the making they last longer and produce more.

Carborundum Brand Garnet Paper and Cloth Make Good Sanders Better Sanders.

Carborundum Brand Garnet Products are made in all the standard grits and in the standard sizes of sheets, rolls, belts and discs—and are used in all wood finishing operations.

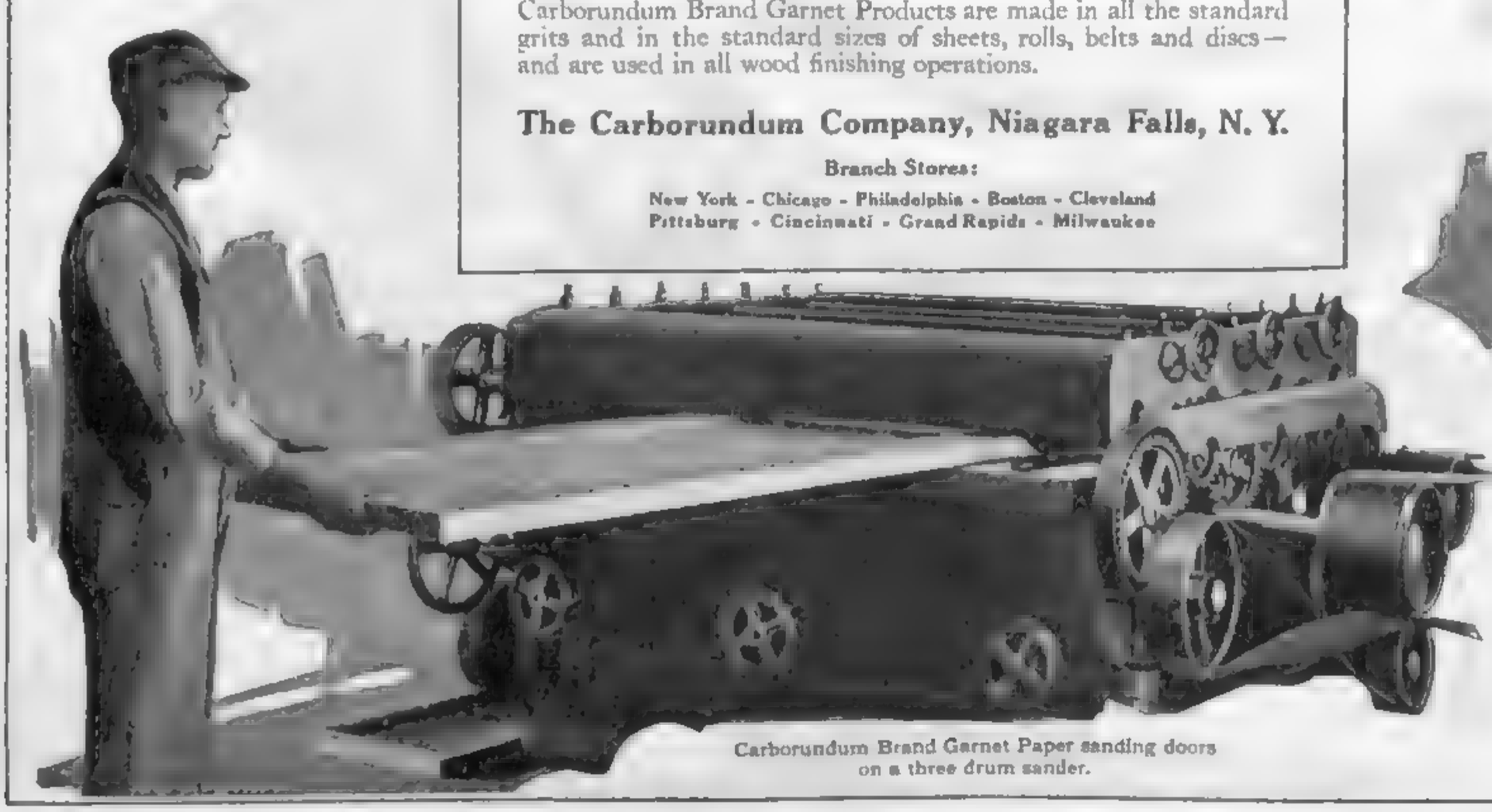
The Carborundum Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Branch Stores:

New York - Chicago - Philadelphia - Boston - Cleveland
Pittsburg - Cincinnati - Grand Rapids - Milwaukee

Carborundum Brand Garnet Paper sanding chair backs on the single drum sander.

Sanding boxes with a Carborundum Brand Garnet Belt.



Carborundum Brand Garnet Paper sanding doors on a three drum sander.

For fine hand finishing on high grade furniture—Carborundum Brand Garnet Cabinet Papers.

GAM

(Continued from Page 7)

Gam was asleep on the front veranda, and I scarcely noticed when he scrambled to his feet and circled the house at Birdie's call from the back door.

"It may have been five or ten minutes after that when I heard a low moan from the back yard. After a moment the moan was repeated a little louder. It was a strangely horrifying sound—like the cry of a man whose sins have found him out. At the same time I became conscious of a sudden clamorous silence on the part of the usually noisy Birdie in the kitchen.

"Then came a yelp of pained surprise—plainly from Gam—and I got up and went out into the dining room and looked from the window to see what was the matter.

"I was conscious even then that there were other spectators. Two or three church-going pedestrians had stopped to look over the hedge, and Birdie's black face was pressed to the kitchen window, and one or two of the neighbors were giving their attention. In the middle of our back lawn, the cynosure of all eyes, was Gam—struggling with himself.

"I called to him: 'Gam, what's the matter?' And he heard me and looked toward me. I think that even in such a moment there was a good-humored light in the dog's eyes. But he made no effort to come to me. His attention was elsewhere.

"While I watched a sudden shudder shook him. He opened his mouth rigidly wide and his eyes rolled downward. He took on the aspect of a man violently trying to see down his own throat. His eyes became glazed and he stood on his hind legs and pawed at his head, with short yaps that sounded as though he might be pushing them out with his feet. I went quickly through the kitchen and I remember exclaiming: 'He's poisoned!' Also I remember Birdie's scream at that black word.

"I was intent on doing something to comfort Gam. His pan was on the back porch, and I noticed traces of some nauseous brown liquid clinging to it as I filled it with water and hurried toward the dog.

"He was struggling desperately with his own private civil war, but he wagged his tail and put his nose hopefully down to the water I brought. But, at the first touch of it, the first sniff of the brown scum that floated on it, Gam's lips curled back, his nostrils distended, he looked at me reproachfully, and—the worst happened."

Doctor Carey looked from one of us to another.

"Birdie had tried her antifat prescription on the dog, you see," he explained. And after a little he went on:

"I've dwelt a good deal on Gam's trials and his vices. When I'm once started on the subject of Gam it is hard for me to stop. Also, I wanted you to know him in and out—as we knew him—irresponsible and cowardly and a thief, and the target for all misfortunes. It is necessary, I suppose, for you to know him as he was in order to comprehend the last episode I am about to tell you.

"There is a tradition in this world of ours that respects the thoroughbred—horse or cow or dog or man. It is, in a way, a curious tradition. Man likes to exalt his own works, and the thoroughbred is a creature of man's devising. I don't suppose God ever made a thoroughbred. It is not His way. For one thing, thoroughbreeding must mean, in some degree, inbreeding; and the results of that are often unfortunate. We make laws against the inbreeding of man, but we force animals to the course we forbid ourselves.

"I do not expect to find agreement in this notion of mine. The fetish of the thoroughbred is too stoutly buttressed. But for everyday matters, for the straightforward business of life give me the mongrel. And before you contradict me, my friends, please remember that this country of ours is, after all, the mongrel among nations. Gam was a mongrel too."

He hesitated again; and when he went on his voice had a hushed quality, and he did not look at any of us, but watched unwaveringly the picture of Gam upon the mantel.

"The thing happened," he said softly, "in August. I remember the day very well; remember little things about it; remember the soft hiss of the automatic sprinkler on the Phillips lawn and the fluttering of some sparrows in a pool on the street where the watering cart had passed. It was hot as August days are apt to be—and most people were indoors, keeping cool. There was a singing stillness in the air, compounded of the hum of tiny noises everywhere. Now and then you heard the tone of a human voice as some wandering air current brought it from one of the darkened rooms in the houses along the street.

"I had been out on a call afoot and I was walking home, my bag in one hand, my hat—for I was hot and uncomfortable—in the other. Two streets converge almost exactly in front of the house, you remember. One comes from town; I was moving along the other.

"When I had come within a few yards of the junction of these two streets I heard someone shout. The shout came from the direction of town. It was not loud, but there was a peculiar quality in it. If you have ever had the experience you will remember how a sudden shout on a still day sends tremors of alarm through the very air—to beat upon everyone in hearing. This first cry frightened me—I say it frankly. I stopped still and my pulse pounded a little quicker.

"After a moment I went on toward the convergence of the two streets, and I heard the cries of half a dozen people. I came into the other street and looked toward town and saw them running toward me. When they discovered me, they waved their arms, screaming some warning. I heard a door bang somewhere behind me. A curious bewilderment had taken possession of me. I could not understand what was happening. I did not fully understand, even when I saw Mercersburg's Airedale coming toward me at a shuffling trot.

"There was more shouting, and I looked back—I do not know why—toward my own home. I saw then that Janet was playing under a tree in the side yard. And that, somehow, made me understand. When I looked toward the approaching Airedale again there was something terribly familiar in his unsteady gait—now gallop, now trot—and in the way his hanging head swayed from side to side.

"The dog was—as we say—mad!

"When I realized this the Airedale was within a hundred feet of where I stood. My home, with my little girl playing in the yard, may have been fifty yards away. I turned and ran toward Janet, and as I ran I shouted to her to go into the house—to run into the house. I could hear my own shouts, hoarse and unnatural and grotesquely loud in the stillness. I was running blindly, with some thought of snatching her up and whisking her to safety.

"But even through the clamor of my own outcries I could hear the soft, still patter of the dog's pads as he overtook me. Before I was halfway to where Janet stood the dog came even with me. He paid me no heed; galloped steadily along. His head wagged horribly.

"Janet had heard me shout to her but she did not understand. She stood still, staring at me, and I could see that she was frightened. I saw then for the first time that Gam was with her. He came running to the gap in the hedge, and when he saw the Airedale he cowered. I could see his hackles rise, and he howled aloud in an agony of horror and despair.

"The Airedale came even with me and I threw my heavy bag at him, bent on bowling him over, killing him with my hands, while my very flesh shrank at the thought of the horror on his jaws. I do not know what I thought, what I meant to do. But my bag missed him. He swerved in his path. He headed straight for the hedge—blindly, I suppose. Yet there was to me a dreadful purpose in the dog's slow gallop.

"I was unable to move but I could see very clearly. My vision was—as it were—photographic. The whole swift-moving scene is still vividly clear to me.

"There is in dogs a quality which enables them to recognize, even at a distance, the madness in one of their kind. This has been demonstrated often enough; I suppose it is not disputed. Also, madness is the thing above all others that they dread. A dog will shun a venomous snake with every sign of fear; but a dog will fly from rabies in a blind and unreasoning panic. This is their deep-rooted instinct; they obey unquestioningly.

"If I thought at all in that moment I expected Gam to run. He feared the Airedale, sane; how much more would he fear

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the Airedale, mad. A certain resignation possessed me. I remember picking up my bag with an instinctive feeling that it would be needed. I moved after the Airedale, watching.

"When Gam first saw the mad dog, as I said before, he groveled in fear and he howled aloud. Till after I had failed to check the beast he still cowered. But when the Airedale swept past me and on toward Gam my dog moved. He backed off; he looked round.

"Janet was under the tree, perhaps thirty feet from the veranda. Gam ran at her, snarling terribly. He was quick as light in that moment—he had to be, for it was only the split part of a minute before the Airedale would be upon them. He snarled at Janet and she screamed, desperately afraid. Gam ran from her toward the house, barking shrilly; back to her. She did not move and he nipped her legs—gently, even in that hot instant. She ran then, crying out for her mother—ran toward the veranda. I saw Mrs. Carey at a window, saw her turn and race toward the door. Janet was stumbling, spurred on by Gam, running as best she could.

"I thought Gam was intent on Janet, but he must have been watching the approach of the other dog. I saw, after an instant, that Janet would not reach the steps before the mad dog came upon them, and Gam must have seen this too. For he stopped and turned, and he looked to right and left, and cringed and shrank away in a desperate spasm of fear.

"Then the Airedale leaped the hedge and galloped across the lawn toward them. And Gam—you will understand, my friends, that he was tortured by the most terrible panic of fear—Gam moved to meet the mad dog, the dog he had always feared—a shoulder taller than himself.

"He howled aloud, and his fear quavered in that howl. There was something comical in the abasement of his cowardice—that is to say, it would have been funny if it had not been sublime. He howled; and, still shrieking his dog's shrieks of fear, he flung himself full in the face of that living death that lumbered down upon him. They met with a chocking impact, and I heard the Airedale's jaws snap and snap and snap, and I heard Gam howl woefully. But he set his jaw in the other dog's foreleg and he did not let go.

"I ran toward them, and Shannon, the patrolman, with his pistol in his hand, overtook me and ran at my side. We came to them together. His first shot broke the Airedale's spine and he beat the mad dog with his bullets till it lay forever still.

"He was hot with the chase and he would have turned the last bullet on Gam, but I caught his hand. 'No, please!' I said.

"Shannon shook his head. 'He's bit. He'll have to be put out of the way.'

"I nodded—I knew. 'Let me!' I begged. 'He saved Janet, you know.'

"'I saw him,' Shannon said, and stood back. I bent over Gam.

"My dog had held his grip on the other dog's leg till the Airedale was dead; but now he had crawled a little away and he was licking at his wounds. God knows he had plenty! He was all but torn to ribbons. It was hard to believe the Airedale could have done such damage in so short a time. Gam was whimpering with the pain, but when I spoke to him he looked up, and I will swear that through his bloody lips he tried to grin at me; and I know—even Shannon saw this—that he wagged his tail.

"I said—I may have been husky and unsteady of voice: 'It's all right, Gam. Good dog.' And he yapped at me with happiness.

"Shannon said: 'He's bleeding pretty bad!' I told the policeman to stand by, and went into the house.

"When I came out with the ether cone Shannon was crying—and that was a strange thing to see. For Shannon was a big man and a hero to the small boys of the town. He said: 'It's a damned shame.'

"I nodded, and I bent over Gam as quickly as might be and brought the cone down to his nose. At the whiff of the ether he drew back and he looked up at me with fear in his eyes. I knew that he understood and I spoke to him as I would have spoken to a man. 'Yes, Gam, I must,' I said.

"He read my eyes and then he turned his weary yellow head and looked toward the house, and there was something so wistful in the movement that I went to the window and rapped to attract Mrs. Carey's attention, and I told her: 'He wants to see Janet. Can she come to the window?'

"So Janet came to the window with her mother behind her, and Mrs. Carey told her to smile, and she did and called to the dog.

"Gam looked at her for a moment, long and steadily, and then he yapped at her in a low, throaty note, as he often did in their play together, then looked up at me. I saw Mrs. Carey take Janet away.

"So I knelt beside him—and this time he did not flinch from the cone. It fitted snugly enough over his muzzle, but it did not cover his eyes. I remember they watched me, quite steady and quite friendly and quite unafraid, until the mist crept over them in the end."

He ceased speaking. Fuller coughed; I blew my nose. Richmond had slumped in his chair, but after a moment he got up, and as he passed me I saw that his eyes were shamelessly wet.

He went to the mantel and stood there looking at the picture; and after a little he said softly: "Good dog, Gam!"

It seemed to me that there was an apology in his tone.

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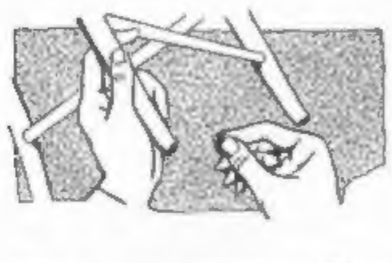

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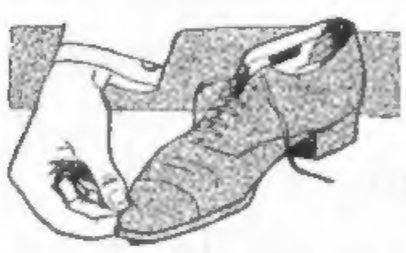

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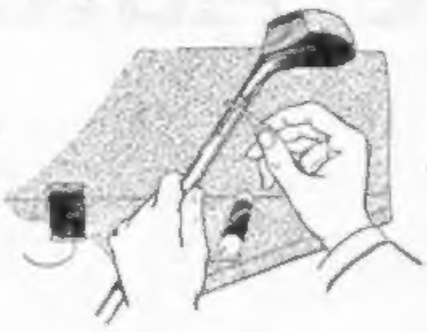

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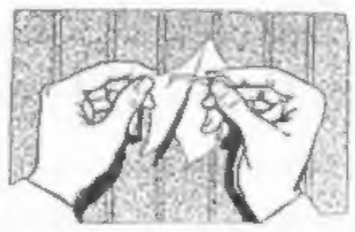

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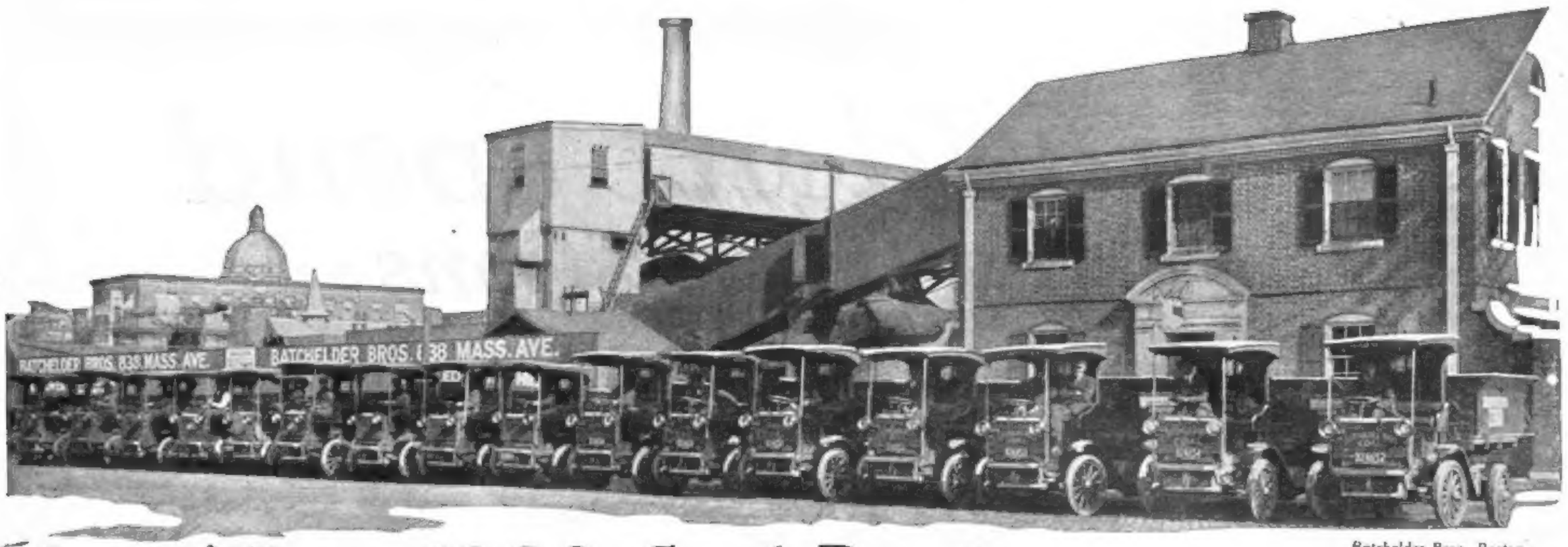

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